

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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YACHTS

GIRL

● Australia is the yachtsman's paradise. Fine weather, beautiful bays and harbors make it so. Our artist Boothroyd depicts here the yachting girl. She is to be seen, more and more, each season... in her jersey and shorts or slacks, with her hair playing in the breeze, and she is as plucky as any man when in danger.



The wine must be poured just so. (That is, of course, when wine is legally permitted).



Patrons must be studied, and something individual suggested for each palate.



Always a pleasant, confidential, deferential manner, even in handing an empty plate.



Even an uninteresting dish can be made appetizing by proper carving.

Are Waiters Becoming Extinct?

In the Arbitration Court the other day it was stated that no new waiters are being trained, and that the profession is in danger of dying out. There is the utmost art, said a witness, in setting a table, indicating the menu to a patron, even in putting down a plate. Continental waiters are the best, but are prevented by the migration laws from coming here. A waiter in Ciro's demonstrates the art of waiting. —Women's Weekly photo.

THE Perfect HUSBAND

Lets Wife Run Him

Dave Shade, American middle-weight boxer, who arrived by the "Monterey" this week, leaves all his business affairs to his attractive little Californian wife, Irene.

SHADE is under engagement to the National Boxing Club and meets the Australian heavyweight champion, Ambrose Palmer, on November 27.

Brains of the Business

"My wife is the brains of the corporation," said Shade, in an interview. "She not only attends to all my business affairs, but personally cooks everything I eat, and keeps the strictest supervision over my training. I have heard a lot about your Australian beer, but the wife is here to see that I am limited to one glass a day while in training, and public houses are absolutely taboo."

"I attend fights regularly in the States," said Mrs. Shade, "but I never go when Dave is in action."

Mrs. Shade is a keen golfer, and hopes to take up the game in Australia.

"I always keep myself in the pink of condition," she said, "and accompany Dave on a six-mile walk after dinner every evening during his preparation for a fight."

Hygienic Materials for Mattresses

The following letter has been received by The Australian Women's Weekly in reply to recent articles exposing malpractices in the manufacture of bedding.

"OUR company, being one of the largest manufacturers of fillings for mattresses and upholstered furniture, would like to express our appreciation of the publicity you have given this serious matter, and we would also take this opportunity of stating that we are heartily in accord with the objects of the deputation, and if legislation asked for is put into effect it will mean an end to the corrupt practices referred to, and purchasers would then be able to buy the locally-made product free from the fears and doubts engendered by the experiences mentioned."

"However, we would like to bring before the notice of your readers, in whose minds some confusion may exist, that the product known as 'New Shredded Textile' is in no way connected with flock. This filling is made from trimmings of brand new suitings, shirtings, and various other new wearing apparel, and what we want to impress upon you is that it is brand new, thoroughly clean and hygienic. The trimmings are shredded and torn up on a breaking machine, and then sold as filling for bedding, upholstering, cushions, etc."

"We would also point out that it is manufactured in accordance with the Board of Health's regulations."—W. Taylor, Ltd.

KEEP Your Eye ON THIS

Two-Piece IDEA!

It's the thing ... at Biarritz

SAYS Monsieur Heim, one of the leading fashion experts who supplies Biarritz with style interest. . . Biarritz where the Prince bathes. . .

"The coming bathing suits will be much more feminine in line, with short skirts covering the trunks, or else there will be shorts with a top instead of a brassiere."

THIS year, at Biarritz, there were more smart women to be found than at any other single resort. The women, always more cosmopolitan at Biarritz, are also a type of chic quite different to that of Deauville or the Riviera. And this season, with nudism at its height on all the beaches, there was a vague reaction already starting to set in at Biarritz.

For instance, the casual custom of wearing beach suits in the casinos, bars, and other smart rendezvous is not followed by the exclusive folk.

If, at a distance, one saw a bare back and two bare arms off the beach, one knew before close enough to recognise the owner that she would not be one of the Biarritz set.

The "elegance" of the Basque resort went in for high necks and covered arms. Frequently they wore little tailored shirts in linen or fine batiste or hand-worked lawn, and either a contrasting skirt or else slacks or well-tailored trousers. Keep your eye on this two-piece idea—you are going to see more and more developments of it. For sports wear, especially on the famous Biarritz golf course, smart women players wore one-piece wool or summer-tweed frocks with matching three-quarter length jackets.

BUT at the moment Biarritz is emptying, and the lovely ladies are returning to Paris, London, New York, Madrid, and many to South America. And they are preparing their winter wardrobes, gathering this in Paris and that in London, en route. They are buying travelling coats in heavy grey tweeds which are lined throughout with red lamb's wool, and often there is a large red fur collar. For the more recent or older women there are identical coats lined and collared in the less startling grey.

We are going to see a lot of the old.

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favorite, nank, during the 1934 season. However, it is to be more often Russian mink than the Canadian variety. The Russian is darker in color and lower in price. Broadtail is second favorite, and usually trimmed with silver fox. An idea for the elegant woman who can afford it is the wrap which has a fox winding spirally up each arm, with a head resting on each shoulder. The effect was impressive when a famous blonde wore a black velvet coat with white fox thus garnishing it.

From Muriel Segal, our special representative in Europe.

BIARRITZ Fashions: The upper picture shows a beautifully cut tussore silk pyjama suit with chic blouse of knitted string. In the other unusual beach suit the navy trousers of skirt-like effect are worn with a delicate blue top.



No, We'll Not Have Any HONORABLE WOMEN!

EVERYONE knew that the ballots for the Upper House were going to be accompanied by every conceivable kind of intrigue, lobbying, and wire-pulling.

The spectacle provided by the first ballot, however, was even less dignified than had been anticipated. One of the features that stands out is that in this supposedly secret ballot everyone appears to know how everyone else voted.

Not one of the women candidates received a first preference vote in the initial ballot, though this is largely accounted for by the fact that the United Women's Association specially asked members to reserve their first preferences for Mrs. Webster, Miss Preston Stanley, Mrs. McKinnon, and Mrs. Lavery until the third ballot, as they considered that old members of the Council had prior claims for the twelve and nine year terms.

But as the atmosphere for the succeeding ballots promises to become increasingly murky, the chances of any of the four women securing sufficient support for election are remote.

THE most disgraceful feature connected with the whole business was the fact that the legislative halls had to be guarded day and night by platoons of police and plainclothes detectives, in

addition to the parliamentary messenger staff.

There, in the august chamber where the laws of the land are enacted—the very laws upon which the judges and magistrates of our Courts base their decisions—lurked the sentries, apparently watching lest some honorable

New Film Critic

MISS BEATRICE TILDESLEY, a well-known authority on films, has been engaged by The Australian Women's Weekly to give readers her expert opinion on what is worth seeing. An article by her, and latest reviews, appear on this week's film page.

member should rifle the ballot papers or otherwise tamper with the honesty of the ballot.

Before the taking of the ballot every member of both Houses received a circular from the United Women's Association pointing out that four women had been nominated, and that in a country where almost half the voters are women it was not unreasonable that the whole four should be elected.



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Let's Talk Of
**INTERESTING
PEOPLE . . .**



FAVORS MODERN SCHOOL OF ART
—Rene Pardon.

THEA PROCTOR belongs to the well-known group of artists who started their studies under the guidance of Julian Ashton. Subsequently she went to Europe, where she made her name in painting fans, exhibiting pictures at the Royal Academy and The Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers.

Thea Proctor's studies in still life are so well known and appreciated that it is interesting to hear her views on line and color; she has lectured many times on this subject. Like all modern painters, Thea Proctor studies the values and patterns of her models. If they are flowers, she arranges them in a definite design, avoiding the semblance of Early Victorian methods, which are against the theories illustrated by the modern school.



A WOMAN LEADER

MRS. J. H. GOLDSMITH, J.P., State president of the Queensland Women's Electoral League, is one of Queensland's most distinguished public women. Mrs. Goldsmith was appointed a Justice of the Peace for Queensland in 1929, and was the first woman member.

At the municipal elections in 1931 she stood as a non-party candidate for Paddington, but was unsuccessful at the poll. Mrs. Goldsmith is an executive member of the National Council of Women, member of the Brisbane Women's Club, Women's War Memorial committee, Toc H League of Women Helpers, executive member of the Social Service League, Mothercraft Association, Queensland Justices Association, and member of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, Travellers' Aid Society, Victoria League, and League of Nations.



A WOMAN NOVELIST

VISITING Australia at present is Miss E. Lyttelton, who has made her pen-name, O. B. Lancaster, famous by winning a prize for her delightful book, "Pageant," in which she tells us the characters are fictitious, but that incidents related in the book, such as men guarding with their pistols the passage of the ladies along the verandah to the salon, are of early Tasmanian history.

"Pageant" is not the only novel that Miss Lyttelton has written. There are seven other novels to her credit. She has spent some time in Alaska, and now bankers after a journey to the far north of Australia.

Some of the years she was abroad were spent on the Island of Sark, where she had relatives, and the other Channel Islands made an appeal to the French blood running in her veins.

FEMINISM—the Great ILLUSION

In this article Dulcie Deamer takes an attitude that many of our readers may not agree with. However, her case is trenchantly and brilliantly put.

I WOULD be inclined to risk a bet that fifty years ago you couldn't have found "Feminism" in any dictionary. For there was "no such animal."

All appearances to the contrary, there is still "no such animal," for "Feminism" is an hallucination. It has no more

real objective existence than the curious, spidery things one sees after a New Year's party that has lasted for a week.

The nation that suffers worst from the delusion of Feminism is the United States of America. With us, at present, the disease is still fairly mild, but it is spreading, and might even assume epidemic proportions. England has the infection, though the Continent is still more or less immune, except in patches.

And what is the nature of this delusion? I can best define it by quoting two manifestations which illustrate the typical symptoms, and of which I took "clinical notes," so to speak, during my last visit to the country of Greta Garbo and Aimee Macpherson. One was an almost poster-size illustration accompanying a poem, and the other a feature article, with diagrams. (I instance America because it is the fountain-head of the complaint. One could not find an exact parallel here for what I am describing—as yet.)

The poster depicted a seraphic female upon a mountain top upholstered with Olympian clouds. Far, far below, a young man in a species of classic night-shirt reached hopeless arms towards her. It might have been titled "The Dream of the Calf-Lover," or "Mother, Where Have You Put My Dress-suit Trousers?"

But it was no such thing. The poem that went with it explained that Woman, from her height of natural and supernatural pre-eminence, was liable, when the Spirit moved her, and out of the divine generosity of her heart, to give "a hand up" to Man, her eternally predestined inferior. Even with that assistance he could never, of course, rise to her heights, and the essence of the poem's concluding lines was reminiscent of that immortal refrain from "The Belle of New York"—

"Of course you could never be like us.
But be as like us as you're able to be!"

The feature article was even more explicit. It proceeded with the aid of diagrams, measurements, and data collected by scientists one had never previously heard of to prove to its own complete satisfaction that Woman is the incomparable repository of the race's strength, mentality, morality, and all-round worthwhileness—Man being, apparently, a makeshift arrangement; at the best merely Woman's off-sider.

This sort of thing is such a commonplace in the States that it is swallowed at a single gulp. Occasionally a man (when in safe company) mutters against it, but the hallucination long ago reached



"Feminism is not genuine . . . It merely tags woman with a list of male attributes."

the "collective" stage, and is now a "fixed idea."

MIND you, I'm not in favor of feminine subjection, or of any sort of injustice to anybody; any human being, as

What Happens When Man Ceases To Dominate?

By **DULCIE DEAMER**

such, should have equal rights with any other human being. But Feminism is not the triumphant—if long-delayed—handing out of justice to the female; for Feminism is not feminine. It merely dresses Woman—metaphorically or literally—in Man's trousers and tags her with a list of male attributes. A woman is a woman—or, if not, what the devil is she? Certainly not a man, even though she may go hiking in her brother's pants. . . . And, anyhow, if she is so greatly his superior, why can she only prove it by "stealing his thunder"? That's the kind of reasoning that lands people in the Reception House.

What started it? What set women off belittling the other half of the argument, and then scrambling for the garments they had—literally and metaphorically—"pinched" from him? Let me whisper it . . . "In the first place it was his own fault."

An unsatisfied emotional need—especially if it is a fundamental one—must find some compensation. This, as the alienists know, is the starting point of any number of delusions. The dear old soul who has never had her hand squeezed believes that her steps are being dogged by "pirates" or that there is a designing criminal under her bed; she screams the house down, and is happy. The women who never had a chance to have a baby, or who wouldn't take advantage of the

chance when she had it, adopts a Pomeranian when she gets into the office. And women as a whole would never have been attacked by the delusion of Feminism if the men had kept—I mean it literally—the whip-hand.

A woman, like a dog, needs a master. She may deny this until she is black in the face, but her soul needs emotional dominance as badly as a baby requires its feeding-bottle.

But when man, as has happened in America, ceases to dominate, what is a woman to do? A side of her nature as old as herself and almost as deep-rooted as the maternal instinct is left unsatisfied. Somehow it must find compensation.

"What are men, anyhow? Look at them!" remarks some disgruntled female leader, more articulate than the rest. And they look, and it is not necessarily an inspiring spectacle. . . . "Great heavens! We have been the victims of a conspiracy all these thousands of years! We are the dominant sex."

There you have the genesis of a full-fledged compensatory hallucination. When you can't have the thing you want, you either go violently to the other extreme and tell yourself that you never wanted it, or you assure yourself that in some mystic fashion you have it already, and so can't need it. Feminism is an illustration of both these methods.

The woman whose soul is unconsciously-crying out like a hungry infant to be mastered by a man who is a man, tells herself and her friends that "the man isn't born that he could take orders from." "I'd like to see him try!" She would; that's her trouble.

Or, if she is of a stronger calibre, she starts to do the "mastering" herself—"projecting" the quality that she has failed to experience.

Feminism in a new country is worse than hookworm or potato blight. For the strange thing is that once it has got even a precarious footing it begins to affect the mentality of the men as well as of the women. A young nation suffering from a collective hallucination that belittles its manpower and tends to inhibit (through emotional mimicry of the belittled male) the characteristic functions of its women, is as unsatisfactory as a mob of cattle tainted with foot-and-mouth disease.

But where there are plenty of broad-shouldered men with firm chins and definite opinions there are no "Feminists"—and everyone is happy.

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But no illustration can do full justice to them. Call and inspect for yourself.



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POTATOES! Oh What A SURPRISE

From **MURIEL SEGAL**, Our Special
Representative in Europe.

STORIES of Hitler, news of Kingsford Smith, rumors of royal marriages, Hollywood scandal . . . all pale into insignificance beside the astounding statement of Dr. J. Nell Leitch, founder of the London School of Dietetics.

"The greatest of popular fallacies about diet is that potatoes are fattening. They aren't," states Dr. Leitch.

Potatoes, he says, are the most nourishing form of food we have and if cooked in their jackets and mixed with milk will form a diet capable of sustaining strength independent of any other nourishment.

And what an economical method, too. Something for the slimmers who have scorned the modest potatoes to think about.

HARDLY less sensational is the statement of Professor V. H. Mottram, of London University, who is quoted as saying:

"Perhaps the most famous fallacy of all is the one enshrined in the proverb about an apple a day keeping the doctor away. I have nothing against the apple.

Indeed, it is one of the most delightful fruits I know.

"But it's really only a sweetmeat. Its value as either nourishment or medicine is negligible.

"And the dessert apple is of even less value than the cooking apple.

"What we ought to do is to alter the saying to 'an orange a day keeps the doctor away.'"

"The orange is much the most valuable of fruits. Medicinally it is an anti-scorbutic, rich in the vitamin that is present in sunlight. And as for nourishment, the orange contains calcium which is a bone-building constituent.

"According to surprising experiments being made with oranges it is being proved that oranges are nearly as nourishing as milk."

OTHER disillusionments were held in statements that a dozen oysters hold less nutritive value than one thin slice of bread and butter. Oysters are no longer considered nourishing. Toast is more nourishing than bread.



JUDY KELLY, the young Australian film star, who is appearing in "The Private Life of Henry VIII." Recently we published a picture of Merle Oberon, the Tasmanian girl, who is playing the part of Anne Boleyn in the same film. Another Australian, Phil Lindsay, is historical adviser, so Australia is well to the fore in this important new British film.

Politicians' DEFENCE

THE Housewives' Progressive Association of New South Wales passed a resolution deploring the action of members of Parliament in increasing their salaries.

The resolution was forwarded to the Prime Minister's Department, and a reply has now been received pointing out, among other things, that—

"Although a proposal to increase parliamentary allowances was not embodied in the Budget, 1933-34, the Government considered that members of the Commonwealth Parliament, who had voluntarily reduced their salaries on three occasions—on the first by £100, on the second by £100, and on the third by £50, making a total of £250—were entitled to some consideration when proposals were being discussed for a partial restoration to other sections of reductions effected under the financial emergency legislation.

"The Government holds the view that the remuneration paid to Ministers, and the allowances paid to members of Parliament, are in no way excessive, and that, so far as Ministers are concerned, the salaries are exceedingly small relative to salaries paid to Ministers of State in other countries, and also relative to the salaries paid to the holders of executive positions in commerce and industry. This view applies in regard to the

Popular HYMN VOTE

Nearly two thousand people sent their preferences to the superintendent of the Methodist Central Mission, Melbourne, the Rev. C. Irving Benson, in the favorite hymn plebiscite which closed last week. Entries came from all States, all denominations, and people of all ages.

"A BIDE WITH ME" was the most popular, and next in favor were, "Lead Kindly Light" and "Nearer My God To Thee." There were some strange selections. "Home, Sweet Home" was given several votes. Someone sent in "Changed in the Twinkling Eye," which has mystified the Central Mission.

"Jesus Loves Me" and "Jesus Wants Me For a Sunbeam" were among the most popular hymns chosen by children.

"The Old Rugged Cross" had quite a following, and so did "Oh, Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" Another poignant one was "Is There Room For Mary There?"

salaries and allowances paid before any reductions were made.

"The average salary paid to Ministers in 1901-2 was £1333. During the last financial year it was £924. Under the new arrangement it will be £941. These are the lowest salaries that have been paid since Federation."

Our FILM WINNERS Upset HOLLYWOOD!

Waitresses Had to Learn Tea-Making

From DOROTHY DUNCLEY, The Australian Women's Weekly Representative in Hollywood.

The mad hatter's tea party, in "Alice in Wonderland," was a quaint affair, but I think my afternoon tea to the Paramount Beauty Contest winners at the studios, ran it a close second.

I was eager to make the acquaintance of the lucky Australians and New Zealanders, and being unable to welcome them at the boat, where they were met by Paramount officials, a flock of cameras, and a lonely kangaroo, I was invited to entertain them at tea on behalf of The Australian Women's Weekly, which co-operated in the quest.

HAVING three weeks' experience behind me, I took my own tea to the party, and instructed the waitress how to prepare it. "Heat the pot well, then put in the tea, and you might also bring us a large jug of boiling water—oh, yes, and milk."

The girl looked slightly dazed. Afternoon tea is looked upon as a strange and savage custom here, and at 4 p.m. in a studio which employs many hundreds our small party were the only occupants of the huge commissary.

We were joined by Ida Lupino, a 16-year-old English girl imported to test for "Alice in Wonderland." She was not exactly the right type. However, she landed a long-term contract commencing at 600 dollars a week, and commences her movie career in "The Search for Beauty" film.

GWEN MUNRO, Australia's offering to Paramount, was most alluring in a smart burnt orange swagger suit, with tiny hat en suite. They are delighted with her at the studio, and hope for great things from her. Her simple, natural manner is an added charm in a country where naturalness is almost a fetish. The New Zealand lass, Joyce Nielsen, is attractive in an entirely different way. They can never clash.

Brian Norman (Aus.) and Colin Tapley (N.Z.), (who to my delight turned out to be an old friend), are splendid specimens, and my only regret is that young Tapley did not try his luck in Australia before venturing further afield. He has a fine physique, good voice, and definite charm. I am convinced he will make good here. Brian is quite good-looking, but his manner is more retiring, and it will take skilled direction to show us what he really is.

By the time I had formed these opinions tea arrived—in 14 teapots.

We were hysterical till the girl explained that seven of the pots contained

hot water. I then had to convince the amazed maiden that the milk we had ordered was to put in the tea; that we didn't like cream or lemon.

Incredulously she darted back to the counter, and returned laden with more teapots—this time containing the anxiously-awaited milk, and oh, boy, what a time we had, four cups each, and tea as we used to know it several weeks—or it is years—ago.

On Sunday we all went out to the Riviera Club to polo, in response to an invitation from "Snowy" Baker, who was anxious to entertain the lucky youngsters from his adored Australia. Three boxes were reserved. Gwen occupying the front row with Mr. and Mrs. Warren Williams. The game was great, and our embryonic artists had their first taste of American publicity, which is a perfectly-organised but embarrassing business.

They were besieged by cameras and photograph fiends, and created enormous interest.

First Try-outs

After the match "Snowy" took us all to his club cottage, or gurnyah, as he calls it, for tea, at which Mrs. Spencer



AUSTRALIAN and N.Z. winners in the Paramount Film Quest arriving in America. In this quest The Australian Women's Weekly co-operated with Paramount. From top to bottom: Gwen Munro (Melbourne), Brian Norman (Sydney), Joyce Nielsen (Wellington), and Colin Tapley (Dunedin).

Tracy and the ex-Mrs. Reginald Denny presided. Hal Roach, the director of the Laurel and Hardy comedies, was especially charming to the young people, and gave them a very pressing invitation to visit his studios.

They are thrilled and happy, enthusing over all the wonders of Paramount, and eager to commence work in a week's time. At present all that is demanded of them is to spend several hours a day on the various stages, to accustom them to the business of "shooting," then they are free to enjoy themselves. They are staying at the Roosevelt, the smartest hotel in Hollywood, and life is a bed of roses.

New Lower Prices

for Mme. ZELLA'S FAMOUS

LOTTERY SHARES

GREAT News! Madame Zella has reduced the price of her lottery offer. Now, instead of paying 2/-, you can join this famous Astrologer's "Science of the Stars" Syndicates for 1/6.

Although the price has been so greatly reduced you can still win £1715 as before.

There is no need to remind you that when you join Madame Zella's Syndicates you join syndicates that have been proved lucky time and time again. Remember, Madame Zella's "Science of the Stars" Syndicates have won both the 1st prize of £5000 and the second prize of £1000 in the N.S.W. State Lottery. And, as you know, her wins include hundreds of minor prizes: £100's, £50's, £40's, £30's, £20's, £10's, and £5's. This is the real money she has won for other people—why not let her win for you?

THE SOONER YOU SEND, THE SOONER YOU WIN

For 1/6 Madame Zella will now send you a one-seventh share in a ticket in the next available drawing of the N.S.W. State Lottery, which may win you £715 in hard cash.

In addition to that, she will give you a ticket in the Second "Lucky Stars" Art Union—the big Art Union in which the 1st prize is valued at £1000. Thus, for 1/6, you will receive chances to win prizes to the value of £1715.

And note this: The Art Union ticket Madame Zella sends you will be yours—there will be nothing further to pay. She will not send you a book of tickets to sell.



HOW TO CHANGE YOUR LUCK

Some time has now passed since Zella last won the £5000 and the £1000. In the meantime other syndicates have had their turn. Now it's Zella's turn. Send now and give yourself the chance to share the big win which now seems near.

You Can Still Win £1,715

MADAME ZELLA,
Dept. E, Box 4246Y, G.P.O., Sydney.
Enclosed in postal note for 1/6 and a STAMPED envelope addressed to myself. Please send me a one-seventh share in a ticket in the next available N.S.W. State Lottery, and one ticket in the Second "Lucky Stars" Art Union.

NAME
ADDRESS

Falling Star

The story so far—



OUTSIDE the theatre an immense crowd had jammed the street to see the great stars who would attend in person the premiere of the Phoenix Picture Corporation's great film, "Hardogon" — Oliver Dent, "the handsomest man in the world," who had played the leading role, and beautiful Ria Nara, the heroine.

But when Oliver Dent's car appeared it was not Ria Nara who faced the crowd with him, but Donca Morescu, the famous Rumanian, a transcendent star of the silent films who had suffered eclipse with the advent of the speaking cinema.

Oliver had acted with Ria Nara in three films—that much the crowd knew. It did not know that he had been her lover for half a year before Donca had met him in Paris.

The film-play was packed with drama, and scenes from many another drama were also being enacted in the audience. One indeed had its beginning there, when Richard Aldens, a German actor brought over by the great director Eisenlohr, discovered that Frances Warrens, the lovely young "extra" who sat beside him, had fainted—from hunger, he learned when he got her home to the little bungalow he shared with another man.

Donca was happier in her love for Oliver Dent than she had ever been before; she was happy also in the chance now offered her by Phoenix to star in the speaking film "Night of Fate." As for Oliver, he had never cared greatly about women—until Donca came. And now he began to find a rival in the "Night of Fate;" for the new film demanded much of Donca, while Oliver was at leisure.

It was about this time that Grannit came into the picture—Grannit the casting director, an old friend of Donca's, who had trailed his wife and an actor named Rontez to a roadhouse.

In the depths of despair Grannit decided to commit suicide; but Donca discovered it; and to save him, took him to her studio bungalow and put him to bed. And then—who must needs come in but Oliver!

Dent left at once in a cold anger that presently sought to find vent in a wild motor drive at night.

The story continues in detail.

WELL, Frances had again been out of luck. She wasn't one of the six chosen platinum blondes that were to be the bridesmaids in the film, "Billy Gets Married." She couldn't understand why.

"I don't know how they ever do pick one out. Is it a lottery or what?"

She still did not have her own room, and allowed Kit to be charitable to her in Kit's apartment on Orange Drive. All she could do now was to sit and wait again for a call from the central casting office. Nowhere else in the world is misery so beautiful and so attractive as in Hollywood. It is well painted, well dressed; it lives in lovely rooms with views of palm tops, and it travels in unpaid-for small automobiles. Hollywood's misery gets drunk as frequently as it can, and takes its victims, whether man or woman, with a sure hand, to the dogs.

"They want you to look like Greta Garbo, to dance like Pavlova, to sing like Jerina, and to be as witty as Bill Rogers—for seven dollars a day as an extra." Frances observed bitterly, walking about in Kit's discarded pyjamas and washing carefully the only pair of silk stockings she still owned.

"Yeah, and you must be nice to every man, from the vice-president down to the messenger boy." Kit added while preparing food over the gaslight.

"That's what you say. I haven't yet even been asked whether I want to be nice."

"If you only fell in love with somebody who could start you off right!" Kit exclaimed. "Don't you really like somebody—particularly?"

"No."

"But whom would you like best, just the same?"

BY...
Vicki Baum

World Famous
Woman Novelist

Author of
"Grand Hotel"

"Oliver Dent!"
"Oliver Dent! You're crazy. Why not the Emperor of China?"
Frances looked at her angrily. Mentally she had already gone pretty far with Oliver Dent.

"What's the matter with young Aldens? Don't you like him?"

"Oh, sure. He's a nice clean fellow."

"Well, then—"

"But I am not in love with him."

"Well, is he in love with you?"

"I think—pretty badly, too. But he's a little funny. He's German, you know. I think all Germans are a little funny. You never can tell what he thinks. You never can tell what will make him happy or blue. Takes you in his arms, presses you and kisses you like mad. Then he sits beside you in the back seat of the car, hugs you close, and yet you feel that he is far away and that you're all alone!"

"You're a little too complicated," Kit answered, ending the conversation.

And that was how it stood between Aldens and Frances. He was in love with her, took all the trouble to help her, saw to it that she should not faint again of hunger, introduced her everywhere, waited on her; and she took it all and yet felt lonely in his company—and he probably felt as lonely in hers. She found him superfluous when he was there, and missed him when he was absent. And he got from her a better American accent, along with a few kisses. And yet he was more homesick since he had been in love, more homesick than he had ever been. Since he had been in love, he had a feeling that he was playing on a stage without any backdrop and without any of the paraphernalia that belonged to love—no long, quiet walks, no long, groping discussions in the night, no love letters. He and she had no poet that they loved in common, no music and no memories in common. They had danced together only once—not very successfully. Their rhythms were so different. There were no paths in the forest of Hollywood like the paths in the forest around Darmstadt, no brook edge over which the evening stole with the wind and the harvest and the sound of the church bell in the next village. Overcome by his own feelings, Aldens felt tears arise in his eyes at the thought of the call of the cuckoo, and the murmur of a brook wending its way between stones and moss. The memory of the tones of a hunting horn made him sick with desire to be home.

MEANWHILE every day he borrowed Tuetac, the unpaid-for car of his friend Felicien, paid his share of the gasoline, installed a little radio set inside the car and did everything that all Hollywood young men in love were doing—took Frances out for a ride, parked where many other cars were parked, by the shore of the sea or in a dark roadside on the hill, to kiss Frances to his heart's content, ate dinner with her every night, and having admired her beauty and told himself a thousand times over how amusing she was, he brought her back home to Kit and delivered her intact. He would have liked to have more, but he was a little afraid of the more.

The day after Frances' white-dressed smiling fiasco on the steps of the Phoenix studio, Aldens arrived with Tuetac to take her out. She felt rather blue that day, and in need of some pepping up. Aldens felt extraordinarily fine. He had bought himself a new yellow sweater. He was full of

UPSETTING

I wouldn't take the credit from
The greater of our griefs that
come,
Or any of our other crosses,
Like, say, for instance, money
losses;

And yet another kind of care
Seems just about as hard to
bear,
And often causes greater fret-
ting.
The things that are—well, just
upsetting.

I wouldn't say that I prefer
The greater sorrows that occur;
And yet, however I deplore
them,
I seem to find an answer for
them.

But there's no Bible reason for
The things the woman said next
door.

And things like that, no way
forgetting
The things that are—well, just
upsetting.

—MORIS.

little radio set inside the car and did everything that all Hollywood young men in love were doing—took Frances out for a ride, parked where many other cars were parked, by the shore of the sea or in a dark roadside on the hill, to kiss Frances to his heart's content, ate dinner with her every night, and having admired her beauty and told himself a thousand times over how amusing she was, he brought her back home to Kit and delivered her intact. He would have liked to have more, but he was a little afraid of the more.

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"If you only fell in love with somebody who could start you off right!" Kit exclaimed.

new hopes and decisions. The fact of the matter was that he had finally, after months of living with Felicien, rented for himself an independent household—half of a bungalow for 20 dollars. The other half was used in the daytime by a chiropodist, but was vacant at night.

Aldens had set all kinds of hopes on this independent establishment of his, and had made numerous preparations for the reception of Frances—sweets, fruit, wine, cigarettes, flowers. He had thrown a cover over the parrot cage. He had prepared scented bath salts in the bathroom, and had laid out his silk pyjamas on his bed. And, although the room was furnished exactly like a thousand other rooms in Hollywood, with rocking chairs and pieces in Spanish style, Aldens thought that it had some of his personal atmosphere. His old riding crop, his tennis racket and the little reed pipe from back home hung on the wall. Who else in Hollywood had a reed pipe? A few books, a photograph album, a landscape painting from which he had never separated himself, and a few German records which accompanied him from place to place, were in their right niches. He had no intention of overwhelming Frances with his love, and only wanted to have her near him and to take her slowly and softly into his own world.

"It's nice of you to come," Frances greeted him when he appeared. "Have you any money? Can we go out and do something crazy? I've got to do something crazy to-day. Or I sink!"

"Sure, baby," Aldens said. He was glad to be there when she wanted to go crazy. If he would not take his watch out of pawn again he had enough for a crazy evening.

"What will we do?"
"Let's go to a gambling boat," she proposed.

"Let's," Aldens agreed.

He had never been to any of these gambling boats, as she called them. He had only heard stories about them.

"Would you like to gamble to-night? In a gambling mood?" he asked as he put his foot down on the starter.

"You would be a darling if you would lend me a dollar!" she said.

It was only 6 o'clock in the evening. Night was coming fast. The streets were lighting up. Tuetac was raring to go. Aldens drove through Hollywood, through Los Angeles, and travelled on farther.

He thought he had never been through an uglier city in his life. He thought of Darmstadt again, but he didn't say a word about that to Frances for she would not have understood. The road to Long Beach was chockfull of cars, in front of them and behind them. Aldens wished Frances would put an arm about his shoulders, as the girls in the other cars that passed were doing. But she didn't. She turned the dial of the little radio beside her until she got a thin gossamer thread of music that disappeared as soon as it was caught.

"How much money have you with you?" she asked a little later.

"That's a great secret," he teased.

"But enough," he added pompously, though he couldn't help thinking that it might not be enough. He had a little over 17 dollars in his pocket.

NOWHERE else in the world is misery so beautiful and so attractive as in Hollywood. It is well painted, well dressed; it lives in lovely rooms with views of palm tops, and it travels in unpaid-for small automobiles.

Illustrated
by
Boothroyd

AFTER playing hide and seek with the cars all about them, they got into open country again. The roads were dark and empty and smelled heavily of gasoline. They lost the way twice, and finally got to a road bordered on both sides by high eucalyptus trees, on one of which they saw a signboard. A thin fog was clouding the road.

"We have to drive back quite a bit to get on the right road," he said.

They soon drove up to the parking place by the water, where waited a motor boat to take customers out to the gambling boats. There were quite a number of young men and women there, like themselves, and a few more solid citizens from Los Angeles. The boat was low, fast, and rocked on

the waves made by two larger boats moving out from the shore. Two young drunks were singing negro spirituals. Everybody laughed as the spray wet them; but after the boat had passed the green light at the entrance to the harbor, everybody became quiet, a little sentimental, and a little sleepy. The gambling boats, two rather good-sized yachts, well lighted, like country fairs in the middle of the ocean, rocked softly on the waves. There was music on board. Frances and Aldens, as well as all the others, were delivered to the rope ladder of one of the yachts without another question. They had paid their return trip to the boatman, for the boatmen took no chances with those who might lose their last cent. Aldens helped Frances up the rope ladder.

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WHIDDONS WIN \$5000

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Mrs. Pillotson, 166 Homebush Road, Sth. Strathfield.

Mrs. Bucher, Duntroon Avenue, Roseville.

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£1000	..	week ending October 6th
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ADDRESS

The GREEN Door



HE green door.
It was like her, he reflected, to choose to live behind a door distinctive as that—green, unbroken by glass or panelling, with brass hinge-straps, highly polished. Even now he could hear her describing when he had telephoned, her voice clear, slightly mocking, as it had always been.

"You'll remember it," she had said, and then, "Don't be late," she had said.

As though he would be late!

There was a silly little tune running through his mind, keeping time almost to his movements as he dressed, choosing each garment carefully, thinking of her all the time.

Late? Absurd suggestion! And again he laughed, remembering how long he had waited for this, buoyed up by the slenderest of hopes. To see her again, take her hand—why, if she were very kind, and might not that be so?—she might even kiss him! Surely she could not be unkind of all that he had undergone, or forgetful of all that there had once been between them!

Suddenly, he thought he would be late, and continued his dressing, hastily, carefully.

He was sensitive, imaginative, of the sort who are beaten often before they have begun to fight—a dreamer, delicate of mind, who could be hurt fiercely, easily.

But surely she would be kind! He would knock at the green door and wait there a moment, listening for the sound of her step as she came to open it—he would know her step again, of course. Then there would be the soft click of the latch, and the blood would beat so furiously in his throat that he would feel stifled—he remembered that from the old days! Softly the green door would swing back and her slim, strong hand take his, and they would smile, again, at each other. There would be warmth, and quiet light in a room of quiet perfection—her taste had never erred—and they would sit talking of the past. It had really been a wonderful past!

For surely she would not mind if he said, just once, "Do you remember?" Oh, she must remember! And to recall it could never offend her, never; he knotted his tie smiling into the mirror. Perhaps he might even say (for she would never take the initiative) "Do you ever—feel sorry that things have turned out—as they have?" And she might answer him, speaking rather softly, so that even now they might start again at the beginning.

Although, he thought, there had been too many changes for them ever to begin again; there could be only a taking up again of the threads, but even that—and he felt quite excited again, until he remembered that he must take things quietly.

Shaking the heavy overcoat down upon his thin shoulders, he paused as a terrible thought struck him. Perhaps after all, there might be a third person there! Certainly she had not mentioned it, but had he the right now to expect—she was not likely to want admirers, lovers even.

In the distance a clock chimed; unconsciously, he counted the strokes. He must hurry! Oh, there could not be anyone else there! She would never do that.

What a fool he had been, not even to hint—but, then, he had always lacked courage, as he seemed to lack it now, for his step as he walked toward the tramline was hesitant, slightly aimless.

At intervals, as the tram bumped and swayed, swinging him from side to side on the long, narrow seat, the idea recurred, but he put it away from him. Ridiculous! Of course she would understand how much this meeting meant to him—how much the mere hope of it had meant to him. No! They would be alone! And as though to strengthen his confidence he settled the hat on his head more firmly, giving it an

A Ten-Minute Story

By
Chesney Gardner

unaccustomed rakish twist that somehow rather pleased him.

He left the tram at the end of a wide street, and walked briskly up the long hill, watching the numbers of the houses, pausing now and then to make sure that he had not passed the place. Eighty-five.

It seemed that he had reached it rather quickly, and for a moment he stood there, staring at the little brass numbers as though to reassure himself, knew again a moment of panic at the thought that she might not be alone. Fool! he thought—and was walking down the curving path, stood before the green door. There was, he noticed, a tiny light burning above it.

Standing there, one hand raised to knock, he paused, listening for the dreaded sound of voices. The lamp-



Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT

light, shining on his knuckles, caught his eye, and curiously he regarded the upraised hand. It seemed, in this moment, to hold such power over his life, to be capable of more than had ever been the case before. He could knock, and face whatever lay hidden behind the door; he could drop his hand again, and go—he felt, for the first time in his life, that he was in this moment master of it, one with the gods, with the fates.

WELL, an end to dreaming! Here was reality, and a road to follow, wherever it may lead! Sharply his knuckle beat upon the dull surface of the door.

Waiting, he caught the sound of steps. Strange! They were heavier than those he had expected—stronger—a man's step. Good God! Then they were not to be alone!

Where now were dreams? Where hopes? Now, they would sit apart, and there would be the passing and re-passing of platitudes across a room that would be cold and chill, and somehow like the friendless, impersonal public rooms, where he had spent, it seemed, an age of exile!

She would say "You look well..." He would answer, "You, too, are well?"

And she would ask "What have you been doing?" so that he, in a few formal, coldly clipped sentences would tell her, sentences that dragged away all the glory from the years, the magic and the fantasy that had made even their most terrible moments endurable; there would be silences, and his brain would be a crazy pattern of things unspoken, while the Other tried not to yawn or fidget. So he would curse himself for the emotion that was choking him, and presently, refusing supper, he would rise and go away, drearily, cold.

THE DOG NEXT DOOR

The dog next door sits on the sill
And watches me, as wirehairs will,
Observes my lawn, inspects my raking,
And looks at anything I'm making
With tilted head and squinted eye
To see if it's too low or high,
And yet contents himself with winking
And never says just what he's thinking.

The dog next door may feel surprise,
Yet doesn't talk, or criticise.
Some think he does not speak about it
Because he can't—I greatly doubt it.
Although my faults are manifest,
He doesn't run and tell the rest.
Though mortals think they have the right to,
The dog next door is too polite to.

—James Mayne.

The door opened.
Silhouetted, he saw there the anti-thesis of himself, a man young, tall

He spoke, lowering his voice so that she should not hear and recognise the tone, drawing so that she should not recognise his clipped manner:

"Is this—89?"

"No—85."

"Oh, I'm sorry—
further along
then?"

"Yes, two doors."

He was gone, and the door closed. The gate clicked and the sound of his heels rang clear in the silent street. He walked down the hill toward the tramline, drearily, cold-away from the green door with the little lamp above it...

Within, the young man was explaining that "The land transfer would be all right now," while the lady thanked him for answering the door while she was at the telephone; when he apologised for his tardiness and explained that the caller was a man seeking another house he

called the lady "Miss," very respectfully, and took his leave very formally, immediately.

When he had gone, the lady dimmed the lights, and re-arranged in a bowl the flowers that she knew the man had always loved. She broke the seal of a package, and took out one of the cigarettes, a brand they had always smoked.

Lighting it, she wondered, anxiously, whether he would be very late.

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ONE of the first stories I ever read all by myself is analogous to the tale which I am about to unfold, so much so that I am disposed to retell it from memory before beginning my own truthful narrative. It was called "The Frog Prince," and began, like every properly constructed story, with "Once upon a time."

Once upon a time, then, a little princess who was so beautiful that she could give three lengths and a beating to the toothiest film-star, and a beating beside a fountain in the gardens of her father's palace. This was perhaps ill-advised, since no princess, however lazymouse, could hope to compete with the royal fountain.

In the midst of her tears a voice addressed her, saying, "Princess, why do you weep?"

A KISS for the PRINCE



about? Then," he added by way of a bribe, "when I'm a prince again I could marry you, couldn't I?"

"Certainly not," replied the princess. "I am nearly half semi-engaged to the son of the Lord Chancellor. He is a very nice boy and we have tastes in common. We both admire Harold Lloyd."

But even as she spoke she was aware that the Lord Chancellor's son was

my story is one James Gillingham, who on a certain fair spring morning slouched through the main street of Craneham Village, wearing the expression of the foolish young man in the advertisement who has forgotten to take his Biffo tablets. Through a shattered mind were blowing thoughts something like these:

"Curse Billy Thorpe... and Madge Castle! Curse her, how I love her! She doesn't care for me and she never will. Nobody ever will because I'm an ugly devil, and besides, I haven't the trick of getting on with girls. Billy Thorpe doesn't really want her. He's only doing it to spite me. Every girl in the neighborhood chivvies after him and he might have let her alone. I'd promised myself such a topping day. I think perhaps I had better do the conventional thing, and go to the dogs to show my spirit. I will go to the races by the first train and in the evening I will drink a half-bottle of champagne."

James Gillingham was more or less correct in his estimate of his own attractions. He was not fiendishly ugly in the way that attracts some women more than good looks; he was just depressingly plain. He was twenty-one and for the past year he had been engaged in falling in and out of love with nearly every girl he met, and in that mood he was likely to form a deep attachment to the first who smiled at him. Indeed, he was in danger of falling into the clutches of some designing woman who had the sense to appreciate a private income which ran well into four figures, and who might take him gently but firmly by the ear and marry him out of hand.

Madge Castle was his "latest." She was a year older than he, and very much a young woman of the world. She accepted his homage as no more than her just due, and allowed him to

He had no idea what times the train went, for he rarely used the railway, and an ominous quiet pervaded the village station when he reached it. The gates of the level crossing were open to the road and closed to the railway, and not a porter was in sight. The local porters had a mysterious knack of vanishing after a train had gone, and re-appearing as if from nowhere a minute before the next one was due.

James stood by the gates of the level crossing, stroking his chin. It is a little hard on a young man, when he has decided to go to the dogs, to find that there is no train to convey him to them.

In the middle of the down platform there was a dark and dingy shed, grandiloquently called a waiting-room, and James suddenly recollected that, in the days of his youth, a timetable used to be posted on the wall inside. Obviously the thing to do was to see if there was still a timetable there, and, in the event of its presence, consult it. Accordingly he climbed on to the platform and went silently down it on his rubber-shod feet.

Swinging carelessly into the shed, James recoiled suddenly. There was a long bench facing the door, and sitting on it in an attitude of complete abandonment was a girl in a green frock. She was very young, and her hair was only just a shade darker than primroses, and she was breath-takingly pretty. Very few girls are able to look pretty when they are crying, and this one was crying bitterly.

Now James, whose manners were generally above reproach, was well aware of the correct thing to do. He should have ignored the girl's presence, briefly consulted the timetable, and then faded away. But his facile heart was already touched, and besides he may subconsciously have remembered the tale of the Frog Prince.

"Oh, I say!" he exclaimed jerkily. "Don't do that!"

The girl frowned, made an effort to pull herself together, and regarded him with scarcely less disgust than the princess in the fairy tale regarded the frog. Then she broke down again.

"Oh, please!" he entreated. "What's the matter? Can't I help you?"

"Go away!" cried the girl, and ended with something perilously like a snuffle.

"I say, you know, this is a public place," said James gently. "Can't order me away like that, you know. I'll go when you stop crying, and when you've told me what you're crying for."

It may have been that the suppressed air of the cave-man had come to James only because he was desperate. Feeling very unlike his normal self, he sat down beside her.

"Now," he said, magnanimously, "look at my face and have a good laugh."

The girl glanced at his face, but her settled air of gloom seemed rather to increase.

"Why don't you laugh?" James demanded. "Everybody says what a funny face I've got, and what an ugly brute I am."

"You can't help that," murmured the girl.

"En?" said James, who had been secretly hoping that she would contradict him.

"You can't help that," she repeated. "but at least you can go away."

"Why?"

"Because I don't know you. And besides, do you think I like people to see me cry?"

"All the more reason why you should stop," said James.

"I have—nearly."

"That's right. Well, make a job of it. You're still sniffing, you know. And now what's it all about? Better tell me if you want to get rid of me."

"It's nothing to do with you."

"If it were," said James, "I'd pitch myself under the first train."

To his astonishment and delight she uttered a sudden laugh.

"Splendid!" exclaimed James. "Do I really baffle you? Do you really want me to go?"

"Ye-es."

"According to my dictionary Ye-es means No-o."

"You're a very ridiculous person."

"Not really. It's my face which misleads people. And now tell me all about it."

She laughed again. The tears were gone altogether now and her eyes were only a little red.

"I'm an awful fool," she began.

"That's splendid. I am glad to hear it. You see, I'm one too, and birds of a feather, you know. But go on. Tell me."

"Oh, nothing. I came in from Key-bury to meet somebody and—er—she didn't come to meet me."

"He didn't, you mean."

Her lovely eyes opened a little wider.

"How did you know that?"

"You wouldn't make all that fuss about another girl. Bad luck! I know what it's like to be left."

But perhaps he made a mistake in the train and he'll be here to meet the next one."

"That's what he'll say if he does meet the next one. But I don't think he will, and why should I wait? I believe he's taken some other girl out in his car and he's either forgotten me or he just doesn't care."

"If he's got a car," said James, "why didn't he call for you at your house?"

"Because my people don't like him. I'm not supposed to go about with him."

"O-oh! I say, I don't know who he is, but are you really awfully keen on him?"

"No-o."

"Then why—"

"Because it's such an insult making an appointment with me and then not coming."

James nodded comprehendingly.

"You'd be used to that sort of thing if you were me," he said. "My life is a succession of cut dances and broken appointments. I was going out for a picnic with a girl to-day and she calmly rang me up this morning to say that some other gink was taking her out shopping in his car."

He spoke lightly, but there was something in his voice which made her forget her own troubles and regard him with sudden pity.

"Are you very fond of her?" she asked softly.

"I thought I was, until a few minutes ago."

"Why until a few minutes ago?"

"I'll tell you," he said.

"When I know you a little better."

She lowered her eyes. Certainly he was nothing much to look at, but there was something uncommonly attractive about him. She liked to think that she had discerned something to which others had been blind.

Please turn to Page 8



The princess took down and beheld a frog in the act of repeating the question. Since she was living in the pre-cocktail era, there is little doubt that the princess was a staunch teetotaler, and besides, things like that were common in those days. So she wasn't in the least surprised or concerned, and merely said: "Because I have dropped my golden ball in the fountain."

And the frog thought: "Here's my chance. What a good job she hasn't the gumption to get a landing net or send for one of the under-gardeners."

Aloud he said: "I will recover it for you if you promise to kiss me when I have done so!"

"What, kiss a frog?" cried the princess, whose horror of reptiles included even the court jester.

"Not so much of the frog," replied the little yellow chap. "I am not an ex-tadpole, anyway. I was once a prince, and I owe my present condition to the machinations of a wicked fairy who had a passion for attending christenings and wasn't asked to mine. I wonder what sort of complex one would call that. Anyhow, I've got to go on being a frog until some princess kisses me."

"Then you'll have to wait a dashed long time," said the princess.

"Oh, of course," replied the frog airily. "If you don't want your golden ball—"

"Well, you go and get it, anyway, and then we'll see. Show us a bit of retrieving, first."

So the frog dived into the fountain and reappeared with the golden ball. This must have been worth seeing, but he was in too much of a hurry to wait and get an offer for the film rights. Having recovered the ball he laid it at the feet of the princess, who grabbed it, with a brief "Thank you," and began seeing how near to the frog she could bounce it without actually hitting him.

"Here, steady on!" cried the frog. "What a-bom what we were talking

There was a look on his face which struck into her heart like an arrow. A miracle, no less than that in the fairy tale, had taken place. She found herself liking his special type of ugliness.

not quite her ideal man. He had damp hands and he collected silkworms. There would be no harm in seeing what sort of prince the frog really was. So she made the kind of grimace which came quite natural when taking medicine and just touched him with her lips. Instantly he was transformed into a beautiful young man complete with the uniform of the Ruritania Guards, in every way so superior to the Lord Chancellor's son that the princess wasted no time at all, and fell into his arms with a soft coo.

So they were married and lived happy ever after, amid the rejoicings of all but the Lord Chancellor's son, who subsequently committed suicide by eating hot crayfish cooked in the French style

escort her on various expeditions when she really could not think of anything better to do. After all, James Gillingham had a car, but that was at present being decarbonised.

On the previous night James had got Madge to promise that she would come out with him for a whole day's picnic. This morning she had rung up curtly to inform him that it was all off. She really must do some shopping, and Billy Thorpe had promised to run her into Keybury in his car. Billy Thorpe was a Rigger Blue, and the best dancer in the country, besides being the possessor of undoubted physical attractions.

These then were the circumstances which tended to drive James Gillingham to the races, and to a subsequent orgy in the matter of a half bottle of champagne.

By A. M. BURRAGE

"You can't help that," she repeated. "but at least you can go away."

"Why?"

"Because I don't know you. And besides, do you think I like people to see me cry?"

"All the more reason why you should stop," said James.

A KISS for the PRINCE

Continued from Page 7

"LOOK here," he continued quickly, "we've both been let down; let's make the best of the job and go off somewhere together. It won't be very exciting for you, but you can regard me as a sort of maiden aunt."

"But I don't know you."

"That," said James, "will make it all the more interesting."

She meditated a little while.

"And then," she said thoughtfully, "if Billy Thorpe does turn up I shan't be here, and it will serve him right."

James started.

"Billy Thorpe!" he exclaimed. "Is he the chap—"

"Yes. Do you know him?"

James nodded. A silent struggle was going on within him. Easy to tell her that Billy Thorpe had gone off with Madge, set her pride still more in revolt and thus get her to spend the rest of the day with him. Only—that sort of thing wasn't done. It wasn't cricket.

Besides, he had a shrewd idea of what was to happen.

Billy Thorpe had only taken Madge shopping to get her away from him. He would return in time to meet the later train and tell some ready lie about having consulted an old timetable. And she, poor little thing, would be mollified and made happy. It meant sacrificing himself, but he was used to that.

"Look here," he said slowly. "I shouldn't judge Billy Thorpe too hastily. I know him and he's an awfully casual chap. I expect he looked at an old timetable and thought the train you mentioned wasn't running. They've only just put on that earlier one. I bet he'll be here to meet the next train. I'll stay with you until it comes in, if you like; but you'd better wait for it. You'll have a much better time with him than with me, you see."

She regarded him strangely, narrowly, as something almost too good to be true.

"I suppose," she said most surprisingly, "he's the man who has taken out the girl you were going out with?"

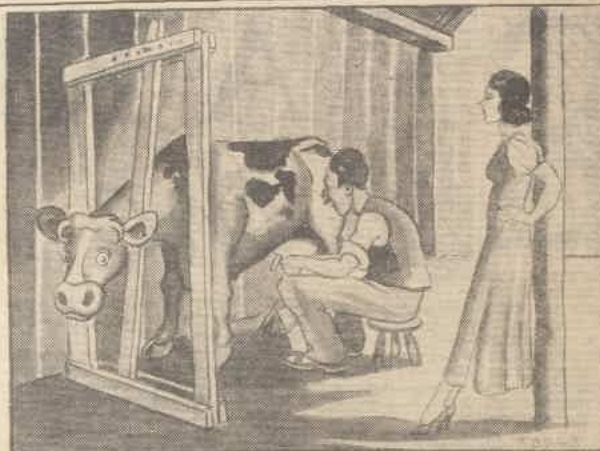
He stared in amazement at this most surprising example of feminine intuition, flinched, and looked away.

"Certainly not," he said.

"Certainly yes," she said quietly. "Why are you so certain that he'll meet the next train? Because it will give him time to drive back from Keybury. Oh, I suppose if I hadn't met you I should have waited, and listened to whatever he had to tell, and made myself believe it simply because I wanted to believe it. I think I told you I was a fool, and I'm the more a fool because I never had the least illusion about him. And now do you really want me to come out somewhere with you?"

"You know I do," he said simply. "But it won't be frightfully jolly for you, I'm afraid."

She looked into his eyes and saw all the tragic yearning of a callow and



CITY GIRL: Are you sure I'm not in the way when you're milking, Dave? DAVE: Of course not. If I decide to have you, this will be one of your jobs.

sensitive boy who wanted to be loved for himself alone. She was younger

than he in years, but much older in experience, and she understood. A great pity welled up in her heart and brought with it something like that to which pity is said to be akin.

"You're about the last word in sportsmanship," she said, "but I wish you'd stop running yourself down."

"Why shouldn't I?" he asked bitterly. "What's the sense of pretending? Women hate me like poison. You're just trying to be kind. If you let me be your friend I shall want to make love to you and then you'll fly right off the handle. I've kissed girls under the mistletoe, and that sort of thing, and most of them have put up with it politely, but no girl has ever kissed me of her own accord."

The girl's name has not been mentioned, and I think it better to suppress it altogether, because of her unmaidenly conduct. Remember, if you please, the fact that she hadn't known him half an hour. I am thoroughly ashamed of her, but my function is to tell the truth.

"You shan't say that any more," she said, and held up her face to him.

Now in the fairy story, when the Princess kissed the Frog Prince a most

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S.102.8

A LEVER PRODUCT

Love Little

This poem was sent in by a reader who has treasured it for 40 years. She does not know the name of the writer.

Love little; the heart that loves too well oft breaks.
A little love amuses. Much love the sleeping soul awakes to feel its bruises.
Kiss softly lest thou should rouse a passionate love which only lives for sorrow; for this day's pleasure oft may prove a grief to-morrow.
Fold lightly, lest happily thou shouldst wish to keep the folded one forever: And eyes their saddest tears may weep when hearts must sever.

extraordinary transformation took place, the frog instantly becoming something rather special in the prince species. So it was with James in the eyes of his new princess.

There was a look in his face, which struck into her heart like an arrow. A miracle no less than that in the fairy tale had taken place. She found herself liking his special type of ugliness.

A BELL rang in the signal-box, wires tingled, levers groaned, and signals fell. The gates of the level crossing swung outwards and barred the road. Railway porters appeared with the mysterious celerity of pantomime demons. The next train from Keybury was on the way. A car came droning up from the village and halted alongside the level crossing. James recognised the sound of the engine.

"That's Billy's," he said, and regarded the girl with sudden and undisguised anxiety.

"Never mind," she answered calmly; "the train comes in on the other side. He'll never dream of looking in here." James caught his breath. On the rare occasions when the James Gillinghams of this world cut out the Billy Thorpes they know how to appreciate their triumphs.

So they sat quiet and very close together in the waiting-room, which was really a shed and yet wasn't a shed at all, for it had become suddenly a pavilion in the Garden of Eden.

(Copyright)

HOT HOLMBROOK says: The correct Olive for the cocktail is the Manzanilla. Holbrook's Manzanillas are crisp and tasty.***

DIZZY DAY at the MELBOURNE CUP

Lower's Ups and Downs At Flemington

By L. W. LOWER

Well, it was a long walk back from Flemington, but it's all over now. And the only thing to do is to sit down and look forward to the Melbourne Centenary.

Impressed by the remarks of Jocelyn, The Australian Women's Weekly turf expert, about the "glorious uncertainty of racing," I decided to become very ill. So ill, in fact, that I would have to spend a fortnight in a Melbourne rest home round about Cup-time.

NO matter in what part of Australia I happen to be at the moment, I always start packing to go to Melbourne at least a month beforehand. My wife is extremely helpful.

After I have got everything crammed into a case, sat on it, wrestled all over the floor with it, and finally got the lid shut and strapped down, she says, "What about your shirts? Aren't you going to take any shirts?"

Then the unstrapping commences. After this has happened about eleven times, the wife says, "Perhaps it would be better if you had another suit case?" Then you start all over again. Still, it's worth it.

By the time it comes round again I will have got over all this and may possibly be feeling more or less normal. I will be able to gaze cynically on the spectacle of a world rally of twelve thousand visiting Girl Guides, a Pan-Pacific jamboree of fifteen thousand Boy Scouts, and an Elstedford and Choral Festival looking on at a Melbourne Centenary Cup, while the Scottish delegation watches the Southern Hemisphere clay bird championships. But before this happens Melbourne should be cleaned up. At such International and Inter-Empire functions details must be attended to. For instance, the statue of Matthew Flinders, the man who discovered Flinders Street.

He is depicted standing on half a boat while two men with their pants rolled up are trying to take it away

run fifth. The bookmakers are extremely rude and niggardly.

I backed three horses in the Cup with three different bookmakers and not one of them paid me anything. I hope they are all drowned in their own champagne.

Most of the ladies were wearing organdie, a material invented by Gandhi, the well-known Hindu vegetarian, who doesn't like vegetables.

We went into the very selectest part of Flemington on a free ticket, Jocelyn and I. I had my spotted suit on, and Josh had a blue maroon crepe-de-chine canvas frock with puffed sleeves, and a large floppy hat that looked like a bookmaker's umbrella.

We went around and let the horses have a look at us, and, after that, I met a dear old lady who said that her grandfather was a jockey, and that he was riding a horse in the first race, and he was going to win. So I gave her two pounds because she said her brother was a bookmaker, and would give her a very good price. She told me to wait for her.

I don't know what happened to delay her, but after the races were all over and it was getting very dark, one of the caretakers came to me and said, "Here! What are you doing here?"

I said, "I'm waiting for an old lady," but he didn't believe me, so I had to go away without seeing her. If this should meet her eye... I hope it blackens it.

THE scene in the ring was most exciting. People were fighting to give their money to anybody who had a bag to put it in.

Next time I'm going to take a large bag and stand up and make loud unintelligible noises and come away worth millions.

Jocelyn was jostling her way about in the crowd, and I met the office photographer. He said, "Have you got any money?"

I gave him £350, and told him not to worry about paying me back, and then I went and put £2000 on four different horses in the one race, which was rather a shrewd move, as I won £78,000. I dropped thirty thousand on the next race, following a tip.

I had the remaining £48,000 on a selection of my own which was beaten by a neck. The neck that beat my horse was on another horse about three hundred yards in front.



L. W. LOWER, photographed at the Cup. He is shown picking winners.



AN EXCITING incident during an adventurous tour round the stables.

TEACHING YOUNG Australians

By Our Special Commissioner

As the teaching profession finds employment for 25,000 women in Australia, it must be of great interest to every girl anticipating a career.

The various Education Departments employ 7000 lady teachers in New South Wales, 6000 in Victoria, and about 2500 in Queensland. In addition there are some thousands of women engaged in private schools and colleges.

HOW important are the duties which devolve on the teacher may be gauged from the fact that the future welfare and destiny of approximately 1,000,000 young Australians annually is in their care.

Educational qualifications alone are not sufficient to ensure a girl securing admission to the ranks of the teaching profession.

The strictest inquiry is made by the officers of the department into the moral character of the girl seeking to become a teacher, and regard is also had to her home-life and the character and standing of her parents.

The method of selecting and training teachers for their profession is somewhat uniform throughout the various States of the Commonwealth. Successful candidates in the leaving certificate or matriculation examinations are required to make application to the Education Department and the selected candidates are awarded scholarships at the training colleges within the Universities before embarking on their career as instructors of the young.

AS to the most suitable class of girl for the teaching profession, the opinion of one of our leading educationists who has spent a lifetime in the teaching profession and many years in the training of teachers is interesting.

"I look at a girl's general appearance—her personality," she says. "She should be upstanding and give the impression that she can inspire confidence in the pupils, and also in their parents. A certain amount of plumb is necessary in any profession, but particularly in a school teacher."

"She requires also to have a lot of womanliness about her as well, because she is going to be next to the mother of the children she has to instruct. She needs to have an understanding of the child, of child likes, and child requirements."

"The next thing is that she should be possessed of a very cultured speaking

HORT HOLBROOK says: The Holbrook Olives are grown in the sunny Olive groves of Spain. Packed in Australia, 1/6 & 4

voice. Her language should be a model for the children to copy, as undoubtedly many of them will copy her. Imitation almost amounts to hero worship by children for the teacher they love.

Particularly in the teaching of young children it is necessary that the teacher should have some knowledge and appreciation of music. She need not be a finished musician, but in the kindergarten schools she should be able to sing and play the piano. Music undoubtedly plays a big part in the early education of children, and in many cases infant-school teachers are expected to qualify in music as a subject.

IT is also important that a woman should have some social qualities. Nowadays there are mothers' clubs and other organisations connected with the schools, and their success depends largely on the organising ability of the teacher. It is also an excellent thing for a teacher to have some hobby of her own, such as gardening, swimming, golfing, or some other sport. Proficiency in any branch of sport or in physical culture may lead to an appointment as instructor in those departments.

A two years' course of training is given for girls who desire to take up teaching in the primary schools, and four years for those who aspire to join the staff of the High Schools.

The training is a most interesting one, and as well as a full course in all subjects includes culture, the theory of education and psychology. In the cultural courses students are allowed to select their own subject, such as social science, advanced English, advanced art, or hand work.

Further, it is found that girls, when they finish their college career and go to remote country centres, carry their culture with them and spread it by forming dramatic clubs and reading circles in the country towns.

Although the college course is a strenuous one, students really have a very happy time while undergoing their training. They arrange social functions among themselves, and form friendships which last for a lifetime.

During training, an allowance of £50 a year is paid to the girls in training if they are obliged to reside away from their homes. The girls are not allowed to board where they choose, but must reside in the hostels run by the various churches, where they are under the supervision of women wardens.

EVERY encouragement is given to girls in the training colleges to graduate at the University in Arts, and if they do so they secure a second-class certificate and are appointed to the staff of the High Schools.

While the salaries paid to women teachers are only four-fifths of those paid to men, they have the satisfaction of knowing that their tenure is fairly secure under the Education Department until they reach the retiring age or marry.

Careers For Girls

SUMMER IS COMING

BE PREPARED

ORDER THE BEST FRUIT DRINKS NOW

ALSO IN CONCENTRATED STRENGTH

50

24 GLASSES TO THE BOTTLE JUST ADD WATER

NOTHING COULD BE BETTER

50

ECONOMICAL DELICIOUS HEALTHFUL

ORANGES & LEMONS

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Sole Makers O.T. Ltd.

An Editorial

NOVEMBER 11, 1933.

THE UNRETURNED SOLDIERS

LIFE is so full of interest and amusement and activity these days that people don't go in much for philosophy.

To be a philosopher one needs to think, and thinking requires leisure. But leisure is regarded by many earnest people as mere idleness. And thinking is to them just day-dreaming.

Be it so. Day dream or philosophy, these were my thoughts the other day when I read the name of a certain boat in the shipping advertisements.

The name does not matter. But the vessel was one of the troopships that went regularly to and from England throughout the War. My thoughts went back to the farewell scenes—light-spirited youth on board, anxious mothers on the wharf. And then the return trips—cheerful home-coming lads, happy mothers.

But many trips more were made outward than homeward. There were 60,000 Unreturning Soldiers.

How were these drafted to the unreturning ranks? Was it done when they embarked for overseas? or invisibly marked on their enlistment forms?

I recalled particularly an old school-mate who was killed by a shell.

There seems no reason why the five-point-nine that killed this boy, as he sat playing cards, should have spared his four companions. Had there been no war, this young fellow would have been in Australia to-day, happy, as most of us call happy.

Queer thoughts, these.

Over in Europe they have queerer thoughts. They are already placing the invisible marks on the enlistment papers for next time. And they chuckle horribly as they mark "Unreturning" on one paper in every two, instead of only one in every four, as they did last time.

—THE EDITOR.

LYRICS OF LIFE

DUST

When all these things to which we kneel
Are gone, . . .
Our mighty gods of iron and steel,
When these
Are bent and twisted with the canker-
ing rust,
And those of Mortar and of Bricks are
dust,
Blown abroad
By ancient and eternal winds,
When all these transient gods of ours
Are dead, . . .
The Iron and Mortar and the
Bricks and Lead, . . .
And we, puzzled, strange and naked men
Why then
We may have souls instead.

—P.D.B.

POINTS OF VIEW

Dr. Bernardini's Praise

THE Most Rev. Dr. Bernardini, the new Roman Catholic Apostolic Delegate, is favorably impressed with Australia and Australians. From what he had heard of us, he felt that he already knew and admired the Australian spirit.

He had made a study of the history and activities of the Commonwealth, and this had been supplemented by what he had been told of us by Cardinal Cerretti, who never tired of singing the praises of Australia, and by Archbishop Cattaneo, who had given him an insight into the problems of its vast expanse.

His welcome at Perth had been enthusiastic. Adelaide impressed him as a very fine city, and he was also considerably interested in the fertile Victorian country.

The Pope had commissioned him to convey his best wishes to all Australians. Few countries interested his Holiness more, as he had heard much of it, not only from ecclesiastical visitors, but also from many Australian public men, including two Prime Ministers.

The Pope regards Australia as a country in which there is little or no intolerance, and is deeply interested in the courageous way in which its people are meeting their difficulties.

The Last Word

THE last word on the 1933 Census gives women the last word—in one State.

Recently published statistics show that Victoria has more females in its population than males.

Women in Victoria could control the State if they organised to exercise their latent power in a block vote. But they have so far been content to leave to men the management of public affairs.

Since Vida Goldstein, there has been no serious attempt by a woman to enter Victorian public life, and there has been no southern Miss Preston Stanley.

The first to break the barriers of Parliament will be Lady Peacock, if she succeeds at the by-election this Saturday in retaining the U.A.P. Alkendale seat, represented so long by her late husband, Sir Alexander Peacock. The last word though? Lady Peacock, so recently widowed, is not making a single speech throughout the campaign.

New Fashion for Men

THE Irish Free State, I notice, now has a band of Blue Shirts, and Australia is to have a White Shirt brigade. Sir Oswald Mosley, leader of the British Fascists, has introduced the Black Shirt of Italy to England. Germany has its Brown-shirted Nazis, and France a body of Red Shirts.

May we not gather from this that in the next few years or so the shirt motif for men will become so popular that it will be the foundation of a new era in male dress.

Coats will be done away with altogether, except as overcoats, and women will no longer be worried by bulging pockets.—P.L. (KIRIBILI).

Is Our Land Crowded?

AN unusual statement was made by a Queensland ex-Minister for Lands when he put forward the plea that his Government should make careful consideration before throwing open any timber lands for selection. He contended that, with the exception of the wool industry, there were too many people engaged in most of the rural pursuits in Australia, too many dairy farmers, and too many wheat-growers.

In his opinion, the State could get a larger return from the timber trade than from agriculture.

False Economy

ON the heels of the announcement of a record entry for intermediate and leaving exams in N.S.W. comes the news of a reduction of Victorian entries by 1500 as compared with recent years.

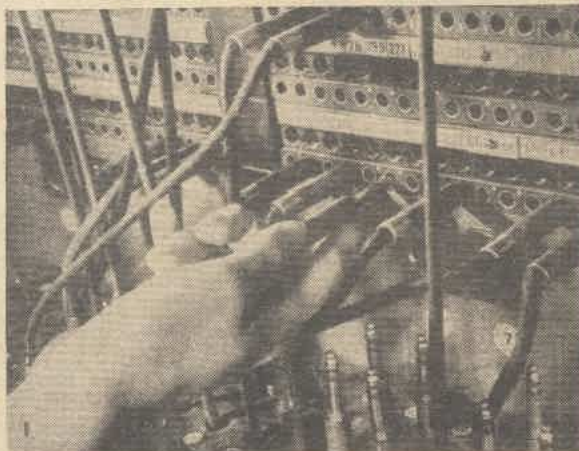
This doesn't mean that Victorian children are not so bright as their contemporaries across the Murray. Mr. J. P. Bainbridge, Registrar of Melbourne University, points out that entries from secondary schools not controlled by the State are higher than ever; the decline is in entries from the high schools.

He attributes it to the impossibility of the family budget running to high school fees, in many cases.

The Tomato Conversion

THE mere mention of cocktails has always been enough to shock the pure-minded. But now it appears the cocktail is making an attempt at regeneration. The growing taste for pure tomato juice as a cocktail must be a pleasing sign to teetotals. Nobody could come to much harm on tomatoes.

Incidentally, we could do with some of the 180 new cocktails that have been tasted in



THE HELLO-GIRL at the Post Office is being replaced by automatic switch-boards, but it will be many years before she finally disappears. The work is exacting, and calls for alertness, patience and intelligence, and, also, as the picture shows, nimble fingers.

the better cocktail competition at the Caterers' Exhibition in London.

Hostesses, hotels, and guests in Australia seem a bit timid about trying anything new, which probably explains why sherry is so popular.

With passion-fruit given away almost at less than 3d a dozen—growers will give you a sackful for a few pence in the season—we ought to start drinking a "jinx" immediately. It is made of passion-fruit juice and apple brandy—"Cocktail Bath."

What's Wrong?

THE fact that there has been found need for such an organisation as the Maintenance and Alimony Reform Association gives food for serious thought—as does the official statement that church dignitaries, women's organisations, political and otherwise, as well as social service bodies are united in support of a scheme for setting up a Court of Domestic Relations.

All this is a sign that there is something radically wrong with our marriage system. The proposed palliatives may ameliorate, to some degree, the worst results of a system ill-fitted to modern developments in thought and conditions.

But only an overhaul of the marriage laws, and a fresh outlook on the mutual obligations and responsibilities of the contracting parties, will bring about the necessary changes.

Why deal with symptoms when a disease demands a cure?

They Would Not Dare Say Such Things Now

When you consider some of the things famous men said about women in the past, you realise how near completion is their modern emancipation. No man would dare as much now.

JONATHAN SWIFT, author of "Gulliver's Travels," said: "A very little wit is valued in a woman, as we are pleased with a few words spoken plain by a parrot!" Yet he loved three women so greatly that he was unable to choose between them. Two, Stella and Vanessa, he immortalised in his books, and Vanessa loved him so greatly that she died within five weeks of his final break with her.

Notorious for his plays and verse in the middle of the last century, Baudelaire loved a colored woman. He was faithful despite her infidelities and excesses. He tended her devotedly. Yet, "Woman is natural. In other words, abominable," he said.

"Men are women's playthings. Woman is the devil!" said Victor Hugo.

Rousseau, whose work saw fruition in the French Revolution, and who all his life was befriended, sheltered and protected by women, from Madame de Warene downward, held the opinion that "Women, in general, have no love for any art. They have no proper knowledge of any. And they have no genius!"

That paragon of manners, Lord Chesterfield, was the lover of Middle du Bouchet and the husband of a daughter of George I. His letters to his son show the closeness with which he studied life—and he said, "Women are only children . . . they have an entertaining tattle, and sometimes wit, but for solid, reasoning good sense, I never knew one that had it, or acted consequently for four-and-twenty hours together."

CREATOR of the "superman" ideal, Nietzsche held that the true man sought two things—danger and play. "Therefore," he said, "man seeketh woman—the most dangerous toy!"

Francis Bacon, famous man of letters of the Elizabethan period, considered himself "fitted" for nothing so well as for the study of the truth. How far had his studies gone when he described women as "young men's mistresses, companions for middle age, and old men's nurses?"

Did some pert Fraulein, goading Schopenhauer with her wit, bring from him the remark that "The nobler and more perfect a thing is, the later and slower it is in arriving at maturity. A man reaches the maturity of his reasoning powers and mental faculties hardly before the age of 28. A woman at 18?"

And the Chinese held that "Disorder does not come from Heaven. But is brought about by women. . . ."

But then Ben Hecht, modern American novelist, saves the wounds by remarking that "All opinions are unimportant when they are held about women by men over forty!"

The philosophers learned about women, perhaps, but they seem to have absorbed from their teachers one thing they would be quick to condemn— inconsistency. For most of them married.

World's Largest Business

WHEN the Post Office is mentioned, most people's thoughts naturally fly to the familiar figure of the postman on his rounds, or to the telephone attendant at her switch, both of whom provide a daily service to every member of the public.

But the Post Office means more than this very necessary service. It is a worldwide organisation controlling the postal services of 60 nations in one international union, controlling assets of the value of hundreds of millions of pounds, providing communication between all nations, and internal services which extend to every town and village practically in the world.

In the various postal departments of Australia some thousands of women are employed as typists, telephonists, clerks, and assistants, and in the remote country centres women are in charge of many of the small post offices.

Many of these women are University graduates, and some are employed in sections handling scientific research and engineering work, having obtained their positions by passes in open competitive examinations. In many directions the Australian branch of the Post Office is leading the world in engineering and scientific work.

From time to time women officers of the Post Office have been called upon to perform important duties outside their office work that has called for the highest degree of intelligence, and required a wide knowledge of their subject, and demanded the strictest confidence.

DECIDED TO TRY OUT MY NEW BATHING SUIT



BUT IT WAS A FROST



AS THERE WAS NOT A SINGLE PERSON



TO DISAPPROVE OF IT!



PET

JANE'S JOURNAL—The Diary of a Bright Young Thing.

CAUGHT at SLIP

By
E. M. WINCH

A short story of a girl
"Lone Wolf". . . and a
coup that just failed.



EVERYBODY had heard that his Highness the Rajah of Candepore was to play for Surrey at the Oval, but only one person outside the Rajah's personal suite knew that he had brought with him from India the diamond known as the Star of Candepore. Monsieur Antoine, that prince among hotel-managers, had no notion of the contents of the small sealed packet which lay in his safe deposit; the journalists who swarmed in the hotel, collecting copy about the great bat, had missed the news item. And Nap Mettlick, who knew, was not the person to tell. For she had always worked alone.

The hall porter was almost fatherly. "That's him, Miss, coming out of the lift now. You ought to see the match. I could get you tickets, if you wished?" Naturally he assumed that this young slip of a girl, with her expensive clothes, must be staying in the hotel. "But you should see him to-night. There's a big dinner on, and he'll be wearing all his diamonds!"

"I shouldn't have thought it was safe to keep a lot of jewellery in his rooms?" Nan's blue eyes were large and enquiring.

The man smiled at her ignorance. "Lord, Miss, he doesn't keep diamonds in his bedroom! They're down in the safe deposit. If he wants 'em out, the Rajah has to sign for 'em himself."

"I see!" Nan's eyes followed the Rajah thoughtfully through the swing door. The diamond, in a sealed packet, would be in the deposit. . . . She smiled at the porter. When she smiled, there were two fascinating dimples in her left cheek. "What time did you say the match started?"

"If the rain keeps off, about twelve." The porter watched the dimples vanish. "But I'd go early if I was you, Miss, to get a good place."

"I will." Her smile was radiant. "Thanks so much!"

Outside the hotel, Nan's large blue eyes narrowed and grew keen; for she was thinking hard. She hailed a taxi. First, a stationer's shop. After that: "Drive me to a chemist's and the nearest house-agent," she commanded.

The chemist thought it odd that a girl with such nice fair curls should want to change their color. The house-agent was doubtful. "Near the Oval? We're not much on our books. Would a flat—"

"It must be a house," she insisted. "My mother hates flats!"

He nodded sympathetically, guessing at a querulous invalid.

"We have one house, just vacated." He glanced at her Paris hat, at the well-kept, dainty hand which held her gloves. "But it's in rather a poor street—"

"Could I look at it?" said Nan. "If you'd care to go this afternoon," the young man suggested, hopefully, with an admiring glance, "I could take you there myself."

"Oh, I won't bother you," Nan declared hastily. "I could look now, and bring you back the keys this afternoon."

At 41 Castor Grove she prudently dismissed the cab. She had noted the nearest call-box, but a telephone hung in the hall of the empty house. She lifted the receiver, dialled 91.

"Number, please?" A stroke of luck—not yet cut off!

"I've lost my book"—even on the telephone her voice was helplessly appealing. "Would you give me a District Messenger office?"

Through to the office, she asked: "Could you send a boy at once to 41 Castor Grove? A lurching boy, please, as he has to take a big dog for a walk."

The interval of waiting was well filled by a careful inspection of the basement. When the bell rang, she smiled, dimpling, at the messenger.

"It's rather a big dog, I hope you can manage him?" Her eyes scanned the boy's figure, hardly smaller than her own.

"I expect so, Miss." "He's chained in the cellar. We're just moving in. . . ." She led the way through the basement door. "In there, I'll strike a match if you'll get him out." She felt in her bag while the boy passed through.

Just behind the ear, not heavily, no need to hurt him seriously. The short length of lead-piping cut from the gas fire found its mark neatly; the boy's knees crumpled and he fell on a heap of coal. Fortunately, she had a clothes-brush in her bag.

The Rajah of Candepore, walking towards the gates of the Oval, found his progress impeded by clustering admirers; twice he had shaken his head, smiling, but the girl with the dimples and the big, appealing eyes was more determined. She slipped right in front of him, thrusting out her book.

"I've got Jack Hobbs and Jardine. Won't you, please?" the little piping voice implored. The Rajah looked from the clean page to the eager, pretty face and with a flashing smile held out his hand for the fountain-pen.

"There!" Her thanks were lost as he hurried towards the pavilion.

A few minutes later, locked in the cloakroom at the Tube Station, Nan unwrapped a newspaper parcel that she carried. A pity she must part with the French hat! . . . Taking out the hair-dye and a pair of scissors she got to work coolly. . . . She must hurry. She had still to put through three telephone calls.

"A PACKAGE in safe deposit, for the Rajah of Candepore, please." The cheeky little messenger had been waiting some minutes before the hotel clerk had time to attend to him. He glanced at the paper which the boy held out.

"You must see the manager about this."

The boy followed the clerk through a mahogany door into Monsieur Antoine's office. The clerk explained:



She smiled at the porter. When she smiled there were two fascinating dimples in her left cheek.

"No, Sir," the boy interrupted; "I was sent to the Oval first."

"Did you send a boy to the Oval, to the Rajah of Candepore?" demanded the manager.

"That's right."

"Thanks." The bell tinkled again. "Dupont and Davies? Are you expecting a package from his Highness the Rajah of Candepore? You had a telephone message from the Oval Station? Thanks. . . . But still Antoine was not satisfied. He turned a switch. "Is that the Rajah's suite? Antoine speaking. I've a messenger boy here with an order from his Highness to collect a sealed package left in the deposit. Is that all right?"

The boy was staring straight before him, expressionless, at a picture on the opposite wall; the little answering voice was squeaking down the wire.

"You've had a message, but not from the Rajah himself? He'd be in, butting, now—Surrey won the toss. Yes, it's his signature all right. I've rung them up, they're expecting the parcel, and I rang the office. But perhaps that would be best. . . ." The receiver dropped. "I'll fetch the packet. The Rajah's secretary will go with you to Dupont and Davies."

A sharp-eared listener might have heard the boy's breath catch; his hand went to his pocket. A natural gesture in a boy, that. The tight uniform trousers bulged a little, but then a boy's pockets may contain funny things—even a short length of lead pipe.

Illustrated by
WYNNE W.
DAVIES

The secretary appeared, a brown man in a turban with European clothes. "I'll take the packet myself, Monsieur Antoine." Then to the boy: "How much are you owed?"

The boy woke from his stiff trance. "Sorry, Sir, but I've my orders. I was to go with the parcel in a taxi." "Oh! Then I'll come with you." "Very good, Sir," said the boy woodenly.

The secretary took the packet from the manager with respectful fingers; he knew what it contained. He led the way, bearing it with extreme care; behind him came the manager, intent on getting the little parcel, of obvious value but unknown contents, outside his own jurisdiction. Last of all, the boy trotted quietly, his eyes upon the brown hands of the man in front.

He looked a shade perturbed at the sight of the Rolls, with its brown-skinned driver; he had counted upon a cab. But still, in London traffic, the driver intent on his job—the boy's fingers strayed again towards his pocket.

The big hall porter waited by the car; the secretary climbed in, the boy flashing a smile of thanks at the porter, put out his hand to follow. The next instant he was jerked violently back by the collar into the porter's arms.

"What's wrong?" A startled gulp from the manager. The secretary, still holding his precious burden, leaned out and stared.

"I don't know what the game is, Sir," said the porter grimly. "but I knew her when she smiled at me, and"—his grip shifted, dragging up one of his captive's hands—"have you ever seen a boy with nails like that?"

So, if the Candepore diamond still adorns the turban of that famous sportsman, the Rajah, he owes its safety to a sharp-eyed porter and a fashion which dictates that women must wear pink paint upon their nails.

(Copyright.)

In the Street To-day



I MINGLED with the crowd and was engulfed for awhile until I reached the underground railway station. There the crowd parted, one-half disappearing down the descending, lighted way, the other streaming away along the street. I paused for breath and a moment of rest, when my attention was attracted by the sound of a thin, piping voice crying, "Vio-lets! Vio-lets! Sixpence a bunch!" Leaning against the tiled wall was a little lad, small face alight with expectancy, bright eyes eagerly scanning the faces of the passers-by, and with his hands full of violets. Later in the evening I again passed the child, for child he really was. He still leaned against the white tiles, still called "Vio-lets," still held the bunches out in hope of purchase by the people going by.

I suppose he will still be there to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow—days without change on end.

So life in the street goes on!

—VERONICA M. MILLS.

Antoine took the paper. A slip in a neat, upright hand: "Please give bearer the small sealed packet which you hold for me in safe deposit," and, beneath, the Rajah's bold, unmistakable signature. Antoine had seen it too often to be mistaken.

Yet he frowned. "Where's your order slip?"

The boy felt in his pouch, produced the slip. Antoine examined it carefully.

"Where are you to take the packet?"

"Dupont and Davies, Sir, Jewellers, Bond Street." The boy's answers came out smartly; good-looking, with dark hair and blue eyes, he stood upright as a soldier; a credit, with his tilted hat and alert air, to his famous corps.

The manager picked up the telephone. Dialed the messenger office. "Have you sent a boy to the Portminter—"

picture on the opposite wall; the little answering voice was squeaking down the wire.

"You've had a message, but not from the Rajah himself? He'd be in, butting, now—Surrey won the toss. Yes, it's his signature all right. I've rung them up, they're expecting the parcel, and I rang the office. But perhaps that would be best. . . ." The receiver dropped. "I'll fetch the packet. The Rajah's secretary will go with you to Dupont and Davies."

A sharp-eared listener might have heard the boy's breath catch; his hand went to his pocket. A natural gesture in a boy, that. The tight uniform trousers bulged a little, but then a boy's pockets may contain funny things—even a short length of lead pipe.

A. P. Garland
Retells Another
Love Story That
Changed History

Gave HER LIFE for a FOLLY

Scaffold Ended Indiscretions Of Mary Queen of Scots



Mary Queen of
Scots.

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Australian Women's Weekly.

When the smile that had
plunged her country into civil
war peeped out wanly on the
scaffold at Fotheringay Castle,
even her bitterest enemies had
a word of regret for the
tragedy of Mary, Queen of
Scots, the most ill-loved lover
in all history.

For her grace and her saint-like beauty men had been
ready to lay down their lives and their fortunes.

Happiness was not in her stars, and the young, smiling
favorite of France—aye, Europe—was to taste death in its
most awful form after 19 dreary years as a prisoner.

FATE holds no more exquisite
cruelty than it meted out to
Mary... the very "lovely woman
who stooped to folly."

Her life which began so brightly,
colorfully, soon was plunged into a sor-
did gloom from which the only release
was the executioner's axe.

On February 9, 1567, Henry Stuart,
Lord Darnley, was murdered at a house
near Edinburgh, called Kirk o' Field.

Though he was the cousin and husband
of Mary, few lamented his fate.

He had been weak, stupid, selfish and
wicked. He had joined with Mary's
enemies in plots against her and had
been the leader of the band of armed
ruffians who had dragged her secretary,
Riccio, from the supper table where he
had been sitting with her and stabbed
him to death outside the door.

It was an open secret that the murder
of Darnley was mainly the work of

James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, one
of Mary's adherents.

He had been a bitter enemy of Darn-
ley, and it was with him that Mary had
taken refuge at Dunbar after the murder
of Riccio. And in gratitude for his
loyalty, she had made him one of the
most powerful noblemen in Scotland.

Then, three months after Darnley's
death—throwing prudence to the winds
—she married Bothwell, and thus
brought on herself the tragedy that was
to culminate in that grim scene 20 years
later in the hall of Fotheringay
Castle.

The more one studies this extra-
ordinary lapse on the part of a
woman who was held to be as acute
and cool a politician as Queen Eliza-
beth herself, the more incredible it
seems. No madder gamble has been re-
corded in history.

At a time when the old and the new
religion were at daggers-drawn, she, the
hope and leader of the Catholic party,
dared to marry a Protestant—in a Pro-
testant church!

Even then Bothwell had obtained only
a very dubious divorce from his first
wife, and his immoralities were notori-
ous. Indeed, he greatly preferred his
divorced wife to Mary, the fairest woman
of her age, and he continued to live with
the former after the divorce.

WORST of all, Mary had taken as her
husband the man who was the re-
cognised murderer of her previous hus-
band, a step that gave countenance to

the current suspicion that she had been
pry to the murder itself, and, in any
case, suggested that she condoned it.

Even in that age of treachery and
bloodshed, this was more than the great
majority of her adherents could stand.

Promptly the nobles, Catholic and
Protestant alike, rose against her. Her
armies were defeated. She was forced
to sign an abdication in favor of her
son.

And after many alarms and excu-
sions her Odyssey was to end in 19
years' imprisonment at the hands of
Elizabeth and a violent death.

Mary has been the subject of bitter
and unending disputes among partisan
historians, but it is generally agreed
that this "tall girl, with brown hair and
sidelong eyes of red brown," was pos-
sessed of all the gifts, physical, mental,
and cultural, that a woman could ask of
an indulgent fairy.

Her beauty alone was proverbial.
"Heaven bless that lovely face,"
passers-by used to say as she rode
through the streets of Edinburgh.

She was gracious, gay, generous,
warm-hearted, and polished in manner.
She was an accomplished musician, and
had the gift of poetry. Her courage was
undoubted; her mind clear and equable.

In addition, she possessed an abun-
dant measure of that personal vitality
which is probably the basis of what we
call nowadays sex-appeal.

A Sir Galahad alone would seem to
have been a fitting consort for this
radiant product of the Renaissance.

Yet, in her domestic affairs, Fate had
not dealt with her generously.

Her first marriage, an affair of polit-
ical arrangement, had given her as
husband the puny Dauphin of France
who left her a widow at the age of 19.

Vile Treachery

HE had been succeeded by Darnley,
whom at first she loved, but who
soon sickened her with his villainess and
treachery so that she had come to loathe
him.

After that came this Bothwell, the



A WRINKLE IN TIME

Soak mildewed linen in buttermilk
for a few hours, then wash as usual.

man who inspired her to great passion
and who was to prove her evil genius.
Detractors have gone to great lengths
to show that Bothwell was merely an
"ugly Scot, with red hair," an uncouth
ruffian, who was more at home in bor-
der forays than in the purlieus of a
court.

To some extent this is true. Bothwell
was the product of his age and country,
a fierce, passionate, strong, arrogant
man, with the outlook of a swashbuckler.
But he also had some scholarship and
some culture—more, in fact, than the
majority of his fellow noblemen, and
this may first have drawn the cultured
Mary to him.

But there was another element in
Bothwell's personality of which Mary
was now to become aware, his power of
fascination.

For he was undoubtedly a great lover,
one of those men who seem without an
effort to be able to win the hearts of
women—and this without allowing his
own affections to get beyond control.

World in Pieces

MANY women had already loved him—
to their detriment. And in the case
of Mary, it was her ungovernable love
for him that brought on her irretriev-
able disaster.

Her reward was a meagre one. The
love passages with the man for whom
she had made such tremendous sacri-
fices were few. After the Battle of Car-
berry Hill the two were separated, and
they never saw one another again.

Later, during the imprisonment in
England, she had time to reflect on the

H. B. HOLBROOK says: My Worcestershire
Sauces will favour the Soup, season the
Gravy, make the simplest meal appetizing &c.

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SERVIETTES with finely executed
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It is quite a simple matter to pen-
cill your initials on to the corner of
each square and then embroider
them in satin stitch and outline
stitch.

tragic outcome of her ill-starred passion,
and in September, 1570, she secured a
divorce from the man who had brought
her world down in pieces. But, by this
time, Bothwell was past caring. After
Mary's flight to England he had escaped to
Scandinavia, and, after some adventu-
res, had been closely confined in a
prison, where he became insane.

And thus, miserably, in 1578, passed
the man for whom the loveliest and
most fascinating woman of the 16th
century had sacrificed her honor and
her throne.

Spain's Downfall

THIS love affair was to leave its mark
deeply graven on history, however.

It led directly to Mary's flight to Eng-
land, to her long imprisonment and to
the titanic efforts that were made by
Philip of Spain to bring about the down-
fall of England.

Those efforts in the long run broke
Spain. They drained her of her strength
and enabled her Continental rivals,
greedily awaiting some such opportu-
nity, to challenge her supremacy and
to reduce her to almost a second-rate
position in the councils of Europe.

More than that, they led in due course
to the predominance of England in
North American affairs and ultimately
to the foundation of what was to be-
come the United States of America.

Mary's passion for Bothwell had borne
fruit—but in a way that neither she nor
any of her contemporaries could have
contemplated.

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CONSTIPATION — quickly and
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There are two Lubri-Lax prepara-
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jars of Double Strength Lubri-Lax fail to
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state the name of your chemist—and the
dates of the three purchases. You will
then be given a letter to the specialist we
consider most suitable for your case. To
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It is unlikely that you will need them, be-
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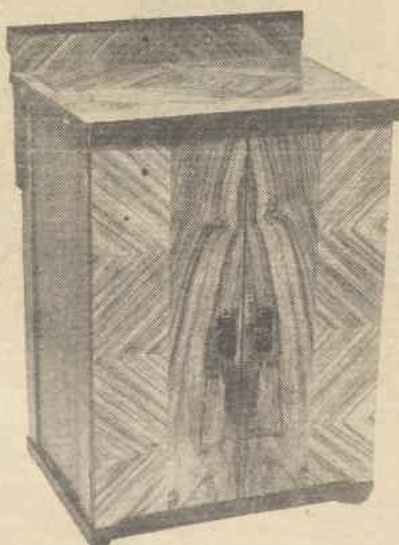
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and how I can get FREE the gifts offered in this advertisement,
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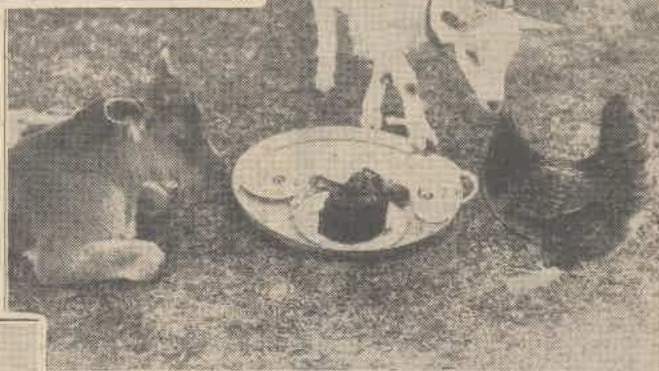
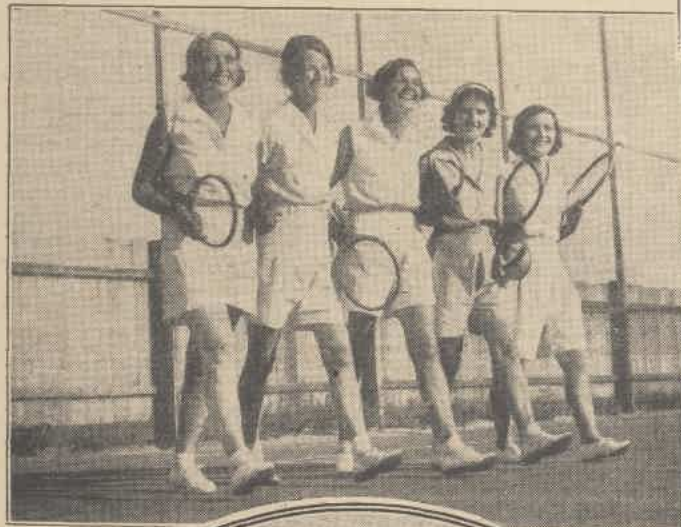
FLORENCE AUSTRAL, world famous Australian prima donna, has made her name abroad like many other Australian artists. The majority of Australians do not even know what she looks like. So here she is, a wonderful credit in every way to her country. Her greatest ambition is to sing in Australia, and it will be realised soon. for she is coming home under engagement to the Broadcasting Commission.



GRACE in tennis shorts. Note the freedom of movement the fashion allows Mrs. D. Roberts, above. She was one of five players, left, who used tennis shorts at Ermeralla Tennis Club, Glenhuntly, Melbourne, for the first time last week. The others are, from left to right: Mrs. J. Baker, Mrs. G. Stiff, Mrs. Roberts is third, Mrs. M. Perris and Mrs. V. Harrison.



MR. CLIFF THOMSON, of Los Angeles, California, claims to be the world's tallest man. He is 8ft. 10in., which takes some beating. The pretty girl with him is not his wife, but Mr. Thomson is just demonstrating what the average sized wife would look like next to him.



TALK about a happy family! "Fancy" the calf, "Gertie" the goat, and "Chook" are boon companions on a Kentish farm, England, where their owner has succeeded in bringing them up, friends. They sleep together, eat together, and for the amusement of visitors indulge in a tea party on the lawn.



SAID to be America's most unusual school, where, if a pupil does not pay strict attention to the teacher, punishment in the form of a ducking follows automatically. Roy Arnold, noted for his aquatic stunts, is the headmaster of this "Aqua-plane College." The students look as though they are enjoying their lesson.



OF course you cannot judge a book by its cover, and you cannot judge a man by his photograph, but this is Mr. Allison Stern, whose love has been valued by his wife at no less than one million pounds. She is claiming this amount, approximately. In dollars, from Mrs. Ruth Erlanger Nathan through the Manhattan Supreme Court, America, for the alienation of her husband's affection.

ARMISTICE DAY falls two days after the anniversary of the H.M.A.S. "Sydney's" encounter with the "Emden." Here is the "Emden's" name plate, returned to Germany as a gesture of goodwill by the Commonwealth Government, being carried through the streets of Berlin recently by German sailors.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE CAUSES HEART FAILURE

"I suffered terribly with High Blood Pressure. The dizziness, flashes and headache were so bad that I had to give up business. Now after a course of Menthoids I feel 20 years younger and go to the city every day. Yours, J. McD."

To sufferers from High Blood Pressure this Melbourne man's story is interesting.

Thousands of otherwise healthy people die prematurely from High Blood Pressure and the frequent symptoms are dizziness, palpitation, headache, failing eyesight and memory, flushes, sleeplessness and kidney and bladder disease. Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are the great antidote for High Blood Pressure and if you suffer in this way get a box of Menthoids from your chemist and take them regularly for a month and then occasionally afterwards. Menthoids purify the blood stream of poisons, flush out kidneys and bladder relieving the terrific pressure which causes heart failure and keeps the blood pressure at a safe level. Menthoids are a pure herbal remedy and are safe for the most delicate sufferers.

Large boxes of 80 Menthoids are 6/6 (sample boxes of 36 are 2/6) with the Diet Chart with every box. Demand Genuine Menthoids in the green packet and refuse substitutes of this valuable medicine, which is sold by all chemists or post free direct from W. James Rogers Ltd., Chemists, Dept. 3, 355 George Street, Sydney (Opp. G.P.O.), C. F. Lloyd & Co., 241 La. Collins St., Melbourne, and D. Maclean & Co., Ferry House, Elizabeth St., Brisbane.***

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It fulfils every need of discerning femininity . . . providing the finishing touches to a perfect toilet; whilst, for the informal occasion, it has a quality for which there is no adequate substitute. Cultivate the JEAN MARIE FARINA habit . . . just a little applied to the body keeps it in perfect condition. It cools and softens the skin and restores the strength and elasticity of the muscles.

In health a joy . . . in sickness a necessity

Every woman knows how the fevered brow responds to the cooling effect of an Eau De Cologne of quality . . . that's JEAN MARIE FARINA. And withal it's a deodorant of exquisite subtlety.

In the hot weather it's so cooling

At leisure or exercise the oppressive heat of summer days creates discomfort. See to it that you feel cool and look fresh . . . while, for the special occasion . . . just a little in the bath or wash basin . . . and all that dims your radiance is softly coaxed away. JEAN MARIE FARINA is obtainable at all high class Chemists and Stores in the usual bottle and also in the most attractive Xmas presentations. From 2/6 to 50/-.

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Be your own Beauty Specialist

No. 10-10

Beauty Preparations of Roger & Gallet give a complete toilet to the woman who finds joy in doing things for herself.

Preserve and intensify your youthful charm with . . .

No. 10-10 Face Cream in tubes at 1/3 and jars 2/6.
No. 10-10 Face Powder in tints beautifully blended to harmonise with every complexion price 1/6 and 2/6.
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TAKE NO RISKS — YOUR SKIN IS TOO PRECIOUS

Greater LOVE Hath No MAN

In his country's service, David Bellairs had offered his life — it had been spared him, but the price had been great.



CHRISTOPHER was twelve when the war began. On the day he saw David off it seemed to him that "just twelve" was the very loneliest age a boy could be.

David was twenty-two, broad-shouldered, and blue-eyed. As Christopher could bear witness, he stood six feet two inches in his stocking feet, and turned the scales at 14 stone. He was Christopher's brother—his only relation in the whole wide world, and Christopher worshipped him with every beat of his loyal little heart.

It was Christopher's private opinion that no one else in the world had a brother quite as handsome, quite as strong, or quite as understanding as David. David was at the University, and Christopher was absolutely certain—was the most popular man there. He had heaps, simply heaps and heaps of invitations for the holidays. But did he accept them? No, not one. "Booked right up" he would say with his merry laugh. "Thanks awfully, but I always spend the holidays with a chap—permanent arrangement, you know. Finest chap in the world, too." That was Christopher!

On the last day of term a long grey sports car would shoot up the drive of Christopher's boarding school. Almost before the car had come to a standstill David would be out and halfway up the steps to the front door. A smiling maid would put her head round the Common Room door and announce cheerfully: "Master Chris, your brother's in the waiting-room."

Along the corridor Christopher would bound, down the stairs, along the hall, around the corner and into the waiting-room.

"David!"

"Chris, old chap!"

The holidays had begun!

During the long summer holidays they always camped—all their gear would stow away into the back of the great grey car, and Christopher always felt that he was quite the luckiest boy in the world when the car turned out of the school gates and he knew the holidays had really commenced.

During the daytime they would swim or walk or drive—all the time in the open air, until both were tanned like old sea salts. But it was the nights that lived longest in Christopher's memory—the indescribable comfort of being able to sit in front of a blazing camp fire and dream, or, if one felt inclined, pour out all the hopes and fears of a small boy's heart into the most understanding ears in the world.

It was during the holidays that followed on Christopher's twelfth birthday that he noticed that David seemed to be pre-occupied and very, very quiet. Christopher did not question him as to what was the matter. When David wished him to know, he would tell him.

On the last night of the holidays he knew. At eleven o'clock he crept into bed to lie staring into the darkness with an icy fear at his heart.

War! David said that there was going to be a war—that soon the whole world would be called upon to fight. And David would have to go—David of the gay blue eyes and fair curls—David who always understood just how a very small boy feels—David, his big brother. He would have to go right across the sea—thousands of miles away—he might even be killed. Christopher's active imagination filled in the blanks, and before morning dawned he had seen David die a hundred terrible deaths.

David went! On the day the boat sailed Christopher stood on the wharf gazing desperately at the sea of faces that lined the rails of the ship and only saw one face—he would not move his eyes for one moment. With sudden intuition he foresaw the days ahead when he would willingly give his all for one glimpse of that beloved face.

The great ship was moving, moving—the men waving, shouting last messages—the women were striving to swallow their sobs and send their menfolk off with a smile.

Christopher's small boy heart seemed frozen, he was conscious of a feeling of deadly sickness, his lips moved, and his heart sent one great pulsating prayer up to the Father Who sees all. "God don't let him die, don't let him die, God. I'm so lonely, keep him safe, God, keep him safe."

In the years that followed, Christopher grew into a man. He knew what it was to see the headmaster enter the class room and lead one of the boys away—sometimes he would return to the class—sometimes they would hear a car on the drive outside, and know that he had gone home—that the Shadow of Death had alighted again.

TWO months before Christopher's sixteenth birthday the dreaded summons came for him. The years of safety had lulled his fears. When the headmaster came quietly into the room, Christopher raised his eyes slowly. Another poor chap—"Bellairs" the headmaster spoke very gently, very kindly. "I want you, my boy."

Christopher rose to his feet, eyes gazing straight ahead. He did not see the pitying glances, the warm sympathy of his class mates. Very steadily he traversed the long room—what a long way it was to the door, and how numb his heart felt. It seemed as if he had lost all power of feeling—later, he supposed, he would feel—Oh, David! David!

They had reached the headmaster's room at last. The head had a paper in his hand. "I'm very sorry, my boy, sorrier than I can say." His voice seemed a long way off. What was he saying? "Badly wounded, seriously ill, but every chance of recovery."

Lights flashed in front of Christopher's eyes, a great roaring sounded in his ears, the room seemed to rock beneath him, to whirl in a giant Catherine wheel of light—then—blackness! For the first and last time in his life Christopher had fainted.

It was not until the next day that the headmaster judged Christopher fit to hear the extent of his brother's injuries. In bed that night Christopher faced the facts and made his decision.

In his country's service David Bellairs had offered his life—it had been spared him, but the price had been great. When he returned it would be as a cripple, with but one arm and one leg. In appreciation of his gallantry his King would pin to his breast a little cross engraved with the mystic words "For Valour."

Christopher's heart throbbed with fierce pride when he thought of that Cross, and ached unbearably at the thought of the cost. "I shall just live for him," he vowed, "I can be feet and hands for him—I'll look after him every minute; I can make it up, I must."

THE war ended and the horrified world viewed the dreadful heart-nickening spectacle of its men returning home. They went out whole and strong—the pink of the world's manhood, and came back—ab, dear

A Story for Armistice Day

God, how your heart must have ached at that sight.

Christopher and David gazed at one another for one long moment, then—"David!"

"Chris, old chap!" Just as in the old days. "I'm sorry, old man," said David painfully, "I'm afraid I'm a bit of a wreck to claim for a brother."

Christopher looked at him—at the empty coat sleeve, at the hair greying at the temples, at the fine lines suffering had drawn around the well-cut mouth, and lastly at the little Cross pinned to his coat, and from the bottom of his adoring, boyish heart he spoke.

"David, you're just great," he said.

Even in a school where practically every scholar had a father or brother who had been through the war, V.O. holders were rare, and Christopher's chin rose quite two inches when David told him, with comic dismay, that the headmaster had asked him to address the school.

From his place amongst the boys Christopher watched his brother cross the platform, speak for a moment to the headmaster, and then turn to his audience. He opened his mouth to speak, but the boys could contain themselves no longer.

"Hip, hip!" shouted a boyish voice.

"Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!" shouted the school, and then again.

"Three cheers!"

Christopher clenched his hands and stared straight ahead. The boys mustn't see the tears in his eyes. It would never do; but, oh how proud he was. When at last the cheering and shouting had subsided, David spoke:—"Thank you," he said very gravely, "thank you, not only for myself, but for all the thousands who will never return. I can't make speeches, but I just want to say this:

"There are some among you whose fathers or brothers have made the supreme sacrifice, some among you who would willingly have stood in their places and faced the penalty that they might return; there are some of you who have waged at their inability to fight, too, who feel they have done nothing towards achieving victory. Boys, forget it all, it isn't true. When our soldiers fought, it wasn't this sort of thing (with his whimsical smile he touched that small Cross on his breast) that was always before their eyes—that they fought for. It was the faces of the dear ones at home, the mothers and sisters and sweethearts and younger brothers. Boys—his voice rang—"It's just a case of 'They also serve who only stand and wait.' And believe me, the small brothers helped a lot"—with his merry laugh—"particularly one that I know of. Now, I'm not going to 'speechify' any more, but if you'd care to hear any war yarns, well and good."

The boys' approval at this suggestion left little doubt as to whether they would care to or not.

The headmaster raised his hand and stepped forward.

"Just a moment, boys," he said, "before Captain Bellairs addresses you I would like to say a few words. As you know, it is not my habit to praise any of my scholars to their faces, but I consider this an exceptional occasion."

Christopher Bellairs has been a pupil at this school for seven years. During that time he has been under my constant care, and I would like to say that I have never met a finer or more honorable character. Whilst he has every cause to be proud of his brother, I might also add that his brother is justified in feeling very proud of him. I need not say any more, you boys know him—and I think—love him. Might I suggest that you show your approval in your—er—usual boisterous fashion."

Christopher's face and neck were crimson, and he did not dare to glance up, but David's eyes were fairly beaming with pleasure as the boys' hurrahs rang in his ears.

"THERE," said Christopher triumphantly, "the boat sails on Wednesday, and we have the best accommodation on the ship, not bad management, eh?"

"Excellent," agreed David heartily, and then, feeling Christopher's searching glance, "what is it, old chap?" "Are you quite sure you want to go?" demanded Christopher. "It's not going to fog you out and make you ill again?"

"Indeed not," David assured him. "I'm feeling fine, never been better, and the sea trip is just the thing to buck me up."

"Well," said Christopher, "I'll see you take it quietly, if I have to spend every second holding you down."

Please turn to Page 42

IN SOLEMN REMEMBRANCE...

Noble Anzac Memorials Near Completion



THIS IS the first picture to be taken of the Anzac Memorial, Sydney, after the removal of the scaffolding last week. The work is still far from completion.

—Women's Weekly photo.

ARMISTICE DAY 1933. And after 15 years the memory of the fallen is an uppermost thought in the minds of all Australians.

ON this page we show striking pictures of the impressive memorials being reared in everlasting tribute to the men who gave their lives. Interesting details of the great memorials are given herewith.

WORK was begun on the Melbourne Shrine of Remembrance in June, 1923, and the main structure was completed in December, 1932, when about £25,000 worth of work was postponed.

The Shrine will be completed before the date fixed for its dedication, November 11 next year. The total cost will be a quarter of a million pounds.

At present a number of men are engaged on levelling the terraces and constructing roads and paths leading to the Shrine.

The Melbourne City Council allotted £50,000 for the memorial, State Government £150,000, and £150,000 has been supplied by the public, including municipalities. Of this amount school children have given £9000. This Friday the original Shrine appeal committee of 32 representatives will be abolished, and in its place a trust will be appointed. Its personnel will be nearly the same as the old appeal committee.

Its members will be: The Lord Mayor (ex-officio), Sir Stanley Argyle, Sir William Brunton, Sir Harry Chauvel, Sir Harry Lawson, Sir Harold Lusk, Mr. O. W. Holland (State president, R.S.S.I.L.A.), the Director of Finance, Minister for Lands, and Miss Grace Wilson, who was second in charge of the nursing section of the A.I.F.

The chief feature of the shrine is the Rock of Remembrance in the inner shrine, which is so placed that on November 11 a shaft of light will filter through the top of the shrine directly on to the rock.

OF unique design, Brisbane's Anzac Memorial occupies a prominent position in the heart of the city, at the Ann Street end of Anzac Square. In the centre of the structure burns an eternal flame.

The Memorial cost approximately £19,000 to build, subscriptions for which were gathered from the entire State. Competitive designs were called for from all Australasia, and finally that of Mr. S. H. Buchanan, of Messrs. Buchanan and Cowper, Sydney, was decided upon. A committee of citizens was responsible for the establishment of the Memorial, and its upkeep is in the hands of the trustees, the Brisbane City Council.

The lower portion of the structure is devoted to rooms, which house the honor boards of the various Queensland units of the A.I.F.

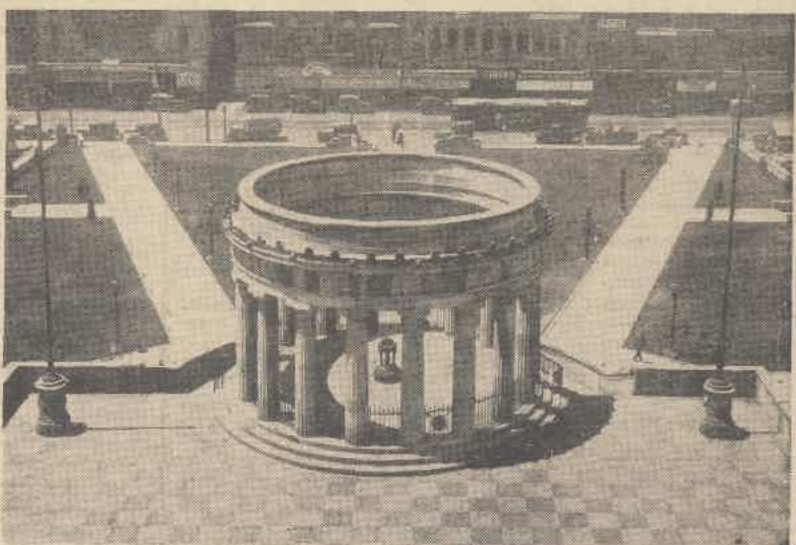
THE Anzac Memorial in Hyde Park, Sydney, which will cost in the vicinity of £30,000, is approaching completion.

Apart from the general design of the beautiful structure, one of the most interesting features is the groups of statuary on the facings, which were designed by Mr. Rayner Hoff. These have been the subject of considerable controversy for some time past.

The monument is being erected with funds subscribed by the public of New South Wales for patriotic purposes during the war period. The surplus funds were consolidated by Act of Parliament.



THIS PICTURE gives a splendid idea of the nobly-conceived Shrine of Remembrance, Melbourne, which will be completed in a year's time.



NOT SO monumentally imposing as the other two pictured herewith, the Brisbane Anzac Memorial possesses, nevertheless, beauty and dignity.

—Queensland Govt. Photo.

and portion applied to this national monument.

It is anticipated that the memorial will be completed during the coming year. The trustees are the Premier, the leader of the Opposition, the Lord Mayor, the Deputy-Governor of the Commonwealth Bank, the presidents of the R.S.S.I.L.A., the Limbless Soldiers, and the T.B. Soldiers and Sailors' Associations. Mr. R. D. Hadfield is the secretary.

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but, I didn't know until the other day that Vegemite is a yeast extract with the addition of concentrated extract of vegetables. When I told Bob, he said "oh yes I know that: it's chock full of Vitamin B, the stuff that's so good for helping growth by stimulating the appetite and digestion" so now our children have Vegemite almost every day.



V. 17

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Protecting OUR MILK Supply

There is no need to fear for the purity of our milk supply while the Milk Board and the Department of Public Health keep their vigilant eyes upon it.

This is the opinion of Mr. R. C. Pluck, who last week wrote on the milk supply from the producers' point of view, and in the accompanying article deals with the quality of the milk supply and the bottle and carton methods of delivery.

By R. C. PLUCK, in An Interview.

A MATTER with which the consumer is concerned is the delivery of milk under the most hygienic conditions. This is a question on which there are divergent views. My own is that milk should only be delivered to the consumer in one way, and that is in bottles filled and sealed by machinery in an approved and hygienic form.

Steps should be taken to prevent any possibility of milk being tampered with once it has been bottled, and that it should be bottled under such conditions that there is no risk of infection by manual handling.

There has been much discussion in the newspapers lately about the use of paper cartons for delivering milk to the consumer. I have probed very fully into this matter, and at the outset let me say at once that such a form of delivery will certainly involve additional expense either to the producer or the consumer.

Question of Price

Paper cartons to contain one pint cost anything from 1d. to 4d. each. They can only be used once. So far as the producer is concerned he is not in a position at the present time to produce milk at less than the current rate, and so far as the consumer is concerned it is only natural that he will make a spirited objection to any proposal to increase the price of his pint of milk by 1d. or 4d. as the case may be, to cover the cost of delivery in cartons.

As against this, glass bottles suitable for milk delivery cost about 1d. each for pint sizes, but each bottle has a life of about 60 journeys, or a distribution gallonage of 7½ gallons per bottle.

On the question of cost, then, it is clear that the carton cannot compete with the glass bottle.

Disadvantages of Cartons

Experiments in the use of paper cartons for milk delivery have been conducted in London over a considerable period, and these experiments have demonstrated beyond doubt that delivery in this form does not suit the distributor, and is by no means popular with the consumer.

In the first place, the use of cartons increases to a considerable extent the volume of garbage in the city. In London the experience in this respect was so serious that the municipal authorities were seriously considering the necessity of increasing the rates charged for garbage services to the community.

An indication of the immensity of this problem may be gathered from the fact that if all milk were delivered in Sydney in pint paper cartons—without considering the half-pint deliveries—there would be 250,000 cartons used daily, and at the end of each week there would be some three and a half million cartons to be destroyed by the garbage people.

A second objection found to the use of the cartons was that the material of which they are manufactured has to be treated with paraffin wax or some similar substance to prevent leakage, and it was found that in the hot weather the paraffin of the carton above the milk level had a tendency to melt and form a wax film over the top of the milk. One can easily imagine the objection of the housewife to receiving milk in this condition.

Another objection which was taken by the housewives to the cartons was that it was impossible to form any idea of the quality of the milk it contained before purchasing it, as it could not be seen through the carton. Women prefer to buy their milk in glass bottles which show up any defect in color in the milk, and disclose at a glance any foreign matter in the contents.

When milk is delivered in bottles very little loss by leakage occurs, but cartons are much more fragile, and experience has shown that in their handling the paper becomes dented and "floppy," with consequent leakage and loss. This loss must either be borne by the distributor or the consumer.

In my opinion, the ideal way to deliver all milk is by bottles, but it should be made an offence to bottle milk except by machinery on approved premises, and the consumer could then rest assured that all possibility of contamination of the contents during delivery would be eliminated.

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MRS. J.: And just you wait till you see the frock I bought in go with it!

MRS. S.: Wherever do you get the money for all those new clothes?

MRS. J.: Well—the truth is, your father and I have begun to watch every penny we spend, and you can't imagine how much we've saved lately.

MRS. S.: I wish Roy and I could economise.

MRS. J.: Then just you ask Roy to get a copy of "The Frigate Man's A.B.C." and study your income and expenditure month by month.

MRS. S.: Where can you get this book?

MRS. J.: At all Newsagents and Stationers, or send One Shilling to Box 3095P, G.P.O., Sydney. Then you'll save pounds every month.

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I am offering a prize of up to £75 for advertising purposes in a novel Christmas Competition, and some man, woman, boy or girl who answers this advertisement can receive £75 cash and receive it, too, in time to enjoy it for Xmas. I will also give £10 extra for solving this puzzle if you

win just for promptness in sending me your answer. So do it now. Fill in the letters, cut out this advertisement, or send on a separate sheet with your name and address. Enclose stamp for result of your effort and full details of the competition. Try and win the £85 cash.

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Above are a number of words with certain letters missing. Fill in the missing letters, if you can, and send in your answer quickly. You may win the £75 Prize.

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If you send me your answer promptly I'll give you £10 extra, or £25 in all, if you win the competition, just for promptness. So it will pay you to act now.

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84 Pitt Street, Sydney.

I have filled in the missing letters and enclose stamp for result.

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE



Anyone can join in the arguments that take place in this column. So if you have something to say about an article or paragraph you have read in this paper, or about any other topical subject, let's have it. 10/- is paid for letters of not more than 100 words. Attach an "S" coupon to each entry. Many readers have sent letters of appreciation of The Australian Women's Weekly as entries to this feature. The Editor is always glad to hear from readers who like the paper, but it is regretted that such letters cannot be used as "So They Say" entries.

FALLING STAR

THE plain, unvarnished facts of Hollywood life as revealed in "Falling Star" should do much to arrest the glamour of the screen-struck. Vicki Baum forcefully depicts the hard demands of the unsatisfying, restless life—the strenuous, but unavailing efforts to succeed; the bitterness of failure; the ceaseless struggle to retain stardom after it has been won; the bored unhappiness of celebrities, surfeited with all the extremes of an unreal, unnatural life, the devastating, dehumanising effects of it all that transform living people into worn-out puppets. One begins to appreciate the simplicities of ordinary life, when confronted with the pernicious complexities of filmdom.

10/- to Mrs. F. James, "Mormany Tee," Kelvin Grove, Brisbane, Qld.

WILL FINISH SERIAL

RE Mrs. Hull's version of "Falling Star." I am very much afraid to say that I do not agree with her. So far, I am not in love with the story at all. In my estimation it is too complicated. Nevertheless, I intend to finish the serial, and after the next few instalments, trust to share the popular opinion, and so vote it one of the best stories on the market.

10/- to Miss Mavis Hayes, Nathan Av., Ashgrove, Brisbane, Qld.

COST OF CORSETS

I READ with interest the account of how the basic wage is arrived at, published in your paper, and think it is laughable the amount of clothes allowed a woman. Take, for instance, "One pair of corsets for two years." If a woman needed corsets at all, one pair would not last her more than a year, and even to last that length of time they would have to be a good pair, which could not be afforded on the living wage allowed. It would be interesting to know if the wives and daughters of the men compiling these "costs of living" wear one pair of corsets for two years. What are the opinions of your lady readers on this subject?

10/- to Miss D. M. Bourne, 37 York St., Sydney, N.S.W.

THIS GENERATION

AFTER the scathing condemnation of our modern youths, as voiced by a high dignitary of the church in Brisbane, it is refreshing to read the opinions of another cleric upon the same subject. The Archbishop of Canterbury says: "I see elegant young ladies in admirably-restrained dress, and one might be glad to regard them as cousins or nieces. This generation's youth is of finer material than any in the country's history!"

Which gentleman is right? Or are they both?

10/- to Mrs. J. R. Creech, Yeerongpilly, Brisbane, Qld.

OUR YOUNG MEN

FOR some years past I have been noticing and admiring the beautiful countenances of many youths—and older men—in this city.

It came on me like a thunderbolt, however, to find that men nowadays flock to hairdressers to have their hair waved and curled! More than one young man of my acquaintance, I have discovered, affects curling tongs. Heaven preserve us!

10/- to A. Langlands, Council Chambers, Mentone, Vic.

ALUMINIUM VERDICT

IN a paper read before the Society of Public Analysts London, in June, 1932, Dr. J. H. Burn showed conclusively that the use of aluminium cooking utensils was quite harmless. He stated that in the United States quantities of aluminium compounds, equal to ten times the quantity that would be dissolved by ordinary cooking processes, were given to human beings over a long period, and in no case was any harmful effect observed. Other evidence was brought forward to convince one and all that no household need worry, or dispense with her light and bright pots and pans.

10/- to Mrs. Beryl Morrison, 220 Wollongong Rd., Arncliffe, N.S.W.

FURNITURE FITTINGS

YOUR article in The Women's Weekly concerning the inferior materials used in lounge suites, etc., brings to mind a lounge which I recently saw a friend opening up for repairs. Imagine our astonishment at finding among the filling (which mainly consisted of sawdust and wood shavings) a pair of youth's trousers, a petticoat, and a quantity of office papers and correspondence. The manager must have been a believer in the old adage, "My work stays put," for among the letters was one quoting for a lounge suite and specifying that "nothing but the finest materials are used in our lounge suites." What irony!

10/- to Mrs. H. Bond, 537 Hunter St. West, Newcastle, N.S.W.

ON WRONG TRACK?

SOME while ago I attended, as an interested listener, a conference convened by an anti-war association. I listened to papers read by representatives of many sections of the people; the horrors and brutalities of the last war were dealt with in a manner which left no doubt at all as to the undesirability of war as a solution of international problems. But the impression which I gathered and which grew stronger as the conference proceeded, was that the main object of this association was not the abolition of war, but the turning of war into other channels.

10/- to G. Colegrave, 16 Langmore St., St. Kilda S2, Melbourne, Vic.

KEEPING BUSY

SOME people spend an incredible amount of time worrying over the amount of work they have to do, yet if they would only realise it, work is a wonderful medicine. It keeps us fit and well. Hard physical work tires us out so that we are enabled to enjoy our leisure. Hard intellectual exertion will never harm anybody.

It is worry and anxiety, and the misdirection of energy that evokes "nervous" breakdowns.

Idleness is only sweet by contrast. The person who has time on her



"Henry! Again you've left the light on in the bathroom!"

hands, and nothing to interest her, soon becomes a bagful of wants, aches, and pains.

The best way to avoid being miserable is not to have enough free time to think about it.

10/- to Miss M. Harvey, 1 Collingwood St., Manly, N.S.W.

DOMESTIC RELATIONS

YOUR article advocating the establishment of a Court of Domestic Relations shows that we could do, by love and understanding, what the law cannot do. I think that such a court should include a clinic for the instruction of sex technique. Ignorance of this vital subject so often leads to irritability which causes trivial differences to become lasting estrangements.

10/- to Mrs. J. Allen, 73 Cooper St., Preston N.18, Melbourne, Vic.

EXIT FAIRIES

MANY teachers in America have come to a decision that they will not teach the children anything more about fairies. In fact "Fairyland" is henceforth to be taboo in their schools, and that the children in their charge shall be brought up to a world of realities. Fairy pictures in the nursery may be all right, but when children have reached the age when they are taught knowledge, why confound their young minds with the mythical, instead of the real?

10/- to Miss Jean Davidson, 32 Lane Cove Road, Ryde, N.S.W.

MALE MILLINERS

BEFORE embarking on criticism of the above subject (W.W., 7/10/33), it behoves us to delve into early history. In early times women milliners were unknown. Nares, towards the close of the 19th century, stated, "This is one of the few occupations which women have latterly gained from the other sex. A milliner was originally a man."

10/- to Mrs. V. Iverson, "Tiara," North Coast Line, Queensland.

HUSBAND MATERIAL

I SHOULD say the qualifications for a desirable husband as set down by Rose Hemmiker Heston were mere trifles. I think the main essentials in a husband are as follow: To respect himself and his wife; to be courteous to everybody; to help with anything at all when she may be pushed for time; to take his share in minding the youngsters; and to be willing to share his recreation hours with his wife as well as his troubles.

10/- to Mrs. E. Drake, D'Alton St., Stawell, Vic.

KILLING CHIVALRY

WHY are women, by their independence, killing that precious masculine quality—chivalry? Frequently one sees men standing by while women turn over heavy railway seats or struggle with a door. If the women stood aside and waited a moment the assistance would come. To do men justice, they prefer to be protective; but often they have no chance.

10/- to Miss D. Hayes, "Hillmont," Thornleigh, N.S.W.

SMALL BRAINS

DR. CYRIL BURT, Professor of Psychology at University College, speaking at the London School of Hygiene, says: "That it was a recognised law that the smaller the brain the larger the family." There are many men holding high, responsible positions in the public life of Australia to-day who have large families. One would hesitate to assume that such men had small brains on their achievements. A notable example is Mr. Lyons, Prime Minister of Australia. What's the inference? Views of readers and our own professors would be interesting.

10/- to R. Foster, Scarborough, South Coast, N.S.W.

STANDARD FOR DANCING

WHY is it that Australia has no standard of dancing for dancers looking for a career. We have our Conservatorium of Music, where eminent musicians show us the way to grandings and perfection of finish. As dancing is so dependent on music is it not about time that Australia had its Society of Dancing, which would be such a help to dancers, instead of having to flounder helplessly from studio to studio, in order to obtain knowledge of different styles of dancing. It is about time something is done for ambitious dancers.

10/- to E. Lees, 5 Langham Flats, Robe St., St. Kilda S2, Melbourne, Vic.

In and Out of Society

By WEP



HER EYES IN HEAVEN WOULD THROUGH THE AIRY REGION STREAM TO BRIGHT THAT BIRDS WOULD SING AND THINK IT WERE NOT NIGHT

SEE HOW SHE LEANS HER CHEEK UPON HER HAND! O, THAT I WERE A GLOVE UPON THAT HAND, THAT I MIGHT TOUCH THAT CHEEK

YOU YOUNG PUPPY I'LL TEACH YOU TO MAKE LOVE TO MY DAUGHTER!!

PLEASE DO DAD, HIS TECHNIQUE'S ROTTEN!

Louise Mack Advises

Use YOUR Influence IN Cause of PEACE

Armistice Day Memories

Do you realise the value of your influence? Do you understand that your influence is like a pebble thrown into the waters, setting up ripples that last on and on and on long after you have departed from the shore? Are you using your influence for Peace?

THIS week it's to wives and mothers this column is speaking, aye, and to sons and daughters—our soldiers' CHILDREN! Armistice Day sets us thinking all over again, doesn't it? I say "us," because I, too, am a soldier's widow, the sad, proud widow of a dead and gone Original Anzac.

What are we saying to-day? Year of our Lord, 1933?

Altogether, we widows, and mothers, and orphans, are saying . . . NEVER AGAIN.

NEVER, NEVER, NEVER AGAIN. That's what we're saying, all together, this Armistice Day.

For we are the ones, the only ones, maybe, who know, we widows and mothers of soldiers, and the fatherless children. Indeed, to look the thing hard in the face, it may be that we are the only ones on earth who can stop war.

War is in the air again, quite cheerfully getting ready in the old mad way.

Things looking up,
Bullets getting pointed,
Lots of masks, lots of tasks,
Rifles getting jointed.

Busy firms asking when?
Speechmongers working,
Boys must be big, brave men,
Frightful thing, shirking,
Always the same old stunts,
Always the same old grunts.

Things looking up,
Bullets getting pointed,
Lots of masks, lots of tasks,
Rifles getting pointed,
Little men asking WHEN?

And that's where we women come in with our NEVER, answering the armament-makers with the loudest cry the world has ever heard.

Soldiers are not bitter. Soldiers are men. With the war still hurtling in their jings, their eyes, their lives, soldiers can grin and bear it.

But we women are bitter for our men. Proudly we women do the hating that our brave men will not give utterance to. Proudly and loudly we hate, and are going to keep on hating.

The evil spirit that makes war before every possible way of making, and keeping, peace, has been exploited, en-

gineered, manoeuvred, manipulated, worked for, toiled for, schemed for, lied for if you like, to save the massacres of millions and millions of innocent boys whose King and country want them, true enough, but want them to live, not die, in the very flower of their dear beautiful youth, "spilling grey fields with crimson."

Can war be stopped?
What do you think?
What do we all think, we women?
We KNOW it can be stopped.

WE women see the world peopled with human beings because we gave birth to them.

How can we women see the world peopled by men that are apes and tigers and hyenas, or by monsters far, far beyond all powers of any jungle to imitate?

How can we women see men like that? How can we women think of men in those terms? We who gave birth to them, must see them as men, made after the image of God.

White, black, brown, yellow, no matter what color, no matter what country, all the women are thinking of their men as MEN; not as hyenas breathing poison gas, or tigers ripping and tearing.

If all the women in the world could talk together, without officialdom, without any cut-and-dried interferences, we would soon smooth out the terrors. For, after all, what makes war possible to these profiteering experts is simply the fear we all have of each other.

That is played on, and breathed on, till it fans into flame.

And that fear is what we women must attack.

Why, that's the first thing we set right in our nervous little children's lives; we teach them not to be frightened of other little children when they go to school. And that is what our influence must effect on men, who are but "children of a larger growth" when all's said and done.



Mrs. E. M. GILL.

Granville Woman made £1000 In 3 days

MRS. E. M. GILL, of "Bonnie Doon," Marsden Street, Granville, believed in luck. Not only did Mrs. Gill believe in luck, but she stuck methodically to her belief.

After taking many tickets in the State Lottery without success, Mrs. Gill, who was badly in need of money, set her mind to win £1000 with the smallest possible outlay. The only way she could do this without getting Art Union tickets to sell, was to send in the only advertised Syndicate which offers a FIFTH SHARE in a State Lottery Ticket.

She had five shares from this Syndicate without success, and then sent for another share because she wanted to stick to LUCKY FRED, the winner of four first prizes. When the third Lottery was drawn recently, Mrs. Gill received a wire which read:

"Mrs. E. M. Gill, Marsden Street, Granville.

"Hearty congratulations! I won first prize of £2000 to-day, and your fifth share entitles you to £1000. Please call in and receive cheque of once." (Signed) LUCKY FRED.

At 10 o'clock that same morning, Mrs. Gill had her cheque for £1000.

TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION

This very moment may be lucky for YOU! Without her fifth share, Mrs. Gill would not have her £1000. With a fifth share YOU know that YOU, too, can win a £1000 next week. While you feel lucky, get a pair of scissors, cut out this coupon, and send it as explained below. You may be very grateful for the thought which prompted you to send for a fifth share. It is only a fifth share in a Lottery ticket which can win a £1000 for you, so have a real win. With a smaller share you cannot win £1000! Mrs. GILL is ONLY ONE OF TEN WOMEN who received a £1000 cheque from Lucky Fred during the last few weeks.

There is no stopping LUCKY FRED! He has won FOUR FIRST PRIZES, and will win another first prize of £2000 very soon, so be in his Syndicate.

SPECIAL OFFER—4 ONE FIFTH SHARES FOR 5/6

Mrs. GILL had only one fifth share, so to give you a still greater chance you may have FOUR ONE FIFTH SHARES in LUCKY FRED'S TICKETS in the SAME LOTTERY for 5/6.

COUPON

A CHARM AND SHARE FOR 2/6
OR A FIFTH SHARE FOR 1/6
OR 4 FIFTH SHARES FOR 5/6

How to send in... Simply clip out this Coupon, and if you would like a Lucky Charm, as well as a Fifth Share, send a Postal Note for 2/6; but for a Fifth Share only, send a Postal Note for 1/6; for four fifth shares in different tickets, a Postal Note for 5/6, and please do not forget to enclose a stamped envelope bearing your own name and address.

Lucky Fred's Syndicates are guaranteed, and are the luckiest Syndicates you can join. Results prove this! So while you feel lucky, send in FRED! You know the address—

Lucky Fred, Desk WWT,
Box 3968TT, G.P.O., Sydney

Back Pains

Not always due to Feminine Complaints

Backache, heavy, dizzy spells, throbbing head are not necessarily caused by sickness peculiar to women. A breakdown of the kidneys—bladder weakness, uric acid, may be at the root of the trouble. Such conditions can usually be remedied by taking Harrison's Pills, sold under authority of a London Doctor of repute, a famous specific for kidney aches, galls, weakness. Harrison's Pills cleanse and restore the kidneys, act antiseptically on both bladder and urinary tract—expel uric acid and other harmful poisons. When you start taking Harrison's Pills you find new energy, new sparkle, new interest in life. Sleep is sweeter and sounder—no horrid "getting up" at nights. No limb heaviness, no swollen or peaking joints, no aches and pains. Don't wait for kidneys to get diseased. A couple of shillings will buy a bottle of Harrison's Kidney and Bladder Pills at any good chemist's, and you can have your two shillings back if you're not well pleased with results. Besides, this remedy will not only give you immediate relief, but may save you pounds and possibly prevent you becoming crippled or deformed—kidney trouble can bring these dire results, and worse, so start to throw off the danger this very day.

MUSIC and RADIO

By ROBERT McCALL

A.B.C. OPERATIC NOVELTIES

Australians are to hear the first broadcast performances in the world of "The Loreley," by Catalini, and "Iris," by Mascagni, Franco Zsal and Wando Aldrovandi, organisers of the current Italian season, which is being conducted by the Australian Broadcasting Commission, have received permission from Ricordi to broadcast these seldom-heard operas.

MASCAGNI constantly bewails the neglect of the many operas he has submitted since his initial triumph, "Cavalleria Rusticana." Most of them have been complete failures, despite the casts of famous artists which have sponsored their premieres. One of the operas, "Le Maschere," even was produced simultaneously in six Italian cities to give it a chance. It was a failure in all of them. It remains to be seen whether Mascagni's next opera, "Nero," will promote him from the class of "one opera" composers.

"Cavalleria" Next

In the meantime "Cavalleria Rusticana" is next on the A.B.C. roster, being programmed for Saturday night's national relay from Sydney. It will be interesting to hear another Australian Santuzza (Jean Drummond), for one of the finest delineations of the dramatic role we ever heard in this country was given by our own Stella Wilson some years ago. As a one-act opera, "Rustic Chivalry" must needs be compact. Its plot moves rapidly but is simple—Turiddu, a young Sicilian peasant, returns from the wars to find his old sweetheart, Lola, wedded to Alfio, and he makes love to Santuzza; but in Alfio's absence he renews relations with Lola. Santuzza, in despair, informs Alfio, upon his return, and the two men fight it out with knives until Turiddu is slain.

"Mme. Butterfly"

The high standard of the A.B.C. operas was sustained in "Madame Butterfly." The brunt of the vocal work in this Puccini favorite falls on the shoulders of the soprano, Miss Hughes sang splendidly in the aria, "Un bel di vedremo," and with Evelyn Hall in the "Flower Duet"; while she contrived the drama of the closing scene most impressively.



SIR HAMILTON HARTY, the English conductor, who will be coming to Australia for the A.B.C. soon.

Franco Zsal, by the way, not only sang the role of the Consul Sharpless tellingly, but also was the unnamed Bonze. I think that in the early part of the performance Millie Hughes was a little overawed by her responsibilities as Cio-Cio-San. Little Butterfly should not have been "pathetic" so early; there should have been joy and a charming coyness in her singing.

"Mefistofele" Again

Following "Cavalleria" there is to be a repetition of Boito's "Mefistofele"—on Thursday, November 16. I would suggest two improvements in the fourth act episode depicting the meeting of Faust with Helen of Troy in the classic groves of old Greece. Maestro Androvandi could to the advantage of the score conduct the scene at a much slower tempo than he did during the last transmission. Evelyn Hall, as Panlalis, could afford to subdue a little her beautiful but powerful contralto in order to preserve a more artistic balance with the delicate soprano of Evelyn Leach (Helen).

Tchaikovsky

An important National relay occurs on Saturday week, when Tossy Spivakovsky plays with the Melbourne Orchestra the Tchaikovsky Concerto. It is gratifying to find the Commission making such good use of this brilliant young Russian violinist, whose performance of the Brahms Concerto was one of the high lights of the festival season just closed. On the same programme the orchestra will play Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony, "A Midsummer Night's Dream" Overture (Mendelssohn) and "La Grande Pique Russe" (Rimsky-Korsakoff).

Coming Concerts

Danie Clara Butt, who has been singing in Brisbane, is to open her Sydney season at the Town Hall on November 18. She will be supported by the Amati instrumental trio of Melbourne, comprising David Sisserman (cellist), Raymond Lambert (pianist) and Philip Cohen (violinist).

The N.S.W. Conservatorium Orchestra has a matinee programme on Saturday. Dr. Orchard will present "En Saga" (Sibelius), "A Nursery Suite," which Elgar wrote recently in honor of the children of the Duke and Duchess of York, the waltz from "The Rose Cavalier" (Strauss), the "Drum Roll" Symphony of Haydn, and the "Ruslan and Ludmilla" Overture (Glinka).

A popular recital is to be given by Laurence Macaulay (baritone) at the Assembly Hall on November 25.

The Commission has arranged to repeat the whole of this sixth Brahms-Wagnerian programme (including the second symphony) in the Sydney Town Hall on December 2. On this occasion, of course, the orchestra of the Sydney studios will be utilised.

Raymond Beatty Recital

Raymond Beatty has sung frequently since his recent return to Australia, but gave his first individual recital in Sydney last week. He submitted a most stimulating programme—Pogner's address from Wagner's "Masteringers," some of the Korbay Hungarian songs, numbers by Schubert, Handel, Bach and English composers. Mr. Beatty's vocalism has altered considerably. He has modified what was once an irritating exuberance of style without affecting his virility and power of expression. On the other hand his voice has thinned in quality; lost some of that rich, rolling resonance which used to delight his admirers. He produces his voice in much the same manner as Stuart Wilson, the English tenor, who, to my mind, while a most artistic and intelligent interpreter, had one of the most uninteresting of tenor voices. No doubt Mr. Beatty will be able to correct the trouble. It is to be hoped so, for he has all the other vocal virtues, including a meticulous diction.

Little Theatres

Lavender Ladies

ON Thursday and Friday last the Experimental Theatre, under the direction of Therese Desmond and Edward Howell, presented "Lavender Ladies," at the Savoy. The theme is concerned with free love, as practised by a servant girl who "only does what the birds do in the spring," and by the daughter of a novelist of allegedly advanced ideas, whose upbringing has given her ideals of a lover, but who has principles against marrying, against a strictly conventional background. It is, however, quite superficially treated, with an old-time sentimental happy ending, its virtue lying in the opportunity it gives for character work. With well-rehearsed actors it slipped easily along. The two "Lavender Ladies," Barbara Young and Marie Hemingway, were very good as Early Victorian Quality Street beings, although one could not help feeling that such a rendering of women of not more than 50, as they must have been, was incorrect. Alis Lamb was attractive as the youthful rebel; Bessie Nerra as a life-like beanpole of a kindly-hearted, if "coarse," member of the submerged tenth; Doris Wood played the motherly housekeeper with pleasing lack of fussiness; and Mr. Max von Hartert, the lover, unconvincing at first, improved as the play progressed.

Coming Productions

FOR Saturday, November 11—Independent Theatre: "When the Half-Gods Go," by G. Fletcher and D. Edgerton, which recently won the Independent Theatre competition, at the Savoy. Players: Club: Shaw's "Arms and the Man," at St. James' Hall. Bryant's Playhouse. Gilbert Murray's "Caryon's Secret," at the Forbes St. Playhouse. Repertory Theatre: "The Doll's House," by Ibsen.

Peeps into Australian Homes



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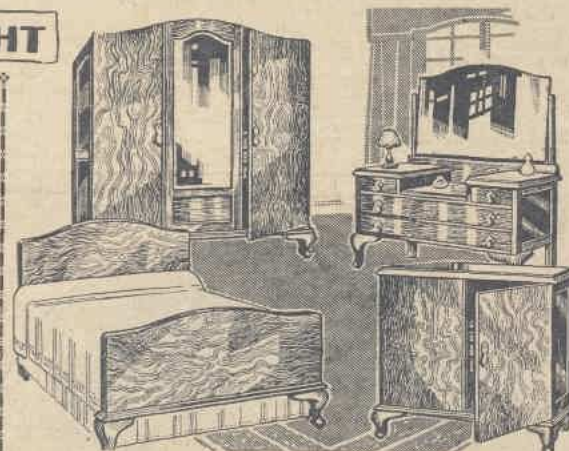
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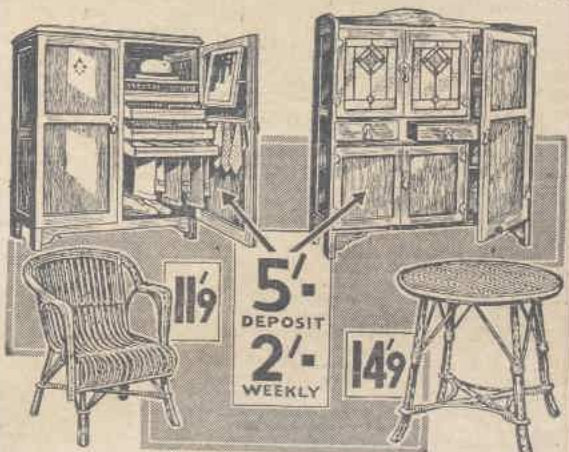
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Oak Loughboy has sliding trays, trouser rails and adjustable mirror. This Week's Cash Price, 59/6.
4ft. 6in. Oak Breakfast Room Cabinet, fully fitted, handsome appearance. This Week's Cash Price, 87/6.
Beautiful Mottled Cane Chair, sturdy construction, 11/9.
Handsome Mottled Cane Table, strongly built, 14/9.



Here is a modern Lounge Suite, of handsome appearance, upholstered in best quality Velour. Springing is most comfortable and general construction and finish make this suite a wonderful bargain at This Week's Cash Price, £13/19/6.

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THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

When SHIMMERING SEA and GOLDEN SANDS Call

With Foresight and Simple Care You Can Always Look Your Loveliest!

NATURALLY, every girl and woman wants to look her very best when she dons her most ravishing bathers.

And because of that innate desire, these helpful suggestions will be read with interest. . . . Sun and salt water, as we all know, are the best of beauty tonics, and enjoyment is trebled if you know you are looking your loveliest all the time.

ONE of our readers asks about bleaching the hairs on arms and legs with ammonia and peroxide. How to do it?

It seems to be a harmless enough process. The skin should first be cleansed with soap and water, rinsed, dried, and then sponged with warm water in which a little bicarbonate of soda has been dissolved—a teaspoon to a quart of water. The skin should then be dried carefully.

Use fresh peroxide and pure ammonia—not the household sort. Ask your chemist for both liquids in pure form. Use six parts of peroxide to one of ammonia, and with a bit of absorbent cotton pat it over the skin where the hair grows. Then let it dry.

Sometimes one application will very appreciably bleach the hairs. Sometimes it should be repeated every second day for four or five times.

Never use this bleach if the skin is broken, as the ammonia might smart. It couldn't really injure you even then. But it might be uncomfortable.

A sun-tanned body makes brown hairs inconspicuous, and so suntan is really as good as a bleach—and perhaps pleasanter. It even makes black hairs less noticeable, though these, of course, show even on a brown body.

SOME skins free-kle easily, and, in such cases, it is best to deal with these blemishes as soon as they put in an appearance—or, better still, guard against their appearance.

A liquid powder will help to prevent them forming. But if they have already put in an appearance, a little peroxide diluted with water, or a mixture of rose-water and cucumber-apple, in the early stages, will remove them.

Of course, there are many anti-freckle lotions on the market. It may be advisable to use one of these, provided it can be guaranteed not to injure the skin.

For Arm Beauty

ARM freckles are decidedly annoying, and are usually very difficult to remove. But try this—it has been known

By
EVELYN



THE NEW METHOD in America for removing superfluous hair. Photo shows Paul Maitworm, the inventor, giving a fair patient the "once over" before she dons her bathers.

The machine is really a gun, which shoots the hair out by means of compressed air of fifty pounds pressure. It operates so rapidly that it takes only about 1-200th of a second to shoot out the hair—this speed makes the operation painless. As the hair is pulled out an antiseptic fluid is automatically forced in the follicle and kills the papillae.

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

..BY A DOCTOR..

PATIENT: Doctor, what is ringworm?

RINGWORM is a fungus affecting the skin. In certain situations it is easy to clear up. In others it is very difficult. Ringworm of the scalp is a common affection in children. The affected patch of scalp becomes scaly and itchy, and the hairs break off just above the skin, leaving a bald patch. It may spread over the entire head. It is very infectious. The condition is very difficult to clear up, and treatment is often unsatisfactory. The ringworm gets down into the hair follicles where ointments often cannot penetrate. Thus, though various of the milder mercury ointments are generally used as a beginning of treatment, they are not always successful.

The only really satisfactory way is by causing the hair to fall out so that antiseptic measures can deal with the parasite hidden down the follicles. Shaving the head is not altogether sufficient at times, for it merely cuts the hairs off at skin level, and something deeper than this is wanted. The best method is by the use of X-Ray—a correct dose of which can cause all the hairs in a given spot to fall out. The same end can be achieved by the internal use of a drug called thallium. This is a dangerous drug, however, and is rarely used.

Ringworm of the scalp is often very stubborn, defying all treatment. Fortunately it invariably disappears of its own accord at the age of about 14.

PATIENT: Doctor, how soon after pregnancy starts should a visit be paid to the doctor?

AS soon as possible; in fact, it is not too much to say that a visit should be paid as soon as the fact of pregnancy is realised. Pregnancy is a normal function, which should proceed without mishap, and, indeed, almost invariably does so if the expectant mother is under medical supervision from the first.

Never listen to "old wives' tales"; they may cause much unnecessary distress.

Fortunately, efficient ante-natal treatment has made a great difference to the happiness of both mother and child. In the various maternity hospitals and in the instrument cabinet of many older doctors, there are many barbarous instruments that were once used fairly

frequently; their proper place is in the museum with other prehistoric relics, for they are never used now.

Complications, of course, still occur; but the vast majority of them can be recognised and corrected before they cause trouble.

PATIENT: Doctor, will you please tell me what to do for burns? And is it right that air should be kept from the wound?

ONCE it was held that the first thing to do for a burn was to exclude the possibility of air getting to it. The reason for this belief is doubtful, and it is certain that no one believes it any longer. A considerable degree of shock is associated with a burn of any size, and it is often necessary to treat this first of all.

If a person has been severely burnt, do not move for a while unless this is absolutely necessary; it is much better to cover the victim with a blanket, coat, or anything for warmth. Put a pillow under the head and let the patient rest. Burns are exceedingly painful, and the less local manipulations there are, the better.

While greasy applications such as caron oil, olive oil, or even butter are excellent for small superficial burns, they are not suited to large burns. Gauze soaked in these substances becomes hard and caked after it absorbs discharges from a wound, and there is usually a considerable amount of unnecessary pain in removing the dressings. In addition, the dressings tend to pull off the very delicate healing tissue over the raw surface. A much better first-aid application is strips of gauze, or cloth, soaked in a warm solution of bicarbonate of soda.

No attempt should be made to clean a large burn. Clothing can be cut away, the dressing applied, and the cleaning left to a doctor.

Waterproof Beauty

IF you want to use a lipstick, for beauty's sake do be sure to use a waterproof one; and a cream rouge, under waterproof powder, will last satisfactorily.

IF You're a TENNIS Enthusiast

ARE you a tennis enthusiast? Do you purpose taking up tennis this season? Here, then, are a few hints for you.

It is, of course, essential to look dainty and to feel fresh on the court, for tennis is one of the most "social" games—apart from golf—and there is usually a gallery of spectators or club members watching the play.

Beware of "make-up" that, after strenuous play, becomes ludicrous. It is best not to use cream on the face. Instead use a liquid powder containing calamine lotion. This will give your skin a matt look throughout the game, and the calamine is excellent for the skin.

Another point that is sometimes forgotten until you get on the court is that shoulder straps always seem far happier when they are dangling half-way down your arms than in their proper place. Secure them somehow. Either fasten your straps all together and pin the lot to your frock, or stitch a little tab with a press stud on each shoulder seam. Slip the straps under these and fasten.

Do wear tennis shoes with thick soles, and thin wool socks inside them. These add a hundredfold to the comfort of your feet—and add points to the game.

Protect your eyes from the glare with a light, shady hat or eyeshade—green-lined for preference.

Carry a little bottle of skin freshener, and after the game wipe the palms of the hands with a piece of cotton wool moistened from the bottle. Always dust the palms with oatmeal powder before you play. Nothing is more uncomfortable than sticky palms which let your racquet slip through your fingers.



—Photo, Dorothy Weidling.

MISS MADGE ELLIOTT

The Beautiful Star of the "Quaker Girl," now at the Theatre Royal, Sydney, is another of the lovely stage stars who use and recommend Mercolized Wax as the ideal skin and complexion beautifier.

Clear Your Complexion

FIRST clear your complexion. Do not be satisfied to mask blemishes beneath a film of face cream. Abandon such methods now. Let Mercolized Wax absorb and thus remove impurities from the pores. This is the first step to skin beauty, the only way, indeed, to establish a permanently good complexion. Mercolized Wax will clear your complexion—and keep it clear. It is the cleanest, pleasantest, safest, and most effectual of all beauty treatments. Invaluable for Freckles, Sunburn, Wind-chap, Moth-patches, and Surface Skin Imperfections. It is undoubtedly the perfect powder base.



Mercolized Wax

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

Intimate Settings

Did You Know—

HAZEL Grace, after six weeks as a "working girl," has given up the struggle?

Geoff. Maitland's rooms have broken out in brilliant furnishings?

Eve Hearst has been mustering sheep and is as brown as a berry?

Bill Wentworth found he had urgent business at the Premiers' conference in Melbourne round about Cup time?

Mr. M. Shelley introduced green bread to Sydney at his party this week?

On the Move

Lord Beauchamp's ex-secretary and his bride have taken the "Wolverton" flat in Pine Hill Ave., Double Bay, that once sheltered Mrs. E. O. Crowhurst and her daughters. The Fossatis have let it furnished for three months from November 9.

Maestro Fossati is off to Italy to see his mother, while Signora Fossati will visit her brother, Reg. Davis, in New Zealand.

To and Fro

Claire Paykell and Iris Brodziak seem to spend their lives accompanying each other from Sydney to New Zealand, and vice versa. At present they have been in Sydney for some time, so feel a trip to New Zealand is called for. This will, they hope, take place in a few weeks.



Atmosphere

When Myrtle Service had settled herself happily into a flat in "Gladswood Gardens" she still felt something was missing. That has now been rectified.

Having a passion for everything American, and Hawaiian in particular, she has planted palm trees outside her window so that when they grow up she will be able to see the moon through them and imagine she is in Honolulu.

The More the Merrier

Seaside houses have always seemed to us the last word in lack of room to swing a cat, but apparently Dr. Plomley's Collaroy home is not that sort.

While Mrs. Innes Noad's new home there is being built, she, her daughter, Mrs. Stuart, and family, and Mrs. Eastman (Joan Innes Noad), Mr. Eastman, pretty daughter of 16 or 17, and two sons, who arrived in the "Aorangi," have all squeezed comfortably inside.

Heir Comes Home

Lebbeus Hordern, only son of the late Lebbeus Hordern and one of the three Hordern grandsons of the late Mr. Sam Hordern, has arrived in Sydney, the reason being that he is shortly to come of age.

His mother, Senora de Remora, is with him, still tall, pale, and distinguished looking, and perfectly dressed.

Business Before Pleasure

EDGECLIFF is becoming quite a little centre of society lasses turned working girl. Margaret Mackenzie, "Midge" Stevens, and Mrs. Oscar Paul have been there for some time, and now Sue Kater and Pam Hill are about to start dressing their friends' hair in Edgecliff Road.

Another new toiler is Miss Jessie McMaster, who, when not on the links, teaches contract bridge.

Reunion in England

Penelope Cay is feeling slightly envious at the moment, the reason being the good times that her friends, Maisie Smith and Mrs. Ian Scott, are having abroad. Maisie has been touring Scotland.

Mrs. Scott's bliss has been slightly clouded by hubby's recent appendicitis, but she has taken a country home in Shropshire for the winter, so all is sure to be well. Her mother, Mrs. Willie Collins, has just arrived to join her, and Mrs. John Collins (Margaret Hagon) and her bridegroom are expected in the near future.

On Holiday Visit

With short hair, navy frock, and dark hat tilted in the new English fashion right over her eyes, Margaret Hudson (Margaret Honey that was) looked a different girl—though a very sweet one still—when she arrived home on Monday to spend three months with her mother, Mrs. Byron Beans. She is much thinner, too.

Many friends met the boat, including her stepfather, who sailed his launch into mid-harbour and was with Margaret when the boat berthed.



Marvellous Job

Dorothea Hughes, B.A., who left Sydney some years ago, with her family, for London, writes that she has a marvellous job as secretary to Lord

de Saumarez, a relative of Saumarez Smith, a former Sydney Archbishop.

She is at present at his Guernsey home, which is full of treasures gleaned from all over the world, has a unique garden, and has as neighbor the Countess Blucher and her sons, one of whom will become Prince Blucher. He is now at Cambridge, and, according to report, hardly knows a word of German.

Lord de Saumarez's former gardener now lives in Australia, and had charge of the laying out of Centennial Park.

Weddings in the Wind

Mr. K. R. Cramp, of history-book and examination-paper fame, is losing three olive branches in the near future, although only Dr. Cameron Cramp's bride, Josie Wilson, has fixed the actual date, about five weeks away.

Ethel Cramp is still wondering, in fact, whether she will complete her M.A. work first. Sydney University only allows its students to do Colonial history for M.A.'s, and Ethel wanted European. All the same, she applied for an extension last week, to think things over.

When at Shirley, Ethel was famous for never, in about 10 years, missing a day, and never being late.

Positions Vacant

Mrs. Baxter Bruce, who has been hon. sec. of the Darling Point branch of the D.N.A. for fifteen years, is resigning at Christmas, and Mrs. Charles Moseley, who succeeded Lady Harvey as president, also talks of resigning.

Perhaps Doreen Hordern, who is most earnest and makes a delightful chairwoman while other young things are still sleeping off the effects of last night's party, will take a step up.

Sydneyites Abroad

Monte Carlo has its full quota of Sydneyites at the moment. In the centre of the whirl and gaiety are Mrs. Lachlan Beaton (with Oswald Cheeke as her guest) and Miss Ruby Adams.

Also at Monte Carlo are Miss Bonsor, who inherited much wealth from Sir Owen Cox, and Mrs. Stewart Dawson, who, it is said, is looking marvellous—quite ten years younger.

First Nighters

Much adjusting, at the interval, of ties, certain delicate tugs at immaculate white waistcoats, and such discreet gestures of gentlemen, irreproachably clad for a first night slaughter, testified to the enjoyment of at least one portion of the audience at "Tout Paris" at the Criterion on Saturday night.

But, after the exit cue had been given, sartorial details were banished from the male ken as these worthies gathered in disconcerting knots on the stairs and discussed the platinum blonde from Paris.

I caught a glimpse of personality Peggy of the Wormald clan, her ensemble a charming soufle of shell pink organdie muslin, cream corduroy velvet, white fur and antique earrings; of Hugh Mackin, his customary imperiousness untroubled alike by low comedy or high art; and of Jack Palmer in a dashing black bowler and obviously in more impressionable mood than that of his compeer of commerce.

Temperamental

Driving daughter Anne and some of her friends to town last Thursday to see Alix Lamb and the rest in "Lavender Ladies," Mr. Bevan



became so excited, evidently, that he bumped a safety zone sign. This, after a moment's indecision, toppled over.

A highly-strung pedestrian some few yards away leapt into the air, screamed, and started off on the beginnings of a Marathon.

What's In a Name?

The house-warming cocktail party at Mrs. Alec Joske's Vaucluse Heights home on Friday last was very large and cheery. Mrs. Joske always said that if ever she had a house of her own she would love to call it "Green Cottage."

When she acquired her present home, all her friends pointed out that she could not possibly call a Spanish-styled house "cottage." Someone therefore had to look up all the Spanish words beginning with "green."

A long list was submitted. "Well," said her advisers, "have you decided?" "Yes," said Mrs. Joske, "I think I shall call it—'Green Cottage.'"

A Mayoral "Tip"

The Melbourne Cup is not the only thing to have its favorites. "Tipped" for Sydney's next Lord Mayor is Mr. Tom McMahon, who is best known for his Rugby Union work with the Wallaroo team.

If things come to pass as prophesied, he will be our third bachelor Lord Mayor. Previous ones are Paddy Stokes and Alderman E. S. Marks. Our bachelors had great success and had excellent Lady Mayoresses in Misses Cecilla Walsh (Mr. Stokes' cousin) and Hilda Marks. Mr. McMahon's sister, Agnes, should make an equally excellent successor, being very well known in social circles, and very capable.

Racing Whispers

Waikare's Sydney owner showed wisdom in side-stepping Hall Mark in the V.R.C. Derby. He picked up a much easier £1500 in the Queensland Derby on Saturday.

Sydney jockeys won each of the six races at Flemington on Saturday.

Melbourne bookmakers offered a very liberal price about Rogilla in the Melbourne Stakes. Even money was obtainable, while Moorefield fielders demanded two to one on.



THE SPIRIT of the wind might well be the title of this picture, which is a modern photographer's portrayal of Miss Noel Clapp, daughter of Mr. Harold Clapp, the well-known Commissioner for Railways, Victoria, and Mrs. Clapp.

—Russell Roberts.

FASHION PARADE

JESSIE TAIT
SKETCHED BY
PETROV

BEACH FROCKS Rival Last Year's PYJAMA SUITS

Shorts and Loose Jackets are Popular Abroad!

On the beaches of Europe last summer, a contest between the pyjama and the beach-frock went on madly. From all accounts the beach-frock won. There were still many pyjamas worn, but the beach-frocks outrivalled them.

DEVOTEES of the pyjama-form like it because it is such a perfect lounging garment, requiring nothing underneath. Advocates of the beach-apron say that this type is more womanly, and much easier to put on and take off.

You Can Wear Both

When holidaying at summer resorts, pyjamas and slacks are worn about the house and garden, but for walking to and from the beach, sunbaking, and for a wrap over your bathers, the beach-frock will be "the" thing.

Shorts

In Paris collections, both types were to be found, with a third, which is perhaps destined this summer to become very popular. This is the beach costume which consists of bathing suit and some form of shorts. The shorts may be flannel, like a little boy's, or linen or gingham. Sometimes they are attached to a bodice, looking like a little girl's frock; sometimes they make part of a jacket costume, with a swimming suit taking the place of the blouse.

Here are some ideas for the bathing-suit-shorts costume.

A navy wool bathing suit, shorts of uncrushable white linen, loose jacket of white linen lined with pale blue towelling.

The jacket length is either just below the waist, or just to the end of the shorts.

An emerald green wool bathing costume, grey flannel shorts, green cotton jacket lined with grey.

Black bathers, black and white gingham shorts, and a black linen jacket. Red bathing costume, bright blue pique shorts, and white towelling loose jacket.

White bathers, white linen shorts, printed with navy spots, navy jacket.

The Beach Frock

The best type of beach frock is the wrap-around, tie-on-somewhere sort of thing. They generally mount rather high in front, but are almost backless. The frock that has to be slipped over the head disarranges the hair, hence the apron style. You slip your arms through the straps, exactly as you would an apron. The skirt either buttons up centre back, crosses and buttons side front, or else wraps over and ties. Some frocks are ankle length, others just centre calf length.

If you want your beach dress for sunbaking only, you will see that it is completely backless, with either crossed shoulder straps or with the bodice invisible from the back except where it ties in a knot at the nape of the neck. You will then need tiny shorts of the same material beneath. If you desire to wear your bathing suit as well, you must be careful that the back of the suit and the straps do not show.

Beach Colors

All colors are smart for these frocks—except pastels. They may look nice at first, but they fade; black and white are as popular as the bright shades.

All black linen looks particularly well worn over black or white or red suits—especially if the wearer is the type that does not sunburn.

Plain white will look cool and fresh over any suit, and will show up a good sunburn more than a color.

QUILTED taffeta and velvet evening bags, and for day, huge rounded bags with metal frames, are being shown in Paris collections.



• **SUN SUIT** of navy and white spotted linen. The brassiere top lies at the neck and twice at the back. The skirt is flared. The big, floppy hat is of the same material.

• **BEACH DRESS** of heavy white linen trimmed with emerald green linen. A little white jacket goes with it. A green or white costume could be worn beneath. A large hat of white linen is worn.

Materials

All manner of materials may be utilized for these costumes, so long as they are made of cotton or wool. Plain linens, piques, spongelocks, towelling, and open cotton meshes. Woolen jersey, flannel, and tricor.

Prints are particularly suitable, as they do not get soiled so easily. Stripes, dots, plaids, and checks.

The two-color scheme is attractive and unusual. The skirt of one color and the bodice of another, or the entire frock in one shade with contrasting shoulder straps.

Pyjamas and Slacks

If you still think that pyjamas suit you better than skirts, have them made in masculine manner—only rather wider at the feet. A novel idea is to have them buttoning at the waist on to the blouse or sweater, another is to have a knitted ribbed band that fits in to the waist-line.

Linen and jersey cloths and flannels are used, as they hang well. Sweaters of striped wool or cotton jersey are worn, but generally the top of the bathing suit beneath acts as a blouse, when a short jacket accompanies the pyjama trousers.



• **A SURF COAT** of towelling in shades of bright yellow, brown and tomato red, a scarf collar knots at the throat. The costume is yellow.

• **PLAID SPONGE-CLOTH** in string color, red and black makes this attractive beach frock. It is ankle length and backless. The wide hat is of natural straw with a ridged brim.

• **A HEAVY WHITE** pique or white towelling makes this dress to be worn over a bathing suit. It has a low square back and it buttons down the side front. The red and white spotted handkerchief can be tied across the shoulders at will.

Cellophane Wear ... for Beach & Stage

THE films have provided us with a glimpse of the new transparent dress material.

It has become the craze in Paris to dress showgirls in costumes which reveal the shapely forms of the wearers. Beach styles have gone transparent, too—it is not an uncommon sight on the Continent to see bathing beauties strolling on the sands in slacks or pyjamas of completely transparent oiled silk! The material is waterproof, and can be pulled on over wet bathers—you can then sit anywhere without leaving a mark. Beach robes and umbrellas are made of similar material. Sometimes the umbrellas are of mica or cellophane—it is said that they prevent acute sunburn while allowing enough of the sun's rays for a healthy coat of tan.

Hats for the Beach

If you are not afraid of a burnt face or sunstroke, wear crocheted bands, half-white, half-color, twisted twice round your head.

When you do wear a hat, it will be a big one. There are new combinations of close-fitting crown and removable brim. The crown can be carried in the hand while the brim is slipped on, pulled down at an angle at one side, so as to shade the eyes.

Most hats are made of the same material as the beach frock, in matching or contrasting colors. They tie under the chin with ribbons—or even elastic!

A Novel Accessory

A large square of plain or boldly printed material, contrasting in color with the beach frock, will be very useful to tie round one's shoulders when the sun becomes a little too hot.

The stage frocks are also made of cellophane, which is completely transparent. We hope, as it is very stiff and unwieldy, that we will not have it thrust upon us as the new material for evening wear, although at a London mannequin parade recently there was an evening frock of spun glass! Looking like shiny white tinsel, soft and feathery.

The belt was of swathed green spun glass. This material can be bought by the yard—but must be sewn by hand.

al Libro

2 doors from King St., opp.
Proud's, also at Bondi
Junction and Leichhardt.

HOST HOLBROOK says: Spread Holbrooks' Anchovy Paste on hot buttered toast. Remove crust, cut into strips. Ah! how tasty ***



FROM left to right: Mr. F. Peter McCabe, Mr. Colin Stephen (chairman of the A.J.C.), and Mrs. H. C. Adams (Sydney), all intent on a good day's racing. —Women's Weekly photo.

Our Fashion Writer Sums Up THE CUP

By Jessie Tait, The Australian Women's Weekly Fashion Authority.

TAILORED linen suits predominated on Cup day. They were made of heavy, tweed linen, showing the new exaggerated shoulders. They were in off-white, white, string color, and pastel shades.

SOME had black and navy blouses, others printed and plaid organdies or crepe-de-chine.

There were scarcely any lacquer satin worn. The hats accompanying these suits were severe little sailors or fabric caps of the blouse material.

There were a few frocks in pastel crepe with accompanying coats in a deeper or contrasting shade.

White and off-white were seen more than any other color.

There was blue in every shade, a lot of navy and white print, black



MISS JESSIE TAIT (Mrs. Jim Bauck) chose for the Cup Carnival a Feller model of pastel green flannel, the only trimmings being the metal clips on the belt and the draw-string neckline. The high-crowned hat is of the same fabric. —Women's Weekly Photo.

and white, of course, and a quantity of pink. Dozens of frilly organdie frocks swept the ground. They were reminiscent of Ascot fashions.

ACCESSORIES lent an air of distinction to plain frocks. They were in every conceivable form—plaited string belts and hat-bands and bags, metal clips and buckles, barbaric necklaces and wide bracelets in every hue.

There were few fabric gloves, these mostly of organdie.

HATS were of every shape and size. Big white straws, wide stiffened organdies, little sailor shapes with scarcely any crowns, fabric hats of linen and crepe with high-pointed crowns.

Many of the frocks were ankle length of chiffon and crepe and organdie. One startling costume was a coat and skirt of white crepe printed with red and black flowers. The blouse was red and the hat black. Wide brown mesh stockings were worn with red kid Court shoes with high stiff heels of black patent leather.

Another striking frock was of string color flat crepe with the sleeves from the elbow down of black satin, as was the belt, with a small roll collar where the black met the beige on the sleeve. It was trimmed with four bands of silver tissue braid. A black satin beret-shaped hat was worn, and black gloves and shoes.

TAILORED chiffon ensembles were smart. One of nigger chiffon with white spots had a plain dress and three-quarter swagger coat with big sleeves shirred all over. Another was a suit of plain nigger chiffon tucked all over, worn with a tucked white crepe blouse.



MRS. W. RAINBIRD and Mrs. L. Purdy, of Tasmania, arrived early at the Cup. They were among the many who wore summery frocks and hats. —Women's Weekly photo.

JOCKEYS' Rainbow COLORS

"My dear, his colors are green, I'll simply have to back him." Dozens of women waste countless half-crowns on this very feminine formula, when they search for a likely horse on their race programmes. With these women form or price have little to do with their selection.

THE range of jockeys' colors has been comparatively limited since the V.R.C. brought in its rules for standardisation of color and design. This was largely due to women's influence on the racecourse—women owners and wives of owners and trainers.

The V.R.C. standard colors are red, light blue, black, grey, pink, brown, purple, dark blue, green, orange, white, yellow. Combinations of two or more dark colors or light colors are not permitted. And the riot of braidings and extra decorations has been abolished.

Colors usually last for a season unless their seams are burst or their shining surface marred in hurdle falls. Emergency colors, all white, often have to be worn by jockeys when they forget to bring their own colors to the course, and they have been known to be insisted on by the stewards because a jockey looked too shabby in his own colors.

The satin used in making them comes from America, and the colors never vary. If you fancied to be super loyal to your favorite horse by having an

evening frock of his colors, it would cost you about 12/6 a yard retail.

Alby Wood once departed from the satin tradition by having his colors made of Jap silk, when every ounce counted. His jacket weighed only a few ounces, while the satin jacket weighs about three-quarters of a pound.

The most expensive outfits on the course are those with interlaced diamonds. Jockeys riding horses owned by Vin O'Neill and F. W. Kitchen wear them.

Mrs. Martin, who has been making racing colors for 11 years for Alex Morrison for the Cup, made an interlaced diamond jacket of black and yellow, on which 52 diamonds had to be fitted and sewn.

Although lots of her colors have shimmered home to victories of thousands of pounds, Mrs. Martin has only been to two race meetings in her life.

The colors are made in about three sizes, as the physique of jockeys varies very little. There is a lot of fine hand-sewing on the caps. The leather peak has to be covered with satin by hand.



MRS. ROBERT KNOX, wearing a black and white chiffon frock with a shady red hat, was among the many well-known people present. —Women's Weekly photo.

COLOR & Charm at MELBOURNE CUP

Men too, Were in Festive Array

Even the earliest arrivals at Flemington for the Cup were not the first there. A number of ladies spent the whole night on the course, and, in spite of windy weather, their summer frills and pastel flares looked very crisp and fresh.

LADY HILLINGDON, Mrs. George Lambert, Mrs. Edward Herriot, Madame Abel Chantreau, Dorothy Perkins, Marion Manifold, were there to see the dawn break over Flemington, and Golden Ophelia was seen climbing all over the judge's box.

This is not social scandal, merely the Melbourne editress airing her horticultural knowledge.

LOVELY roses, green lawns, and shady trees, on a perfect day, brought the crowds early to the racecourse. The hill and stands were packed by 11 o'clock, and the lawns were thronged with bright frocks and brighter parasols long before the first race.

The greatest place on the course was the birdseye, where racing fans and owners and trainers in little groups gazed silently at the horses in their stalls.

EVERY second person seemed to be wearing real flowers, and even the men sported buttonholes. One had a large bunch of cornflowers in his lapel,

another yellow roses, and another Lily of the valley.

All sorts of frocks were worn, from tailored suits to organdie. One woman had a bird of paradise plume on her hat. Another had a rim of coin-sized holes up each side of her stockings instead of clox.

THE GOVERNOR - GENERAL and Lady Isaacs made an impressive arrival. They were escorted up the straight by a group of Light Horse, and were welcomed by the chairman of the V.R.C. —Mr. L. K. S. Mackinnon.

Lady Isaacs was a gracious figure in biscuit-toned smooth crepe, the shoulder cape banded with sable falling over tight sleeves embellished with fine braiding. She wore a wide hat with beige brim and tabac brown crown. With her was Miss Graham, who was in nut brown.

The Lieutenant-Governor of Victoria and Lady Irvine had a large party, which included the Governor of Tasmania (Sir Ernest Clark) and Lady

PICTURES taken by The Australian Women's Weekly may be obtained from our Photographic Department at low costs. Why not inquire about that portrait or picture you like?

Clark, and the Governor of South Australia (Sir Alexander Hore-Ruthven). The attendance was estimated at 90,000, and included many well-known Sydney people.

CUP PHOTOS

BY PHOTOGRAM

AMONG the Cup fashion pictures to be found in The Australian Women's Weekly this issue, are a number received by photogram.

With the co-operation of the Post Office, this paper was able to present in all State editions a full pictorial and descriptive record of the great racing carnival in Melbourne.

HOT HOLBROOK says: My vinegar is brewed just the same as 100 years ago, and a wonderful brew.***

COMPARE YOUR FIGURE —NOW!

Dorothy Manners, judged the world's most beautiful woman, reveals the ideal Youth-o-Form figure. Her measurements are:—

Height	64 1/2 in.	Hips	34 in.
Weight	8 st. 4 lb.	Thigh	19 in.
Bust	33 in.	Calf	13 in.
Waist	25 in.	Neck	12 1/2 in.

GET YOUR TAPE MEASURE

and compare your own figure, and if during the winter ugly rolls of fat have come round waist, hips, or bust, to hide the beauty of your body, go to your chemist, and get a 5/6 carton of Youth-o-Form Tonic Reducing Capsules, and begin taking just one capsule each day at bedtime.

DOCTORS PRESCRIBE YOUTH-O-FORM

Doctors know that Youth-o-Form is prepared by highly qualified chemists from the most scientifically balanced formula in the world, and prescribe it as the most effective treatment in ridding the body of ugly, ageing fat, effectively, harmlessly, and permanently, leaving no wrinkles or sagging flesh, and acting as a tonic, too.

A VALUABLE MEDICINE

Youth-o-Form is taken at intervals by thousands of people, not only to reduce ugly fat, but to banish High Blood Pressure, Chronic Rheumatism, Constipation, and Indigestion. People of all ages from 18 to 80 take Youth-o-Form, and this report from one of our clients is interesting:—

TAKES CORSETS 4 SIZES SMALLER

"I have reduced from 12 1/2 to 11st. in six weeks, without diet or exercise," she says. "I feel wonderfully well, and, though 60 years of age, I feel 30 years younger. I take corsets four sizes smaller now than I did before. Gratefully yours, L.W."

EVERYONE CAN AFFORD YOUTH-O-FORM

For you can get the full six weeks' treatment for 20/-, which is enough to show definite results, or the trial carton for 5/6, from all leading chemists in Australia. The rate of reducing varies from two pounds to eight pounds weekly—the fattest parts reducing first.

BE SURE TO GET GENUINE YOUTH-O-FORM

There are so many imitations of Youth-o-Form that you must refuse substitutes offered to you, because they cost a little

less or because they give more profit to the one who tries to push them on to you.

If you are not near a chemist, just pin a postal note to this advertisement, with your name and address. Send it to W. James Rogers, Chemist, Dept. 3, 355 George Street, Sydney; C. F. Lloyd and Co., McEwan House, 343 Little Collins Street, Melbourne; D. Maclean and Co., Perry House, Elizabeth Street, Brisbane; and Youth-o-Form will reach you, plainly wrapped, with full directions, by return post.***



Miss Dorothy Manners

DON'T SUFFER THE HUMILIATION OF SKIN BLEMISHES!

She hated the thought of going out! Her new outfit was certainly smart. But the whole effect was spoiled. Her skin was dull and blotchy.



Clear your Skin...

with

REXONA Medicated SOAP



Miss Betty Doyle has always used Rexona Medicated Soap to guard her lovely skin

This is Miss Betty Doyle, another very attractive user of Rexona Soap. The loveliness of her skin is proof of Rexona Soap's truly wonderful beautifying powers. She writes:

"I am pleased to tell you that since using Rexona Soap I have noticed my skin becoming clearer and finer. Rexona is a lovely soap to use."

To get full benefit from Rexona Soap use it always

Rexona Ointment should be in every home, too—to relieve pain, and to heal cuts, sores, burns and any broken or inflamed skin.

Rexona

MEDICATED SOAP

REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED

If you want to remove every disheartening blemish from your skin, and be quite sure they will never return—use Rexona Medicated Soap regularly. Rexona Soap contains marvellous medications that heal and tone-up the skin and remove the cause of blemishes.

As Rexona Soap cleanses and soothes the surface of your skin, the medications it contains penetrate to the deepest pores. Here they heal existing skin-blemishes, and prevent blackheads, pimples, rashes and other disfiguring blemishes from appearing. Rexona Soap is medicated to remove the cause of skin-troubles—the waste matter, invisible dust and germs that ordinary soap cannot affect. And, as dust and germs collect in your skin every day, you can see how important it is to use Rexona Medicated Soap regularly.

Rexona Medicated Soap
revives tired skin

The marvellous medications in Rexona Soap also form a rejuvenating stimulant for a tired, blotchy skin. They remove waste and rebuild tissues so that cells can perform their natural function of building up the skin. This action gives your skin the glowing clearness that can only come from perfect health.



Sold by all
Chemists and Stores

Which of these valuable gifts will you have—in exchange for Rexona Soap Coupons?

Such an interesting list of free gifts that you just won't know which to choose! Every one of them is useful, attractive and really splendid quality.

A pair of Scissors for only 40 Coupons!



Good steel scissors—6½ in. long—and you only have to save 40 Rexona Soap coupons to get them free!

3 Dinner Knives, 50 Coupons



Are of splendid quality—stainless steel, with Xylonite handles. And you get three of them free for only 50 Rexona Soap Coupons.

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Platinum Propelling Pencil
Man's Nickel Watch
(Luminous dial)
Stainless Nickel Silver Forks
Stainless Nickel Silver Teaspoons
Bedroom Clock
Ladies' Wristlet Watch
Full particulars on every Free Gift Coupon.

BEAUTY of a HERB Garden

By ETHEL ANDERSON

ETHEL ANDERSON is the wife of Brig.-General A. T. Anderson, C.M.G., of "Ball Green," Turramurra. General Anderson is private secretary to the Governor of N.S.W., Sir Philip Game.

IN Australia there are many beautiful gardens. Plants from every country on earth flourish here. But one branch of gardening is entirely neglected. We have no herb gardens.

In England every thatched cottage has its patch of herbs; bay, mint, parsley, thyme, sage, tarragon, marjoram, pennyroyal, rosemary and lavender. An English cottage-wife, in her cooking, flavors a custard with a crest of young peach-leaves, tasting of almonds. In her meat-pie she puts bay leaves. She flings a pugil of basil into her soup. She fries toast in lard and sprigs of rosemary. She candies angelica.

In my herb garden, at Low Hill House, near White Ladies Aston, in Worcestershire, I grew all these herbs, and many others. Fringing the pond where, about 889, Saint Oswald, the first Bishop of Worcester, had once kept his Friday carp, the angelica grew five feet high; each leaf was two feet in length. It was excellent candied. And arch-angelica, they tell me, is even better.

In the book he wrote for the use of his gardener, Jonathan Mosse, who, in 1686, came to him apprenticed for six years, Evelyn gives a list of the herbs and vegetables then growing in his "Orlatory-garden" at Sayes Court, Deptford. Many of the vegetables he mentions are in ordinary use to-day. But such delicacies as ladies' thistles, chard, navets, skirrits (unless "skirrits be carrots"), scorzonera, rampions, sal-sifex, and roccombo, are forgotten.

EVELYN's list of pot-herbs, and herbs for salads, is, in Australia to-day, equally archaic. True, we have lettuce, and "sellerie." We have "cressus" and spinach. We have "corne-salade." But we do not eat, as he did, the buds and flowers of nasturtiums, or "a sallot of young shoots of orang and limon trees."



LOW HILL HOUSE, where Mrs. Anderson had her herb garden. The original manor of Low Hill was given by Beowulf, the Saxon King, to Saint Oswald, who used it as a summer palace in 889.

His nep, wood-sorrell, alleluiah, Spaniah-myrrin, porcelan, orrach, fenell-sweete, trip-madame, rochet, sampire, alexanders, hartshorn, and tansey—all have vanished!

In making a salad Evelyn's advice is that "A wine man should gather ye herbs, An araricious man fling in ye salt and vinegar, A prodigal ye oyle."

He gives a salad for each month in the year. In September he would have us eat the following "composition of oltory-herbs":

Green herbs by themselves or mingled with the blanched. Three parts of cressus, 3 parts of nasturtium, pugil of purselan, pugil of lop-lettuce, 1 part of tarragon, 2 parts of French sorrell, 1 part of trip-madame, 2 parts of crumpen-Belgrade.

(A "pugil," like a "part," is "as much as may be taken between the thumb and three fingers.")

Our forefathers considered herbs to be of vital importance to health. Would we be the better for a pugil of crumpen-Belgrade? Would an alleluiah salad uplift us? And now would trip-madame affect us?



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ROB YOU
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POWDERS
and
TABLETS

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, SAY "VINCENT'S"

THE MIRROR OF SOCIETY



WE couldn't help thinking on Tuesday that it was really a very great pity we weren't burglars. The thought of all those wealthy homes lying empty while their owners were rioting in Melbourne, safely at their club playing bridge, or at the "Stitches in Time" pageant—well, it just made us weep.

So much for the Cup. Already the shouting and the tumult, as it were, have died, and the gadabouts are sneaking back to their quiet homes. In fact, the trek from Sydney to the country and the beaches, which grows steadily as Christmas approaches, is already threatening—in imagination, at any rate.

CLAIRE CURLEWIS, admitting frankly that weeks of "society" leave one more or less prostrated, has gone to Bowral for a visit. Claire is definitely not a golfer, so will just laze. Barbara Ramsay is at Cooma, where Patience Cay will shortly accompany Stephanie Osborne, later going on to see Noreen and Patsy Dangar, at Armidale. Mrs. Clement Chapman and Mrs. M. E. Fuller are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Gallagher, at Canberra—and more next week.

GOOD works, such as factory visiting by the hundreds, and addresses to various philanthropic organisations are the dull side, if the most valuable, of the Guild of Empire. Its amusing side was told at the annual meeting last week.

Recently the Communists challenged Mrs. Walsh to debate with them at Wentworthville. A very large audience listened with deep attention to the arguments on both sides, although the meeting ended with the loyalists singing "God Save the King," and the Communists striking up "The Red Flag."

AT her Rose Bay home on Saturday evening, Mrs. Maurice Gelson gave a party in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Elm, and Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Goddard. Some of the guests, who included Earl Beauchamp, Wing-Commander and Mrs. Wackett, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Doyle, Dean and Mrs. Talbot, Mr. D. R. Hall, Brig-General and Mrs. H. W. Lloyd, Mrs. Frank Chaffey, Mr. and Mrs. George Hartmann, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Strelitz and Irene, Mr. Riley, M.L.A., and Mrs. Riley, and Mr. and Mrs. John Garlick went on later to the Motor Yacht Club party.

IT was more than usually unfortunate that it should have been wet for the Hopwood House fete, in aid of the Red Cross, on Saturday. One can only hope that there was a heavy insurance against rain. For it had been arranged more as a garden party than a fete, with exhibition tennis (by Mrs. Uta), a charge of 6d to go over the house, and no stalls at all except for flowers.

As it happened, everything had to take place indoors, for which the toll had to be omitted. All the same the exhibition dancing by the Burlakov pupils was much admired, and a fortune-teller, and impromptu sales of cakes helped to keep up the exchequer.

THE fete was opened by Lady Murray, who was received by Lady Hughes, aided by Miss Johnson and Mrs. George Earp. Lady Hughes, however, hurried away as soon as possible in order to see grandson Tom Hughes arrayed in a replica of Captain Cook's garb for Lady Game's fancy dress party for Rosemary. Colonel and Mrs. Bertram's small daughters were intensely excited over their costumes—Mary as Pierrette, and Susan as "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary," although not so much at their hostess, Rosemary was a Kate Greenaway boy, saying, "It was very nice to be a boy sometimes." Binty, Major Sandford's

daughter, was "Night." Binty's next thrill is to be a visit, with her mother, to Ceylon, where Dr. Sandford Morgan's sister resides.

ABOUT 30 guests assembled at Mrs. M. Stapoole's new flat at No. 9 Bligh St., when she gave a housewarming cocktail party. Guests of honor were Mrs. Maxwell Gumbleton, and Mrs. Van Volza, from Moss Vale.

ON Friday, Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moran are giving a cocktail party at "St. Anne's," Elizabeth Bay, for the Marchesa Torrigiani and her daughter, Donna Waltha, who have just arrived from Italy.

The marchesa is a daughter of the late Dr. Tommaso Piaschi. When she was Clarissa Piaschi she went to Melbourne to the Cup, and the visit influenced her whole life, for otherwise she would probably never have gone abroad when she did.

OF interest to Sydney is the engagement of Joan Budden, daughter of architect Harry Budden, formerly of Hunter's Hill and Killara, but now settled in Brisbane, to Logan Baker, of Wollstonecraft. Joan is the niece of Julie Carlisle Thomas, Sydney University's early woman doctor graduate, who started the medical mission for the poor in Macquarie St. Interested in all things "sporty," Joan once took a course of physical culture. She is, however, one of those people who are flowing over with vitality, interested in everything, and abundantly capable at everything she attempts. She and her engineer fiance, who is the son of the late Mr. W. J. Baker, and Mrs. Baker, plan occasional visits to each other's State, and hope to marry towards the end of next year.

I DIDN'T know which Mr. Rae it was, but when I heard it was the new Union Bank head, I thought that it is always a jolly good thing to be in with one's banker, and accepted with pleasure," said Mr. Fred Johnston, welcoming Mr. G. H. Rae, the guest of honor, to the West Australian lunch on Monday. "Well," said Mr. Rae in reply, "there is one thing that a Scot will never refuse, and that is a free lunch. That is why I am here!"

Mr. Rae and Lady Kingsmill (president) then started "swopping" Scotch

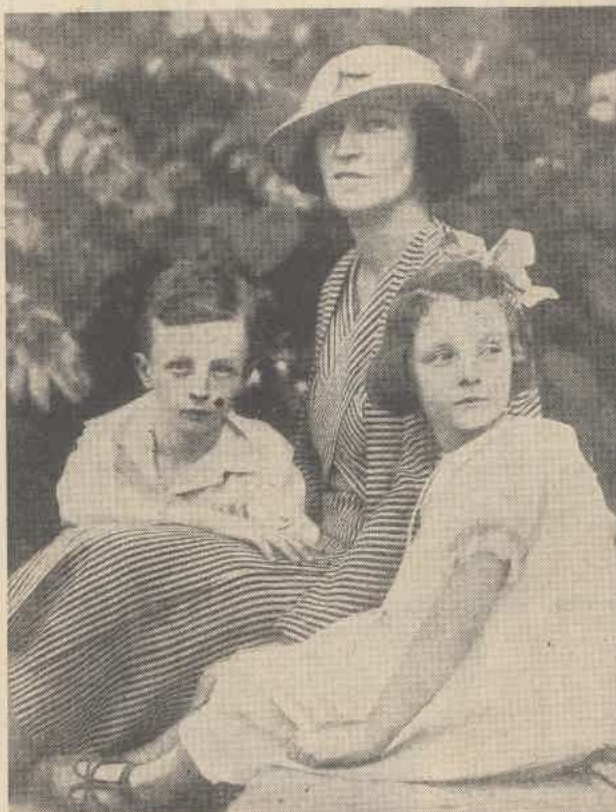


THE GIRL with the beautifully modulated profile is Miss Betty Weißen, elder daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. W. Weißen, of Darling Point.

jokes, while the rest of the W.A. Association members listened and laughed. They included Mrs. J. W. A. Prentice (president of the New Zealand Association), Mrs. Foster Matiel, Lady Julius, Mrs. B. Stokes (from Melbourne), and Mrs. J. A. Crawcour, who for the last nine years has travelled to and from throughout every State in the Commonwealth. Also Mrs. L. E. Goodison, the treasurer, who recruited two new members out of the two free lunches.

THE pretty little dark bride, and the tall fair young man who were quickly married at Wentworthville last week were Jessica, daughter of Mr. Sidney Mack, R.C., of Hunter's Hill, and Rodney, son of Sir George and Lady Julius. Jessica, who is a niece of Louise, Amy, and Eleanor Mack, is a wonderful cook, and recently ran a little "depression" shop called "Yerks" in Hunter's Hill, with the help of her sister Pat. Betty, the other sister, is Mrs. Fred Farr, of Goulburn.

By Jane Anne Seymour



MRS. EDGAR ROUSE (with her children Julia, Mary and John) has been spending a holiday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Layton, in Sydney. The family returned to their home in Toorak in time for the Cup festivities.

—Women's Weekly photo.

THE especial attractions of the "Stitches in Time" pageant are the Burlakov-Lightfoot dancers at the end of nearly every set, Mrs. Sterling Lewis' wonderfully carried out Lend Doll scene, a number of attractive color arrangements and groupings, and stray actresses such as Beatrice Fawcett, an Italian artist, in black velvet suit and cap; Miss Lamb, as Captain Lamb; Jean Mori as one of her ancestresses, and Eva Kuraz in Czechoslovakian dancing costume, dancing with Jean Elwing. Otherwise, there are times when one's attention is captured, but not held.

TO closely examine clothes is one thing, but their appearance on a distant stage unless there is interesting dramatic action to which they may be subordinated is quite another, even when they are as exquisite and dazzling as in the Chinese tea party arranged by Mrs. Scott Young and Mrs. T. H. Sun.

The pageant is part of the "Stitches in Time" exhibition showing at the Blackland Galleries throughout this week to aid the District Nursing Association. Regarding, as we do, the merest sampler with admiring awe, the work displayed there is quite beyond us from the start. Miss Lillie Jordan is showing an exquisitely worked christening robe, whose tape even is so good that it has not had to be replaced in all its 97 years, although it has done service for about 100 times.

DELICATE "Doone" underclothes unpicked again and again to get invisible stitches; a tobacco pouch, lent by Mrs. William Moore, done in petit point; a dress belonging to Miss Ranken applied (or something else) all over in beetle wings; some Maltese lace brought to England by Katharine of Aragon, which has kept its color all these years; an embroidered parasol given to the Marchesa Ferrante by Princess Alice, of Greece; and two little pockets, with ribbon loops, one of which is worked with "Jesus, Thou My Guardian Be," and the other, "Sweet it is to Trust in Thee." One used to hang on father's side of the bed and hold his watch, and the other held mother's watch on her side. All these appear in the Exhibition.

THOSE brides who missed the first spring rush have obviously decided, in a bunch, to wait no longer, for still another wedding, that of Kath Orr, daughter of the G. W. Orrs, is in the offing. Although she hopes to marry James Irwin, member of a well-known Mount Liffy family, on November 23, she is still uncertain when she will leave for Adelaide. Among friends ar-

"Ah, now I know I am back in Australia!" said Miss Edyth Lyttleton (G. B. Lancaster) last week, when, at the party given in her honor by her old friend, Louise Mack, everybody sang "For she's a jolly good fellow!" Those present included Dulcie Deamer, Mr. P. R. Stephenson, Miss May Butler-George, and Captain Hopefield. Miss Lyttleton wore a wonderful mink coat over a gold jacket, and flowered skirt.

ON Friday Dr. Marie Bentivoglio, president of the Women Graduates' Association, has arranged a meeting with Mrs. Gregory McGirr, B.A., to discuss plans for the January conference of the Federation of University Women, which will take place in Melbourne. The Doctor hopes to persuade Mrs. McGirr to be Sydney's delegate. If she decides to attend, Mrs. McGirr will probably speak upon the necessity for University women "pushing" themselves more. At the University, says Mrs. McGirr, everyone is taught that the only thing one really knows is that one knows nothing. When, therefore, graduates get out into the world of business, they are far too modest, and remain in backwaters, while their far less capable fellows are, as it were, rushing in where angels fear to tread.



THIS IS Valerie Bavin, youngest daughter of Sir Thomas and Lady Bavin. Her sister, Nancy, is having a wonderful time in England. She spent a week-end at Oxford with Miss Lyann, stayed with Mrs. Eden and her daughter, Joan, and best of all she has had some of her work appearing in "Punch."

—Peter Pan.

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A message from GLORIA STUART

"A lovely skin is all-important to the girl who would be truly charming, and who would keep youthful loveliness through the years. We screen stars always give our skins regular, intelligent care—it's so very important. I find Lux Toilet Soap a delightful means of keeping the skin always clear and youthfully smooth."

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Send at once for Self-Measurement Forms — Also Patterns and Fashion Plates.
MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING.

Remember that if you are not satisfied, return the frock, and we guarantee to refund your money immediately.

YOUR OWN MATERIAL MADE UP — FROM 15/6

TIMELY NOTIONS for Xmas GIFTS

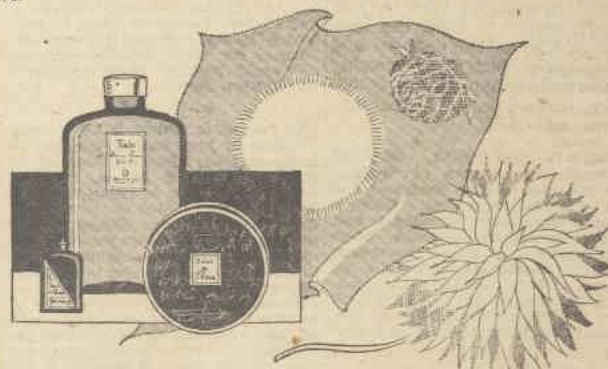
Being the weekly
diary of Saide, a
discerning shopper

GIFTS and yet more gifts, this Xmas shopping becomes an obsession, until the question resolves itself into not "what can I possibly get," but "which can I resist?"

"SOIR DE PARIS" is the intriguing title of the powder and perfume that our artist has so skilfully sketched. But the elusive perfume that attaches to these desirable trifles is a fragrant attribute that his pencil could not capture—and the color of the containers. Each is a soft madonna blue, and the two together are 5/6.

There are gifts that will add lustre to the table, gifts that will be welcome in the daintiest boudoir, gifts that are essentially practical, and the most beguiling oddments that rely on their charm to make an appeal.

Nestling in the folds of a soft georgette handkerchief, there's a most engaging swansdown powder puff. Just the sort of trifle to caress into oblivion the



Talc powder is concealed in the cleverly moulded bottle beside them. The color is en suite, as our fashion expert says of the very best ensembles. It has the most delightfully soothing touch, and the price is also 5/6.

most recalcitrant shine on a dainty nose—for 5/6. To give a name to the exquisite muslin blossom would be a problem even to "Our Old Gardener," but its use and grace are apparent to the most unskilled horticulturist. It is made in delicate green lacquered organdy for 4/11.



Dishes, designed for the most toothsome sweets, ice-creams, fruit salads and so on, are English cut crystal and their design is cut diamond-wise, a tribute, no doubt, to their obvious worth for 3/6 each.



As behoves the best containers of condiments, these chubby cut glass shakers have definite personality. They are made in cut glass and "mounted on foot." That, I was told by those in authority, is the correct term, though it sounds a curious contradiction to me. However, the shape is apparent in the illustration, and the price is 3/3 each.



Conducted by L. W. Lower

ELDERLY man: "Mind the grubs in that apple, Sonny."
Small Boy: "When I'm eating an apple the grubs has got to look after themselves."

PROFESSOR: Can you prove that the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the squares of the two sides of a triangle?

Student: I don't have to prove it. I admit it.

URCHIN (persuasively): Carry yer luggage, mister?

Man (irritably): No; I tell you I don't want it carried.

Urchin: Then wot are you carryin' it for?

"It looks very much like rain to-day," remarked the milkman.

"Yes," agreed the housewife, as she peered into the jug. "It usually does."

TRAMP: I've walked forty miles to-day, ma'am.

Lady: Splendid! You really must push on and try to make a record.

"WAITER, it's been half an hour since I ordered that turtle soup!"

"Sorry, sir, but you know how turtles are!"

BRAINWAVES!

WHILE a lady was feeding a hungry tramp she noticed that he was pocketing her silverware. Seizing a poker she exclaimed:

"Drop those spoons, you scoundrel, and leave the house—and leave it instantly!"

"But, madam—"

"Leave the house, I say. Leave the house!" screamed the infuriated woman.

"I go, madam!" said the tramp, "never to return. But, before I do so, I would like to say that I did not intend to take your house!"

HE was charged with begging.

"I'm not a lazy man, sir!" he pleaded. "I work when I can get work, but I've been out of a job!"

"Look at his hands, sergeant!" said the magistrate.

The police sergeant examined the prisoner's hands. "Why, sir, it must have been years since the old scoundrel did any work. His hands are as soft as mine!"

MARY: "I didn't know Ted had any idea of marrying you."

Ann: "He hadn't! It was entirely my own idea."

"NO," said Mrs. Brown, sharply, "I don't want a thing."

"Tell that to your old man," snapped the disappointed pedlar, "it will make a bigger hit with him than it does with me."

REPORTER (to much-married film actress): Do you think the old idea of lifelong marriage is dying?

Gertie Gage: Yes, it's dying by degrees.

Nearly ALL Were CORRECT!

Film Competition Surprise; New Elimination Contest

The committee of judges appointed to deal with the entries received in the M.G.M. "Dinner at Eight" competition have themselves been faced with a problem—the majority of entries having been found to be correct.

The rules stipulated that in the event of more than one correct entry, the prize-money would be divided.

But with nearly 3000 correct solutions the amount for each would be so small that the judges have decided on an elimination contest for the successful entrants.



MARIE DRESSLER

For instance:
Marie Dressler,
Hollywood.
Happiness is a boomerang, so
you will get a wallop from
Australia to-day.

Marie Dressler,
Hollywood, U.S.A.
May your shadow never grow
less. We can't have too much
of you. Happy birthday.

Each telegram may con-
sist of sixteen words or less,
including Marie's name and
address, as indicated in the
above examples.

Write out your telegram,
add your name and address,
and attach coupon "P" pub-
lished on page 43 of this
issue, and post it to

"Dinner at Eight,"
Box 4683W, G.P.O.,
Sydney.

or deliver to this office, Macdonell House,
321 Pitt St.

The prizes will be exactly the same
as those offered in the first instance, and
will be available to every entrant who
submitted a correct list.

For the best telegram received—

1st Prize £20
for the five next best, five prizes of £1
each, and six consolation prizes of two
tickets each for the St. James Theatre
to see the first of M.G.M.'s champion-
ship releases, "Dinner at Eight."

Entries must be received at this office
on or before Saturday, November 18,
1933. The results will be announced in
The Australian Women's Weekly of the
following week.

Here is the correct list of stars in the
order in which they spoke:

Marie Dressler, Lionel Barrymore, Billy
Burke, Madge Evans, John Barrymore,
Lee Tracy, Jean Harlowe, Wallace
Beery, Edmund Lowe, Karen Morley.

WAS your entry correct?

If so, listen to this!

It's Marie Dressler's sixty-second
birthday on November 9. Hearty and
sincere good wishes will flow to this
popular star from every corner of the
globe.

Be in the swim, and at the same time
participate in this elimination contest.

Think out a sixteen-word telegram
wishing Marie Dressler "Many happyes."
Send her your congratulations in the
cheeriest manner you can devise.

ADMITTING the undoubted
popularity of such stars as
Marie Dressler, John Barrymore,
and Billy Burke, it was not anticipated
that literally thousands would readily
recognise their voices over the air.

The entries that poured in have served
to prove just how closely admirers of
these screen artists follow their man-
nerisms, even those more trivial points
that would be apparent through the
"mike."

The committee, therefore, after full
discussion, has decided to apply a fur-
ther test for which all those who sub-
mitted correct answers to the first con-
test will be eligible, and thus give each
of those entrants an equal chance of
gaining the prize.

november

SALES

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Handbags SACRIFICED!

USUALLY —
7/11 to 9/11

5/11

Now here's your opportunity to purchase an inexpensive Handbag. They are specially designed in materials to suit the new silks and cottons, in Pique, Basket and Lizard effects; in various shapes (five) as illustrated. The shades are black, brown, green, white and navy. Usually at 7/11 to 9/11 each. Now going at this **5/11** amazing price, each

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quality goods and popular
styles. They are real bar-
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Materials are white, two-
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Usually 21/- to 39/6 pair.
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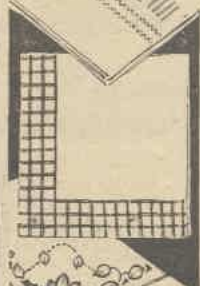
These wonderful presents are available in exchange for the new Bonus Coupons which are now being placed in over 36 of the "Mitchell Maid" Grocery lines. Just a small collection of these new Coupons will pay the deposit on a whole Bedroom, Dining Room, or Lounge Suite, and secure immediate delivery into the home. The balance can also be paid with "Mitchell Maid" Coupons or very small weekly instalments. Beautiful Cushions, Lamp Shades, Cut-glass Ornaments, Kitchen Ware, etc., are all ENTIRELY FREE for "Mitchell Maid" Coupons. Think how easy it is to re-furnish the home with "Mitchell Maid" Coupons. Start to-day and insist on your Grocer supplying "Mitchell Maid."

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TELL-TALE SPOTS Where Facial Ageing BEGINS

YOUR face has three vital centres upon which the attacks of time, wrong diet or harsh climatic conditions become concentrated—three points where Facial Ageing Begins. These are the Eyes, the Mouth and the Forehead. Ordinary face creams and powders have little or no effect in safeguarding the vitality of the skin-cells and tissues—some even tend to dry out the cells and attack the tissues. You must use creams that are specially devised to cleanse and nourish beneath the skin surface—that rejuvenate as well as flatter; powders that enhance your loveliness harmlessly.

HERE IS A PERFECT SUMMER BEAUTY TREATMENT

A pore-penetrating oil that quickly floats out impurities and water cannot reach. Soap, dry, and then apply Kathleen Court's Night Cream, leaving on. When you wake, if your skin tends to be oily, apply Kathleen Court's Astringent Skin Tonic. Pat with a towel, then apply a protective, rejuvenating film of Facial Youth Day Cream, following with your own shade of Golden Youth or Sunproof Face Powder, and Rose Petal Rouge. If you use Lipstick, remember that the Kathleen Court Lipsticks are pure and indelible, as well as charming. A's high-class chemists and stores sell these. Kathleen Court's analysis ensures the finest quality. It is possible to employ. You can definitely RELY on the



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cleanliness
in modern
furniture...*

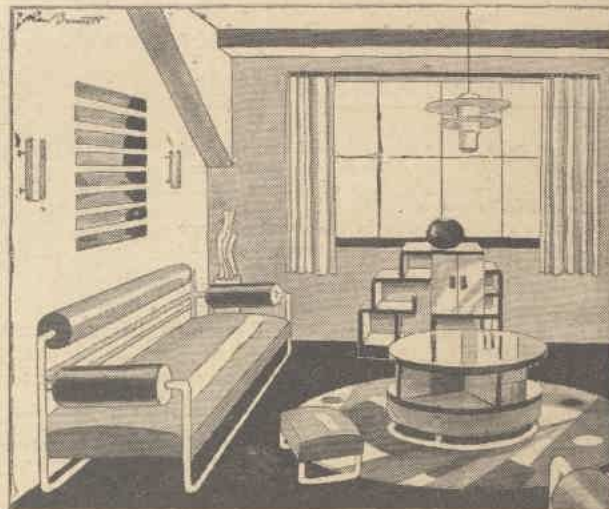
By Our Home Decorator

MANY of us are under the impression that the so-called ultra-modern furniture is uncomfortable and grotesque, but this idea is entirely wrong.

THIS new furniture might rightly be called a product of science since, apart from simplicity and beauty, its most important feature is cleanliness. There are no corners or crevices in which dust and dirt can lodge and remain unseen.

Where this more advanced type of furniture assumes the grotesque in our eyes is when it is combined with furniture of a by-gone period. Naturally, it looks totally out of place.

But glance at the illustration. This does not strike you as a conglomeration of weird shapes, does it? On the contrary, it is dignified and appealing.



The lounge and chairs are of chromium-plated steel, upholstered in leather, with round padded arms and spring seats. The table, made of highly-polished wood with a chromium-plated base, has space for books, ash-trays, etc. The combined bookcase and liquor cabinet is also made of highly-polished wood.

Note that the walls are light in color,

OUR ARTIST, Ron Bennet, gives an impression of a room furnished in perfect taste with ultra-modern furniture.

while the floor is covered with dark felt, with a beautifully designed, hand-made circular carpet adorning the centre.

Mirrored strips, arranged above the lounge, three inches apart, give a very pleasing effect, and simple indeed, is the arrangement of the curtains. No valance.

Opal plate glass and tubes were used for the central light, and opal tubes are placed effectively for decorative and reading purposes on either side of the mirrored-strips.

Here's a Delightful Way ... to Achieve BEAUTY for the HOME

*What you can do with
lacquer, ordinary porce-
lain crockery, and wood.*

THE young housewife who decorated these lovely plates, the handsome jug, and folding screen, illustrated here, is just the average person who does like having pretty things around her.

The plates are the ordinary white dinner kind, procurable anywhere for a trifle. The pencilling in of the design was not easy on the porcelain, and required a little patience. A colored pencil would be preferable, being easier to work with than lead, but the filling in with lacquer was a simple matter.

A pretty shade of sea-green was used for the centre plate, showing a black background, while orange and two blues were used for the charming plate on the right, which features a daffodil-yellow background.

The jug was a cheap white porcelain, costing 9d., before it was enveloped in black and smartly treated with lacquer red as you can see. The mouth and inside was also painted a lacquer red.

The screen, of course, is a more pretentious affair. The design was



NO NEED to be an artist. You can quite easily decorate similar articles to those shown in this charming group for your home, at little cost.

traced onto the wood, filled in, and then given a heavy coat of black enamel. Don't you think the owl design quaintly original?—E.E.G.

CLEVER IDEAS

A NOVEL tooth-brush holder may be made by taking a wooden curtain ring and lacquering it to match your bathroom. Bore a hole through one side of it, insert a screw and screw it into some wood-work at a convenient height. Take a peanut butter glass, give this a coat of lacquer, and slip it into the ring. If you do not possess an old fashioned curtain ring, one can be purchased at a very small cost.—Mrs. Neale, 132 Sutherland St., Mascot, N.S.W.

BEFORE PUTTING in new window cords rub them well with soap. This preserves them, and they last twice as long.—"Estelle," Brisbane, (Qld.).

AN ECONOMICAL way of using up any old rubber articles of clothing, such as bathing caps, aprons, etc.: Cut out rubber the size required, and cover with soft silk for dress preserver. This is a great saving, and adds to the life of many costumes, frocks, and evening dresses.—Mrs. G. M. Finlay, "Elmatta," 8 Kennedy St., Fairfield (Vic.).

TO CLEAN a bottle that has contained oil, fill it with fine ashes and place in cold water and bring gradually to boiling point. Keep boiling for about an hour, and then allow to get cold in the water. Empty out the ashes, wash in warm, soapy water, and rinse in cold water.—Miss K. Collingridge, 91 Balmoral St., Hornsby, N.S.W.

SINK PIPES often have an ugly habit of becoming blocked. To remove the obstruction, place as much chloride of lime as possible in the pipe, pressing it down with a piece of wood. Then dissolve the lime by letting boiling water trickle through.

When dissolved, pour more boiling water down until it runs away fairly easily, and then turn on the water tap, and let it run hard for about five minutes. The swift flow of water will carry away the solid matter freed by the lime.—Mrs. J. F. Brown, Milawa, via Wangaratta, Vic.

TO BAKE a large cake to a golden brown without fear of burning, place a large tray of dry sand (two inches in depth) in bottom of oven, and place cake tin on this. Cover tin with a sheet of greased brown paper and the cake will cook beautifully without having to be watched and turned.—"J.H.K.", Grenfell, N.S.W.

WHEN MAKING jam, jelly or marmalade, butter the preserving pan thoroughly, and place a dozen or so marbles in before fruit and sugar. The marbles roll round and prevent the jam burning, and will not break or chip. It is quite unnecessary to either stir or skim jam if this is done, but be sure to boil it quickly.—Miss Eva Jones, 59 Hume St., Toowoomba (Qld.).

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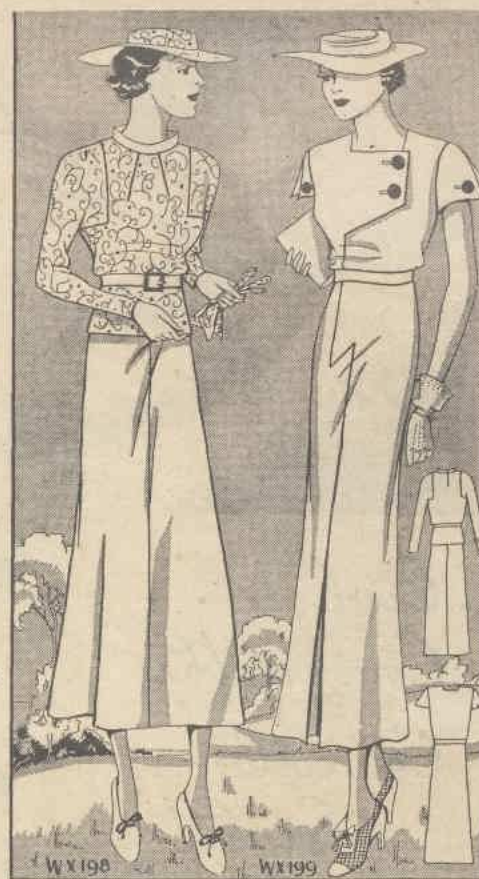
If you can't call personally, pin a postal note to a piece of paper with your name and address, send it to W. James Rogers Ltd., Dept. 3, 333 George Street, Sydney; C. P. Lloyd and Co., 243 E. Collins St., Melbourne; D. Macdonald and Co., Ferry House, Elizabeth St., Brisbane, and Mamogen will reach you by return post, plainly wrapped, with full directions for use.



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Interest Still Centres on the Sleeves

Materials are used in self-color or in the gayest designs.



WX129.—Cape satin frock with fancy magar sleeves and cross-over effect. The skirt features a godet back and front. Material required: Five and a half yards 36 inch and one and a half yards 36 inch lining. To fit size 36 inch bust. Width at hem, two and a quarter yards. Other sizes: 32, 34, 38 and 40 inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WX130.—Frock with cowl sleeve and flared skirt. The body of the frock is of crepe marocain and the sleeves of plaid material. This style, which is quite easy to make, is suitable for both large and medium figures. Material required, four yards 36 inch and two yards 36 inch for sleeves. To fit size 36 inch bust. Width at hem, two and a half yards. Size 44 inch bust requires four and five-eighths yards 36 inch and two and one-eighth yards 36 inch for sleeves. Width at hem, two and five-eighths yards. Other sizes: 32, 34, 38, 40, 42, 46 and 48 inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WX200.—Maid's frock of figured crepe-de-chine with high neck and shoulder opening; plain skirt darted at waistline. Material required three and five-eighths yards 36 inch and five-eighths yard contrasting. To fit size 14-16 years. Other size 12-14 years. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WX201.—Small girl's frock of figured material with tucked front and back panels. Material required, one and a quarter yards 36 inch. To fit size 2-4 years. Other sizes: 1-2 and 4-8 years. PAPER PATTERN, 91d.

WX131.—Frock of marocain with lace collar and sleeves. Material required, six yards 36 inch and three-quarters yard 36 inch for sleeves. To fit size 36 inch bust. Width at hem, three and a half yards. Other sizes: 32, 34, 38 and 40 inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 2/-.

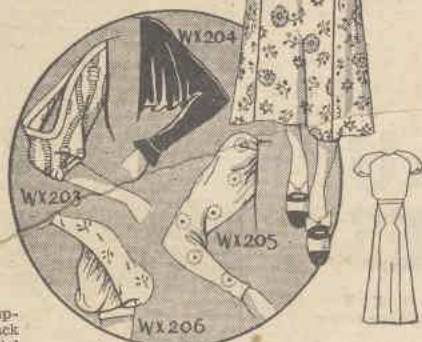
You can make your winter and summer frocks as good as new with these latest sleeves. They are cut to fit size 36-inch bust patterns.

WX203.—One and a quarter yards 36 inch and five-eighths yard 36 inch contrasting.

WX204.—One and a half yards 36 inch.

WX205.—Seven-eighths yard 36 inch.

WX206.—Half a yard 36 inch and quarter yard 36 inch contrasting. Price for each sleeve 65d.



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Sleeves May Be Long or Short, But They Must Be Unusual

WX198.—Jumper with high neck, fastening at the back, and unusual magar sleeves. The skirt is made in four pieces. Material required, three yards 36 inch and three-eighths yard contrasting for jumper and two and one-eighth yards 36 inch for skirt. To fit size 36 inch bust. Width at hem, two and one-eighth yards. Other sizes: 32, 34, 38 and 40 inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WX199.—Frock of linen or pique with unusual front fastening and short slit sleeves. Material required, three and one-eighth yards 36 inch. To fit size 36 inch bust. Width at hem, one and seven-eighths yards. Other sizes: 32, 34, 38 and 40 inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WX207.—Frock of marocain with cowl collar and double sleeves. Skirt with pointed hip pieces, also seam back and front. Material required, three yards 36 inch and two and a quarter yards 36 inch for sleeves, etc. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, one and three-quarter yards. Other sizes: 32, 34, 38 and 40 inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

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Things That Happen

"Hot Stuff"

DO any A.W.W. readers, I wonder, remember a horse called "Curried Rice"? It was entered in a hurdle race at Randwick and, with a working knowledge of its past performances, I had a fancy for it.

When I found its jockey answered to the unusual name of "Onions" I definitely decided to back my fancy.

Culinary speaking, it may be a strong combination, but I lost my money.—"Donald."

It Was Constitutional

TAKING a stroll with a five-year-old tot through a neighbour's paddock, I was terrified to see a cow coming full pelt after us. At what would, I feel sure, be an Olympic record, we made for the fence and safety.

The cow rapidly gained on us, however, and apparently entering into the spirit of the sport passed us "at the double."

She was merely taking an evening constitutional!—"Sara."

Cows Can Be Kind

STUMBLING over the rope by which a cow was tethered to a post in her yard, an old lady of eighty fell and broke her arm. She could not get up again, and tried to crawl to the house for assistance.

The cow went over to her and licked the soles of her shoes, and "moo-ed" loudly until she finally attracted the attention of the next-door neighbor.

Of course, one has heard of "kind eyes like a cow," but has anyone ever heard of a cow displaying sympathy before?—D.M.T.

Mistaken Identity

SEATED one day in a well-known city store I was idly perusing the pages of a fashion book.

To my surprise, a hand suddenly entered my range of vision, proffering some silver coins and coppers. I looked up in some bewilderment to find a disconcerted lass who had mistaken me for her maternal relative sitting in the next chair.—M.B.

A Pocket Edition

AS his cherry crop was in imminent danger of annihilation, a gardener friend of mine went to no end of trouble to erect an elaborate scarecrow to scare away the birds.

But that scarecrow had apparently a certain appeal which belied his appearance for, nothing daunted, a pair of starlings were building a nest in his coat pocket next day.—A.E.B.

She Dances Alone

AT a suburban dance, I was vastly intrigued with a dear old lady who danced every dance on the programme, though never with a partner.

Inquiries elicited the fact that she is well known and very popular among the residents of the district. She wouldn't miss one of the parties for anything—nor will she ever dance with a partner.

There was just a touch of pathos in the quaint, little figure dancing alone, and yet I have rarely seen anyone enjoy themselves more.—"Peggy."

Seen But Not Heard

WHEN my sister came smiling along the road to meet me at an appointed spot, I was somewhat puzzled to account for the presence of a chicken, which could be plainly heard but not seen.

As my sister is deaf, she was completely unconscious of the persistent "cheep, cheep." I looked into her parcel and discovered that a chicken had fallen into it from a basket. My sister had carried that chick all the way from home, which included a longish ride in a tram, without being able to account for the smiles that accompanied her.—E.E.

HOT BOLLSHOON says: A few drops of my Worcestershire Sauce imparts a delicious flavour to the simplest meal.—E.E.

Please Read These Rules

ALL incidents sent to Things That Happen must bear short titles, giving a clue to what the story is about. Items must be true and must not have been published before, or have been submitted to other journals. A prize of 10/- will be paid for the best entry each week, and others used will be paid for at our usual rates.

Ticks Call for Tact

WHILE a matron of a hospital in the far north I came in constant contact with the blacks.

As a token of appreciation a very old blackfellow presented me with a thoroughly respectable-looking puppy. As the tiny mongrel was covered in ticks and, apparently, mangy to a degree, I gave it a good bath in strong disinfectant. When the old man called next



THE LADY STANDING: Sandy put his arm round me last night and gave me such a squeeze.
THE OTHER: How remarkable! Does he play the bagpipes?

day I proudly exhibited a completely metamorphosed dog.

Loud were his lamentations. I had not appreciated the most precious part of the gift by my wanton destruction of the ticks, for the blacks regard these wretched little parasites in high esteem.—Mrs. W.

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PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

Our New Film Critic Explains Her Methods

There are many ways of approach to film criticism, just as to any other form of art or entertainment that is offered to the public.

SOME fearful souls are still going about moaning that the films are all bad; that they are immoral and vulgar, and, in fine, are corrupting the youth.

Others look upon the cinema as the amusement par excellence of our times. They regard it with indulgence as purely popular fare, but do not consider it seriously as anything else.

Still other critics are aware of possibilities in the cinema as an art, to be developed upon lines rather different from the condensed and localised drama of the stage and capable of more than the plain narrative of adventure.

NOW it is well to bear in mind that the majority of films exhibited to the public are to be classed as just entertainment. They may or may not have been produced with a high degree of technical skill. But it is unfair to condemn them because they lack a solidity and truth which they do not pretend to have.

Again, there are many types of film both in the class that is merely for entertainment and among those that rank higher and can be discussed as art. And it is in the same way unfair to decry a light fare because it is devoid of thrills, or a detective yarn because it is not a spectacular musical comedy.

But as these strictures mainly come from people who rarely attend the cinema themselves, they need not be given undue weight.

Take some of the films recently shown in Sydney. "The Last Trail," at the Capitol, is a straightforward, robust Zane Grey stuff about banditry on the Mexican border. It is pleasant to watch George O'Brien, complete with enormous hat, leap from a galloping horse to a train, or, surrounded by foes, swing across a room on a chandelier, though the theme of the hero and heroine, presumed to be married and forced by a clucking well-wisher to share the same bedroom, is an old, old story.

"Charlie Chan's Greatest Case," now at the Regent, is a more accomplished production. Warner Oland's suave Charlie Chan, his astuteness masked by gentle courtesy, is always enjoyable. In this episode of his career we see a little more of his family life among an ever-increasing brood of children, who look so Oriental and talk the latest American slang. Heather Angel, a recruit from the English studios, makes a very attractive appearance, too.

Then, "Adorable," at the Prince Edward, is a sugary tale of a very juvenile order. Janet Gaynor's admirers will flock to see it, and they will find that it has been sumptuously produced.

BUT when we consider the grand sweep and historical perspective of "Cavalcade," we all perceive that it ranks higher. Similarly, that witty fantasy, "Trouble in Paradise," airy nonsense though it was, showed imagination. And think of the broad humanity of "The Good Companions," or the sombre tragedy of "Loyalties," or the subtle comedy of "The Guardsman," a film well worth revival.

All these films, completely diverse though they are, have an artistic integrity which places them above the ordinary run.

The aim of criticism, then, should be to assess a film fairly according to its intention, and to give thanks when a film has artistic as well as purely entertainment value.

OUR NEW FILM CRITIC

MISS BEATRICE TILDESLEY, who will review films for The Australian Women's Weekly, was chairman of the cinema sub-committee for Australia, and prepared a report on the cinema in Australia for the Pan-Pacific Conference of Women, held at Honolulu in 1930. She has been appointed to act in a similar capacity for the next Pan-Pacific Conference of Women. She is correspondent of the International Educational Cinematographic Institute at Rome, and hon. secretary since its founding, rather more than two years ago, of the Film Society in Australia.

"BAROUD"

THIS picture, put on as a second feature at Sydney Lyceum, makes a strong support, and a complete contrast to "Falling for You." It was produced for Gaumont-British by Rex Ingram, who also plays a principal part. The title stands for the intermittent warfare among hill tribes of Morocco. The picture was filmed in the actual locale, and we get from it the most vivid impression yet given on the screen of the life and customs of these people, scarcely modified to the present day by the attempted control of European powers. The story concerns two officers in a Spahi regiment, used by the French to police the country, and recruited very largely from among the natives themselves.

The story is reminiscent of Hollywood and is not entirely convincing, but it is subordinate in interest to the settings and to the stirring scenes where the hill fortress is attacked by a hostile tribe. The soldiers and tribesmen setting out on their beautiful Arab steeds, the streets of Marrakech and the characteristic decorations of interiors delight the eye. As far as one can judge, these are accurately represented. The individual scenes are carefully composed and well photographed, so that the whole film has an unusual richness of texture.

"FALLING FOR YOU"

"FALLING FOR YOU," the Gaumont picture following "Loyalties" at Sydney Lyceum, is a typical Jack Hulbert-Oleely Courtneidge production. It is brimful of the light-hearted fooling in which this pair excel. There are some people, no doubt, who do not care for this particular brand of humor, and sometimes these artists are a little inclined to prolong their effects. For example, the song, "Send for Mrs. Bartholomew," might be curtailed, also the extravagant absurdities of the final pursuit. Still, the audience who helped to make "Jack's the Boy" a record breaker earlier in the year will find in this film the sort of thing they liked so much in that.

Tamara Diani, as the Austrian girl is sufficiently charming to account for Jack Hulbert's precipitate falling in love, and his wooing of her by means of a tourist's phrase book, under the impression that she does not understand English, is one of the funniest passages of the film. He has two good songs, "You Do Not Understand" and "Sweep," which have reached here in advance of the picture; in the latter a neat use is made of one of the few remaining English street cries.

Australian Dog SHOWS Amazing SAGACITY

By SAIDE PARKER



"BIDGEE" is only five years old, but she is very advanced for her age. Already she has played an important role on the films in "The Squatter's Daughter."

The intelligence of the Alsatian has been lauded to the skies, it has been claimed that it is a one-man dog with a limitless capacity for faithfulness.

But "Bidgee," the thoroughbred Australian Kelpie, has proved that there is no need to import a breed of dog to gain the very highest order of canine merit.

"BIDGEE" is a pure-bred Kelpie and her big amber eyes gleam with intelligence. Her coat is as soft as fur, for "Bidgee" has never done any but the very lightest of work.

Just a tiny mite two days old, lying beside her dead mother on the banks of the Murrumbidgee, she was found and brought up with all the care and affection that could have been lavished on a child.

Actually, "Bidgee's" entire training has been founded on affection. She has

never known the touch of a lash or whip, or corrective measures of any kind. Just one of her little gestures is illustrative of the complete confidence that has never been marred by punitive measures.

Her mistress looks down at "Bidgee" and says, "Do you love me, Babe?" Up on her hind legs stands the dog, and two front paws encircle her mistress's leg, while the doggie nose rubs affectionately to and fro.

It is not an exaggeration to say that "Bidgee" understands every word that is said to her, and responds in everything but speech, just as intelligently as the average child twice her years.

In her role in "The Squatter's Daughter," "Bidgee" gives her life in carrying a note for her owner through a raging bushfire. Though the actual death was, of course, part of the scenario, the bushfire was all too real, and four tender little feet were carefully encased in specially prepared boots to protect them from the heat of the ground.

After a short experience of the ways of the directors of pictures, "Bidgee" was ready for every call, and, when the cast took up their allotted positions for the camera man, "Bidgee" ran to the spot she had vacated and assumed her pose with the sangfroid of a star of many years' standing. As the filming progressed she became more and more enthusiastic, and in every way expressed her canine enthusiasm for the whole procedure. In the popularity stakes on location, "Bidgee" was an easy winner.

AWAY from the screen and the limelight of public approval, Bidgee is just as intelligent, just as responsive. She is never given an order, merely asked to do various things in the matter-of-fact way in which one would speak to a child.

Could Any Alsatian Surpass This?

"Close the door, 'Bidgee'!" "Put on your collar, Babe!" "Pick up that paper and put it into the basket!" (this request was made in a perfectly strange office) are just mere details to which she responds without the slightest hesitation or sign of unwillingness to comply.

At home she has a tiny bed to which she retires when bidden, putting out the light with her own small foot.

At the merest gesture from her mistress she limps on three legs, walks on her hind legs, says her prayers, or asks for a titbit—literally asks, for, having sat up and begged in the accustomed way, she gives a bark.

"Oh, not so loud, 'Bidgee'! ask nicely!" says her mistress; and "Bidgee" gives a soft appealing bark in response.

There are two factors to account for her amazing performance. First, there is the complete confidence she reposes in her mistress, who has given her so much attention and affection, and the other is her breeding.

A convincing illustration of the former was afforded recently if her general demeanor left any room for doubt. "Bidgee" was sorely distressed by a grass seed that had become embedded in the back of her nose. Taking a bottle of olive oil, her mistress proceeded to pour the distasteful substance up "Bidgee's" nostril until eventually the irritation was allayed. Trustingly, "Bidgee" sat perfectly still, without betraying the slightest doubt as to the necessity for the process, or the possible outcome.

Regarding her breeding, though the definite origin of the Kelpie has become a little obscured in the passing of time, it is generally believed that Kelpies are a cross between a wonderful strain of smooth-haired Scottish collies, and a fine black and tan sheep bitch brought over from Geraldine Station, near Forbes, who was known as "Kelpie." This, the original kelpie, is thought too, to have a strain of dingy in her blood.

Wool-growers look on their Kelpies as being worth three men in the droving and the general handling of sheep.

THE THEATRE

"TOUT PARIS"

ONE has learnt to expect from an Ernest Rilla production something lavish in presentation, ambitious in conception, and clever in delivery. In "Tout Paris," which had its premiere at the Criterion on Saturday last, one was not disappointed. But it is regrettable that he will insist on making quite clear to the most unbiased observer, that low comedy is definitely more so than broad comedy.

To Sylvia Kellaway go the honors of the show. In appearance and in that elusive stage quality that can only be described in that hackneyed word, personality, and in her dancing, she was delightful; her every gesture perfectly finished.

Patricia Nelson, the platinum blonde from Paris, was a strikingly platinum, but not so blonde, for her body, and only the very sparest portions were covered in white satin, was completely "suntanned." Clarkson Rose, Jack Kellaway, and the ever-amazing Peggy Wynne were others who contributed to the hilarity of the evening.

Royal Princesses of Greece

H.R.H. PRINCESS MARINA
H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH



guard
their loveliness
with
Pond's Two Creams

H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth praises the smart world's favourite beauty care: "I use Pond's... the Cold Cream cleanses thoroughly, and the Vanishing Cream is a splendid powder base."

"They keep one's skin lovely, even in the most trying climates," adds her charming sister, H.R.H. Princess Marina. Both these lovely royal exiles have delicate magnolia petal skins. Like other distinguished women, they prefer Pond's Two Creams. They know that they were created for deep, thorough pore-cleansing, and nourishing, velvety protection.

Australian women, more than any others, need to follow Pond's safe and simple method, because of the rig-

ours of their active outdoor life. Cleanse the skin thoroughly, at night and daily after exposure, with Pond's Cold Cream. Its fine oils sink into the pores and float all dirt to the surface. For protection, smooth on a film of Pond's Vanishing Cream.

These two famous Creams now come in larger 1 1/2 tubes, larger 2 1/2 jars. Remember Pond's 5 Aids to Beauty: Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream, Skin Freshener, Cleansing Tissue, and the new, exquisite Face Powder.



QUALITY OF 70 YEARS' STANDING
For free samples of Pond's Two Creams, and new Face Powder, send 2d. in stamps to cover postage and packing to:

W. J. BUSH & CO. LTD., DEPT. X18, BOX 1131 J, G.P.O., MELBOURNE.

Name _____ Address _____

IN BED WITH RACK OVER HER

To Keep Off Weight of Bedding

Triumph Over Rheumatism

It seems almost incredible that a woman could be in such a condition—bedridden with rheumatism, so full of pain that the weight of the bedclothes was too much for her—and yet live to walk as well as anyone else.

But this is her own account of her recovery—just as she wrote it herself: "I was so bad with rheumatism, I could not walk; in fact, I was in bed with a rack built over me, as I could not bear the weight of this bedding. My system seemed just full of some kind of poison. I read about Kruschen Salts in an English paper which a friend loaned me. I somehow could not get that advertisement out of my mind, so I got a bottle of Kruschen, and from the first few doses I felt better. So I kept on. That was about eight years ago. But for years now I have had no rheumatism, and can walk with anyone. Still I am never without Kruschen. I take my daily dose, and never need anything else. My complexion is as clear as a babe's. I am 40 years old, but feel about 20 years, thanks to Kruschen."

(Mrs.) M. G.
The cause of rheumatism is a deposit of uric acid crystals in the muscles and joints. Kruschen breaks up these deposits of painful crystals and converts them into a harmless solution. Then it assures the prompt removal of



these dissolved crystals, along with other waste products. And because Kruschen keeps the inside so regular—so free from fermenting waste matter—no such body poisons as uric acid ever get the chance to form again. Kruschen keeps your inside clean and serene. And your whole system—body and brain—responds to its purifying force.

Kruschen Salts is obtainable of all Chemists and Stores at 2/6 per bottle.

ORCHIDS of the EAST

THE OLD GARDENER SAYS—

Well, here I am again, Miss. I came along specially this morning to tell you about the orchids of the East, or, as we Australians know them, Japanese irises.

You have none in your garden? Well, now, Miss, irises are flowers that should be in every garden.

There is no need for large drift pools or running streams to grow them in like Japan. They will grow almost anywhere, dotted here and there throughout the garden.

Bold clumps of irises, to my eyes, are just glorious, Miss.

THERE is a charm about them that appeals to people who have a taste for colors. And, come to think of it, Miss, they will grow in any part of Australia. Of course, in hot climates, you plant them in semi-shade, and in cooler climates out in the open.

In Japan, the people place the iris mostly alongside of pools, which as you might know, are typical features of Japanese garden schemes. That is why, Miss, most people think they cannot be grown unless near a pool.

should be well enriched with well-decayed manure. Irises are heavy feeders. A light soil is also preferable. Plenty of water is necessary during the summer months, and very little water during the winter. A good thick mulching with manure or old leaves, grass clippings, etc., is of great benefit during the hot weather. Mulching in this manner not only keeps the roots cool, but also feeds the plants.

Seeing as you're so interested, Miss,



HAVE YOU been introduced to the Old Gardener? His talk every week gives sincere, practical advice, and the benefit of his expert knowledge in a new, homely and interesting way.

You ask me the right time to plant, Miss? Why, they can be planted now. It is much better to plant your irises now than to wait until the autumn. They will begin to grow straight away. If left until the autumn there is a possibility that they will rot during the winter months because they become inactive—there being no growth then.

NOW you ask about the soil. I can see you're warming up, Miss, to my little talk. Well, I'll say I am glad. The soil

I'll spare a minute or two more and show you how to plant irises.

Set the roots out about 18 inches apart and see that the crown is well below the level of the ground, say, about two inches. They should be planted in a well drained situation, like this, and facing north-east to catch the morning sun.

There are some beautiful colors in

FOR YOUNG WIVES AND MOTHERS

Women need not Fear Childbirth

Proper Ante-natal Care Reduces
Pain to Minimum

By M. TRUBY KING, daughter of the World-Renowned Authority on Baby Welfare.

Sir Truby King says: "In one sense it would be very much better for women if they never knew they were pregnant until, say, a month before the actual event of childbirth. The great mistake most women make is being frightened, indeed terrified, of the agony they suppose they will suffer in giving birth to children."

THOSE with vivid imaginations suffer the most during the nine months of waiting, and are invariably agreeably surprised with the ease of the task when it actually comes.

Let no woman suppose that she is doomed to "bring forth her children in sorrow," according to Genesis.

The attitude of the individual woman to confinement counts a great deal. Dr. C. V. Fink (I.R.C.P., London), asserts that it is, for the most part, what the woman makes it. It is certain that a happy and cheerful disposition goes a long way to minimising the severity of pain.

The common idea that childbirth is an "ordeal" is apt to give a wrong impression to the young woman ignorant of the laws of health. Normal childbirth is far from being an ordeal; it is the abnormal labors alone which may be so designated—the direct result of abnormal living, and responsibility for them must be accepted by the individual concerned, and not laid at the feet of Nature.

If a woman nowadays is heard to remark that her confinement went splendidly, that she "had a good time," the hearers put this down to "good luck." It is nothing of the kind. Luck

does not enter into childbirth. It is good management, and the normal and natural result of perfect health. Such women carry on their household duties and even entertaining up to within a few hours of the commencement of labor, and literally do not turn a hair.

One finds that such women have been accustomed to taking a really active strenuous walk for four or five miles a day, wet or fine, and have led a busy, contented, sensible life, refusing to listen to upsetting "old wives' tales," and thus keeping their minds free from doubts and fears. It is a very good plan to laugh your way through this period. Thinking right is just as important as living right. Have a happy picture in your mind, think of the perfection and beauty of the child to come, and if any little fears creep in unawares, banish them quickly by putting your "happy picture" in their place.

Friends and relatives, strange to say, are always only too eager to recount



ETIQUETTE



DO NOT empty your glass of wine at a gulp, and do not forget to apply the table napkin to your lips after drinking.

tales to the inexperienced woman of things which went wrong with them at this time. If, however, one could get at the truth of these happenings, one would find that there was real reason for "something going wrong," and that it would have been surprising (under the circumstances), if it hadn't.

Those who carelessly disobey the laws of Nature must expect to abide by the inevitable results. Nearly all the difficulties met with in childbirth can be avoided by proper ante-natal care.

As regards anaesthetics. The doctor can always be relied upon to give a whiff of chloroform in the event of the pains becoming more than the woman can stand. A properly administered whiff of chloroform does not materially affect progression, and therefore does not delay childbirth as does "Twilight Sleep," which for many reasons is to be condemned. However, the perfect birth is undoubtedly one in which even the whiff of chloroform is unnecessary.

Correspondence: The Sister in Charge of the Australian Mothercraft Society will be glad to help expectant and actual mothers by post. Simply enclose a 2d. stamp for reply, to the Australian Mothercraft Society, 283 Elizabeth St. Sydney.

Successful DINNERS

Here's Practical Help that will be eagerly seized upon by every woman who is forced to reckon with time in the planning of the main meal for the day

By MARGARET SHEPHERD
who is special instructor to leading hospitals.

AS so many women to-day combine business routine with home life, it is necessary to carry the efficiency of the office into the planning of meals. By so doing, wholesome, balanced meals will be served in a minimum of time, expenses reduced, and health and happiness maintained.

The best advice to give is this: Plan ahead . . . Eliminate that problem of "What shall I have for dinner?" when homeward bound. By planning for a week of dinners at one time, well cooked and appetising meals will result with a minimum amount of labor.

BREAKFASTS do not need a great deal of thought, as variety is not so necessary here as at other meals.

One of the ready-to-serve cereals with milk, followed by an egg and coffee or tea, is an average breakfast for the business man or woman.

Luncheon is usually eaten away from home. It is as well to warn the other member of the menage what to avoid at lunch, and so prevent duplication at night.

Keep the meals simple. Plan to have fresh, uncooked fruit or vegetable at the evening meal.

Make the menu out for the week. List the groceries that will be needed for the week, and on Saturday buy fruit and vegetables required for at least half the week, and the meat for Sunday.

Plan to use the more perishable vegetables first, and so avoid waste. Lettuce, if well washed and put in an air-tight receptacle or in a cheese cloth bag on the ice or cold spot will keep for several days. Keep a tin of dried skimmed milk on hand in case the fresh milk runs out; also a supply of tinned soups, jelly crystals, and biscuits.

A LITTLE extra cooking during the week-end will help you in the coming week. A basin of custard and a jar of salad dressing, also extra coffee made at breakfast, and converted into a jelly while tidying, and set in dishes in the ice chest, will well repay you for the time expended during the morning.

A little extra shortening made on Sunday, when preparing the lemon tart for Monday, can be cut into fancy shapes. Reheated, and served with fruit or topped with jam, they will help out an otherwise meagre dessert later in the week.

In the dinners planned on this page we have given the week a fine start by having a joint on Sunday. While the

oven is hot it is a good plan to cook the vegetables and make the tart for the next day's dessert. Monday's dinner can be a mild surprise by not serving the joint of yesterday. Instead, scalloped eggs and cheese, the eggs having been boiled hard on Sunday when preparing dinner, and leaving only vegetables to prepare and cook on Monday evening.

THE sliced beef and onion sauce for Tuesday's main dish is prepared as follows:—

Butter a covered earthenware dish. Slice two large onions and cover the bottom of the dish with them; add two table-spoonsful lemon juice and arrange thin slices of beef on top. Cover, and bake slowly for half an hour.

Mix together one table-spoonful butter rolled in flour, one tea-spoonful Worcester sauce, salt and a little pepper. Put on top of meat and return to oven for another five minutes. Serve with potato and stewed celery which has been simmering in a little water. When soft, drain, dab with butter, and sprinkle with pepper and salt.

The apricots have been soaked overnight and put on to simmer while preparing breakfast on Tuesday morning. Serve at night with sponge fingers which were purchased on the way home.

FOR Wednesday have shortloin chops grilled and served with chipped potatoes, which can be purchased in sealed packets and reheated. Tomatoes, sliced, sprinkled with salt, put on a greased dish on top of the grill, or in the oven for five minutes, and served with well-washed watercress. Apricot sauce is made by combining the remainder of the custard with the left-

over apricot juice and finely chopped apricots, then poured over the sliced bananas.

ON Thursday the salad can be prepared while the vegetables and meat are cooking. Arrange lettuce leaves on a plate, add a slice of pineapple, thickly spread with cream or cottage cheese, and cover with another slice of pine-

apple. Top with salad dressing. Here is the recipe for veal cutlets:—

Veal Cutlets
Cut the veal into neat pieces and rub in flour, then dip in glazing and roll in breadcrumbs. Fry slowly until well browned. Remove from fat, put into a saucepan with brown gravy made with the fat in the pan mixed with flour and the remainder of the water you have drained from the celery on Tuesday. Add salt, pepper, and a slice of onion, and simmer slowly ten minutes. Strain and pour over cutlets. Serve with young carrots which have been sprinkled with finely chopped mint mixed with butter, lemon juice, and salt.

The Week's Menu

SUNDAY Grapefruit Cocktail. Roast Beef, Baked Vegetables, Beans, Chocolate Cream.	THURSDAY Fried Veal Cutlets and Gravy. Potatoes, Peas, Lettuce, Pineapple, and Cottage Cheese. Cheese Salad.
MONDAY Scalloped Eggs and Cheese, Potatoes, Peas, Lemon Cheese Tart.	FRIDAY Steamed Fish and Sauce. New Potatoes. Parsley Sauce. Coffee Jelly.
TUESDAY Sliced Beef and Onion Sauce, Mashed Potatoes, Celery Salad, Pickled Fennel or other Relish, Stewed Apricots and Sponge Fingers.	SATURDAY Casseroles of Mutton and Vegetables. Baked Apples and Creamed Rice.
WEDNESDAY Grilled Lamb Chops, Potato Chips, Broiled Tomatoes, Watercress, Bananas and Apricot Sauce.	

apple. Top with salad dressing. Here is the recipe for veal cutlets:—

Veal Cutlets

Cut the veal into neat pieces and rub in flour, then dip in glazing and roll in breadcrumbs. Fry slowly until well browned. Remove from fat, put into a saucepan with brown gravy made with the fat in the pan mixed with flour and the remainder of the water you have drained from the celery on Tuesday. Add salt, pepper, and a slice of onion, and simmer slowly ten minutes. Strain and pour over cutlets. Serve with young carrots which have been sprinkled with finely chopped mint mixed with butter, lemon juice, and salt.

FOR Friday's dinner buy your fillets of fish on the way home, or, if ordered, most fish shops will fillet whiting for you. Steam on a vessel of water while the new potatoes are cooking in an open saucepan. Make a snappy sauce for steamed fish as follows:—

Sauce Bearnaise

Put one table-spoonful butter in a saucepan, add one of lemon juice. Stand this in another vessel of boiling water, add one egg yolk, and stir rapidly. When it commences to thicken, add another dessert-spoonful of butter, a little at a time. When mixture thickens, remove from the fire, add salt and cayenne, parsley, and capers.

The potatoes when cooked are drained and tossed in butter, then sprinkled with finely chopped parsley.

The coffee jelly is prepared with the extra coffee made in the morning. Add a very well-beaten egg and return to the fire to thicken a little. On no account must it boil. Remove from the fire, add the gelatine, which has been soaking in one table-spoonful cold water. Add vanilla essence, and pour into wetted moulds to set.

CASSEROLE of mutton can be prepared on Saturday afternoon. While it is cooking slowly in the oven the apples could be prepared and the creamed rice put in at the same time, thus saving gas and leaving you free to work or play. It is as well to soak the rice over-night. Drain, and add the milk, sugar, and essence when prepar-

for TWO

WIN £1 for . . . Best Jam Recipe

A RECORD fruit season is promised. Housewives, everywhere, will be making jam. Let us have your most delicious recipe for jam, or fruit preserve. It may be a prize-winner. Results will be published in our issue of 25th November 25. Watch for next week's prize list also.

and brown lightly both sides. Brush over with a little butter, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Put into the casserole. Cut onion and apple into slices, fry lightly. Place on top of chops. Bake for 25 minutes, then add carrot and parsnip, cut into dice, also prunes, and one cup of the liquor in which they have been soaking. Return to oven and simmer slowly until vegetables are cooked.

Chocolate Cream

One and a half cups milk, 2 eggs, 1 tea-spoonful cocoa, 1 tea-spoonful gelatine, vanilla essence.

Put 1½ cups milk on to heat. Soak the gelatine in 1 cup milk. Blend the cocoa with 1 table-spoonful hot milk. Beat 2 egg yolks and 1 egg white with 1 dessert-spoonful sugar; add to hot milk, and stir until mixture thickens and coats the spoon. Add cocoa, then gelatine, and stir until it dissolves. Turn into basin. When cold (but not set), add essence and stiffly beaten egg white. Continue beating until thick. Turn into mould. When set, garnish with finely chopped nuts.



If you plan your meals ahead more time can be given to artistry in table arrangements.

ing breakfast. Here is the excellent recipe for—

Mutton Casserole and Prunes
Two chops, 2 carrots, 1 onion, 8 prunes, 1 parsnip, 1 apple.
Put chops into a hot frying-pan, sear,



Crunch it and keep hearty!

YOU mustn't eat very much a-hiking—and yet you must be well-sustained. Vita-Weat is just the thing. Easy to carry, and of a most appetising crunchiness, this all-Australian crispbread gives you all the nourishment of the whole-wheat grain.

Because Vita-Weat is free from unconverted starch, none of your energy is diverted to the task of tackling it. Eat Vita-Weat with or without butter—it's delicious both ways. And there's a new thrill in store for you the first time you try Vita-Weat Crispbread, instead of ordinary bread, for sandwiches.

Vita-Weat

CRISP BREAD

Now made in Australia by PEEK FREAN Obtainable all Grocers & Stores



Here's the Prizewinner In Our Best Recipe Competition

Hundreds upon hundreds of delicious, mouth-watering novelty salads—and the judges had to choose only one, the best! But we're sure all competitors will agree that Salad Romance is enchanting when they've tried it.

CONSOLATION prizes have been awarded for two delightful novelties. You will want to try these, too.

SALAD ROMANCE

One lettuce, 3 bananas, 1 grapefruit, 1½ cups chopped walnuts.
Line a salad bowl with lettuce. Shred remainder (but keep the small heart piece whole). Peel and cut grapefruit in sections, and remove pith. Slice half the bananas.
Soak shredded lettuce, grapefruit and bananas in mayonnaise dressing for 10 minutes, and arrange in alternate layers in the bowl, finishing with lettuce. Cut the other half of bananas into about six long pieces. Coat with dressing, roll in finely-chopped walnuts. Arrange on top of lettuce, with sections of grapefruit. Now arrange the small heart of lettuce in the centre, and decorate with crystallised cherries.

£1 prize to Miss G. McCare, care Vel, Sur-gon, Ararat, Vic.

GARDEN OF EDEN SALAD

Take 2 cucumbers, peel and slice, put into a glass dish. Grate over them: 1 pineapple, 1 paw-paw, 8 bananas, 1 pear, 2 apples, 2 spring

onions, a little pepper and salt. Chop up 1 cup boiled potatoes, ½ cup cold beans. Stir into dish. Pour over juice of 4 lemons and 2 sliced tomatoes. Take the juice of 3 oranges, put in pan and boil for 3 minutes, with 1 dessert-spoon of mustard, mixed with 1 tea-spoon of four (with a little of the juice). When boiled, set aside to cool. Pour over salad, and then add 2 table-spoons of vinegar, and sprinkle over 2 hard-boiled eggs and some chopped parsley. Delicious with cold meats.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Nurse W. Matheson, Farnham St., Grafton.

SALAD HORNS

Roll out thinly some good pastry and cut into strips. Then cut some bread into oblongs and wind the strips of pastry around them. Brush over with egg and cook in a hot oven till brown. Remove the bread centres, and leave till cold. Prepare a salad of chopped lettuce, tomato, apple, celery and pepper and salt, and sugar to taste, and as much thick sweet cream as will fill the horns. Mix salad and fill horns, and arrange on a dish with celery and lettuce leaves—or lettuce cut in fine strips.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Miss Ethel McFadden, Graham St., Gympie, Q.

It was quite cool, and she wore only the street pyjamas kit had given her—knitted trousers, knitted jacket, in the pockets of which she had buried her hands like a boy. The inside of the boat looked like one of the cheaper restaurants in town. Except for the music playing from somewhere, it was very quiet. The boat was crowded with people of all kinds: young and old, lovers and married couples, and single men and women. There were professional gamblers and also people on a spree who had pulled an extra notch on their belts to give their figures an appearance of youth.

There were some gambling machines along the walls where one could gamble away a last 10 cent piece. There were also quiet and serious poker tables in the background. At one table there was a pot of 1700 dollars. The men sitting around that pot had stubby beards, for the party had been in full swing for two days already, as somebody whispered to Aldens. The roulette-wheel was going; lottery numbers were being called; and on every table were heaps of Mexican silver dollars. Aldens changed a 10-dollar bill for singles, and gave Frances one which she immediately set on a roulette number—and lost.

"Here are five more," he said to her. "And when these five are gone, you won't get another one."

"It's so sweet of you! Thanks," she said.

She went up to a roulette table, made her way through the crowd, watched

Falling Star

Continued from Page 5

the wheel for a while, and then tossed down her money in a tired and supercilious manner. Aldens watched her face. She was by far the most beautiful girl on board, and he liked her at that moment more than ever. It wasn't exactly love, but it was something very powerful. That funny little face, crowned by the platinum of her hair. He loved the curve of her upper lip. He only now realised how thin her waist was. He could encircle it with his two hands.

"We'd better not stay here long," he urged.

"But it's wonderful here! It's so gay," she answered.

Aldens turned around and looked. He had never seen so much sorrow in one place. The floor was shaking. The croupier had a boneless flat nose. Either he had been a prizefighter, or disease had eaten away the bone. Everybody was horribly sober on that boat. Aldens had an arm about Frances. Her delicate shoulders seemed to answer his pressure. She was in luck. She was winning. She looked very tired when he came to fetch her. Now she was fully alive. She won and lost and won again. She took four dollars and put them on a number, and lost

them. It hurt him. He was from Darmstadt and of a good family. He had never understood the childish recklessness of these Americans. He had only five and a half dollars left.

"Come," he urged, "let's go and eat. I don't want to stay here too long." He was still thinking of all the preparations he had made in his own home; a little landscape on the wall, German records. One was never as mistreated by others as one mistreated himself, in this world.

"O.K.," Frances said. "The good little girl is going to quit. The good little girl has won seven dollars—as much as she gets for a full day's work. Isn't that wonderful?" She counted the money as she spoke. "Here are your five dollars back. May I keep the rest?"

"Of course," he replied. He had a little more than 10 dollars now. "Come, let's eat," he proposed again.

"And drink," she amended.

She hung on his arm and sang softly under her breath. The restaurant on board the boat was a small, badly lighted room near the gambling hall, at the bar of which only lemonade and malted milk were served. On the diminutive dance floor, between the tables, two couples were revolving



HE: Is Madge happily married?

SHE: Oh, yes. Her hubby's frightened to death of her!

around each other. The waiter, a colored boy, was all too sociable with his guests.

Aldens ordered food. The prices were rather steep.

"Would you care to dance?" he asked Frances.

"A little later. I want to have something to drink."

"There's nothing to drink here on board," Aldens informed her. He had originally pictured to himself the boat as a place where all kinds of orgies took place. He was pleasantly and unpleasantly surprised. "I, too, thought we could get all kinds of drinks on board," he said as he looked at her crestfallen face.

"Nothing to drink?" she queried plaintively. "Well, that's not so hot. I hoped for a hot evening. Haven't you brought anything to drink with you?"

"No, nothing," Aldens admitted. They always quarrelled about that. He steadfastly refused to carry a hip flask.

"For God's sake, get me something to drink or I'll get hysterical!" she cried.

Aldens rose, looking like a man ready to pounce upon an enemy as he strode up to the bar. When he turned around Frances was sitting before her ginger ale glass with tears in her eyes, and was wringing her hands. She had taken a decision. She was ready. She had to make a start that evening. But for God's sake, somebody had to help her do that. She had to be drunk and dizzy. He must drink with her and dance with her, and drive with her at top speed, and kiss her so that she would forget everything. She held her hands about the cold ginger ale bottle, and prayed for drunkenness.

"How about a little headache?" Aldens asked the man at the bar.

"Nothing doing," the man replied. "Too many watchers on board," he explained, quietly.

"Nothing doing? Really?" Aldens asked without much hope.

"Maybe I can get something from Parker," the barman said casually. He winked toward a man who stood near by. Aldens winked at the man, too. Both of them left the room together. In the wash room the stranger offered a three-quarter-filled bottle of gin, praised it to the skies, and said he wouldn't give it up for less than five bucks. Aldens knew that the man was robbing him, but he bought the bottle nevertheless, and knew that the man was going to gamble away the five dollars.

"Here—poison yourself on it," he said, as he brought the bottle to Frances.

The gin was strong, not too bad, and after the third glass Aldens began to feel very happy. They were both talking a lot of nonsense and amusing themselves. They danced well together this time. Then they entered the gambling room, played a little, lost a little, followed this up by kissing on the deck, and returned to dance some more, saying to each other that it was about time to go home.

They clambered down the ladder to the motor boat, where Frances leaned her head on Aldens' warm shoulder. As the boat was cleaving the waves, she thought she was in love with him, and was very happy about it. But somehow Oliver Dent appeared before her eyes, as he had appeared in a South Sea film riding the waves of a lagoon.

When they reached the shore she woke up, and helped Aldens look around for Tuctac.

The road was wrapped in a heavy fog.

"Will you let me have one of your dollars? I haven't got a penny, and I

have to get some gas," Aldens said.

Frances plunged into her pocket. She still had two dollars. She first gave him one, and immediately gave him the other one. And now she did put her arm about his shoulder as he had wished she would do before. They drove carefully along the eucalyptus alley. They lost their way, for the fog had become so dense it obliterated everything. After a while it got so dark they couldn't see their own lights. Everything before them was thick and dark, like heavy black cotton. They laughed about it for a while. Aldens got out of the car and stood in front of the lights, but Frances couldn't see him at all. He came back and sat down at the wheel. They moved slowly forward. Soon they were out of the heavy fog into a thinner one, and could see a little house on the edge of the road. Then the fog became thick again and enveloped them once more.

A car drove by at top speed. Aldens swerved to the side of the road and stopped. Suddenly they fell into each other's arms and kissed like mad. There was no strangeness between them any more—almost none. Then he let go of her and freed his lips from hers. He took the wheel and pressed his foot down on the starter.

"Are you drunk?" she asked.

"Yes, drunk with you!" he said.

She leaned against him. He pressed the accelerator and laughed aloud. He drove faster. There was a faint light to be seen in the mist ahead.

"Are we on the road?"

"I think so."

"Can you see the edge of the road on your side?"

"No. Can you?"

"No."

"There should be trees somewhere."

"I think we're just in the middle of the road," Frances said.

"That's good," Aldens muttered, driving on.

Then they heard something. And as they heard it, it was all over. The black fog before them turned gray, white, then three-colored. Then Aldens yelled—and they knew that they were in a collision. The last hundredth of a second before it happened was an eternity. And it was after that, that the crash came.

CHAPTER V.

OLIVER DENT passed through a hundred hells after he left Dona's bungalow—red, black, and sulphur-yellow hells. As soon as he arrived home he began to drink, and didn't stop filling his glass. Twenty-four hours of drinking and headaches, a kind of seasickness, a hollow pain within, somewhere where the stomach, or the heart, or the soul was. It was all obscure to him. He drank and slept and awoke, and drank again, awoke again, bathed, even shaved himself, with the full whisky glass beside him in front of the dressing mirror. Then he drank, and boxed six heavy rounds with Nando.

But he could get no relief from that. So he drank again, then took the car out—the big one—out of which he could get some real speed. With Jerry in the back seat and the trunk full of bottles, he whisked away to Agua Caliente, three hundred miles in less than four hours. He arrived drunk as a lord at the races. Betting, heat, howling noise—no relief. Back to Tia Juana. The back rooms of a hundred dives, Mexican musicians and Mexican dancers, colorful and dirty. Cuban Creoles, whose shirt-waists fell down over their brown bodies as they danced the rumba. All of them drunk. Dismaying things—women.

Please turn to Page 38



Miles of Smiles

A happy smile means glowing health—for a system clogged with poisons must subconsciously show misery even in a smile.

Constipation more than anything else is the cause of most ill health. It results in an accumulation of poisons in the system, which sap the energy, dim the eye and mar the complexion.

Just as carbon in the cylinders of a motor slows down pace, so constipation slows down the pace of the human machine and results in an accumulation of Uric Acid—a potent enemy to health and happy smiles.

A small dose of CARLISTA every day will keep you free from Constipation and Uric Acid, and their attendant ills and sets you on the road to permanent, glowing good health. There are at least 64 average doses in every jar.

CARLISTA is ideal in the treatment of

Stomach Liver, Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Neuritis, Uric Acid, Indigestion, Headaches, Asthma, Sallowness, Bad Skin, Eczema, Itch, Pimples, etc.



CARLISTA
MINERAL SPRING SALTS **2 1/3**
LARGE JAR

OBTAINABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES
And at WASHINGTON H. SOUL, PATTERSON & CO. LTD.,
100 Pitt Street, Sydney, and Branches.

Postage extra
Write for Free Sample

This Blouse Specially Designed For You!

Trim and smart, isn't it? Just the sweetest thing for present wear, and you can make it for a "song"—almost!

It's blouses, blouses all the way this season. Can you wonder, when they're so handy to slip on, so easy to launder, offer such variety in style freshness, and feature cute little touches as, for instance, the butterfly bow on the back of this exclusive little design?

NO matter your size there is a pattern to fit you (simply send 1/- and state your size), and the way to make it has been made easy for you—the work of an expert, and exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly.

Beach cloth in a natural shade, patterned in yellow, navy, and light blue leaves, makes this trim little blouse, which would look charming worn with a yellow or navy linen skirt.

Materials Required

Two yards of beach cloth, a length of elastic to fit your waist, one yard of tape a little wider than the elastic, a press stud and the paper pattern are all the materials required.

The Making

THE original was cut from 36-inch material for a 34-inch bust. Allow 1-inch seams and 1-inch turnings.

Pin up the pattern to see if there are any alterations to be made; then lay the centre back and front of blouse, and yoke, to the fold of the material. Make an opening three inches deep down centre-back.

For the sleeves, open the material, fold width-ways, and cut double.

Make four pleats each side of bodice, back and front, tack in place. Then make 1-inch turnings along lower edge of yoke, and machine down to bodice. Join shoulder and underarm seams. Cut a crossway strip one inch wide, and face neck and back opening.

Turn a tiny hem at bottom of blouse. With the tape make a casing on the wrong side for the elastic, 2½ inches from lower edge.

Now make an inch hem along lower edge of sleeve, and machine down. Tack pleats in position, notches matching. Cut two strips, 1½ inches wide and 12 inches long, make 1-inch turnings and machine each edge of band across sleeve 2 inches from hem, gathering sleeve each side of pleats to fit. Join



THE BACK and front view of this little blouse combines simple tailored chic with youthful freshness. Make it yourself! It's really so easy.

Patterns in any size are available, and cost only 1/-, post free. Instructions for making, given here, are simple and accurate.

David Jones, who supplied the materials, are displaying this smart blouse.

CROCHET These Gauntlets for CHIC!

They'll cost a trifle in this fish-net design.



YOUR GLOVES will be the smartest affairs with these six-inch gauntlets of fishnet crochet. Note "close-up" of design.

HERE is another of fashion's irresistible little notions that can be worked at almost lightning speed from an ounce of wool and then attached to any pair of gloves to match your daintiest frocks.

WHITE fabric gloves with white crochet gauntlets would look so smart with a black and white outfit. And white tops on beige, brown, or grey gloves would be equally effective.

Choose Viyella yarn for preference, and you'll find that they'll wash over and over again, without losing their shape or color freshness. A hint: After washing, dry them on a flat surface—between two folds of tissue paper is a good idea.

All you require is 10x 3-ply Viyella yarn and a No. 10 crochet-hook. The only abbreviations used are ch., which

FOR clothes pegs: Sew top edge of a 10 x 14 inch bag around embroidery hoop. Attach this to coat hanger on line. It will slide easily and save you carrying the pegs around with you on washing day.

stands for chain, and d.c., meaning double crochet.

Commence with ch. the length required to go round the wrist. Join the two ends together, so making a circle. First row: 6 ch., 1 d.c. in the 9th ch. from hook. * 5 ch., miss one foundation ch., 1 d.c. on next ch., repeat from * to end of round. Second row: 5 ch., and 1 d.c. in the loop of 5 ch. in previous row. Continue working, increasing 2 loops every 5th row until the work measures 6 inches. Finish off by working 1 d.c. in stitch all round.

Make the second gauntlet the same. Press with a warm iron and then they are ready to tack to your gloves.

seams, stitch sleeves into armholes. Cut four of the largest leaves from the material, and four pieces the same size, allowing 1-inch all round. Have the right sides facing, and machine on the wrong side, round the outline of the leaf, leaving an inch opening at the stem. Turn right side out and press. Turn in the raw edges, and with needle and thread gather up opening and fasten off.

Join two leaves together, and sew to right-hand corner of yoke. Join remaining two, and sew to right-hand top of back opening. Sew press stud to left-hand side, and corresponding half to back of leaf.

Insert elastic at waist—and your blouse is ready to intrigue the first beholder!

Here, on the right, you see the lovely Venetian crochet, which is really an adaptation of rare Rotticella lace. Note the way it can be used to decorate with provocative charm an otherwise plain nightgown. It can be used with equal effect in a tea cloth or table centre. See coupon.

YOU CAN WORK THIS ...

Lovely and Rare VENETIAN CROCHET

SEND TO-DAY for the directions (use the coupon below), and crochet this exquisite design for a charming tea or supper cloth. Use

it, too, to turn a simple "nightie" into a gown of witchery and lasting beauty.

This design, it might be mentioned, is really an adaptation of rare Rotticella lace, and will undoubtedly find many admirers—especially among those who appreciate the finer, more beautiful work which never, never loses its charm.

MOREOVER, amateurs should congratulate themselves that a method has been found that enables them with ease and comparatively little labor to make a lace which by any other than an expert would be taken for the wonderful hand-made Rotticella.

A very fine cotton—corresponding with No. 60 sewing cotton—was used in working the original as shown in the illustration.

So here is your opportunity! Attach the coupon printed here and send to us for full, easy-to-follow directions.

No need to add that this Venetian lace is as durable as it is uncommon and beautiful.

CROCHET COUPON

In return for this Coupon and 2d. in stamps, together with a stamped (1d. is sufficient), readressed envelope, you will receive full instructions for working the exquisite Venetian crochet design illustrated on this page. Address requests in The Australian Women's Weekly.

NAME

ADDRESS

W.W., 11/11/33.



TOM, TOM, THE HANDY MAN, KEEPS THE BATH SO SPICK AND SPAN; "MONKEY BRAND'S" THE BASIN, TOO, KEEPS IT BRIGHT AND SMOOTH AS NEW!

Don't scratch it clean ... clean it clean with

MONKEY BRAND

GREY HAIR 300 lose jobs

THE aged, "burnt out" appearance that grey hair causes is a great handicap in business as well as in social life.

Youth is thoughtless and the grey-haired man thinks of the social whirl. But in business it is serious because their very subsistence is jeopardized.

Particularly in these times of unemployment grey heads are finding it difficult to keep their jobs, and at least 300 of them are displaced every year by younger people. This is tragic—unnatural—but grey hair does undoubtedly make one look old and worn out, and there's no excuse for anyone to put up with grey hair who doesn't want it, because it is so easy to bring back the natural color by just brushing Raydene through the hair two or three nights a week.

Thousands of people have proved this already, and the case of this Sydney man is interesting. He says: "My work as sales manager takes a lot of nervous energy out of me, and I suppose that caused me to go grey. There's something pathetic about a

grey-haired man, so I took a friend's advice and started on Raydene to get back the natural color. I only used two lots of Raydene, and my hair looks just as young now as ever it did. It's marvellous all right, and so easy to use."

Raydene is the new antiseptic which restores grey hair to its natural color without the use of dyes or stains. Raydene contains no dye, paint, or stain, so that it cannot stain your scalp, fingers, or your linen.

Raydene begins with the hair-roots, invigorating them and cleansing the scalp of dandruff and impurities that cause baldness, and restores the natural color to every strand of hair quickly and surely in a few short weeks. You can wash your hair in the usual way, because its color is permanent and will not wash off or change in shade, and the process cannot be detected by your friends.

If you are grey, get a 2/6 box of Raydene from your chemist, make it up at home yourself, and watch the result in a week or two. If preferred, send a postal note to—

W. James Rogers, Ltd., Chemists, Dept. 3, 355 George St., Sydney (opposite G.P.O.); C. P. Lloyd and Co., Melbourne House, 343 Little Collins St., Melbourne; or D. Maclean and Co., Ferry House, Elizabeth St., Brisbane, and Raydene will reach you by return mail, 2/6.

FLIES AND MOSQUITOES, FLEAS, BUGS, COCKROACHES, MOTHS AND ANTS, KILLED INSTANTLY WITH THIS DEATH SPRAY

Throughout the world "FLY-TOX" is the recognised death spray for insects. Though widely imitated, "FLY-TOX" has never been equalled for efficiency. It is real economy to use "FLY-TOX," for every drop deals death to flies and other loathsome pests. Insist on genuine "FLY-TOX."

X3

Made in Australia.

FLY-TOX

There is ONLY ONE FLY-TOX



Olive oil brings glamour to your skin

—and it's olive oil that
makes Palmolive green

NATURE'S priceless secret of skin beauty has not changed in over 3,000 years. It is to be found in the precious oils of olive and palm.

Fortunately, the beauty effects of these oils are yours to-day in Palmolive Soap — easy to use, simple and inexpensive. The fragrant lather of Palmolive enters every tiny pore, removing those accumulations of dirt, oil secretions, and perspiration, which otherwise clog pores and enlarge them.

This thorough cleansing keeps skin clear and fine in texture, bringing out all the charm of natural loveliness.

Now that Palmolive is selling at the lowest price in history, give yourself the full benefit of its mild, gentle cleansing — for the bath as well as face and hands.

More than 20,000 experts advise this treatment

Beauty experts outline this daily care: Work up a rich lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. Massage it gently into the skin of face, neck and shoulders. Rinse first with warm water, then with cold. You will soon see how this gentle care brings the bloom of youth to your skin.

This vial shows the exact amount of olive oil we put into each cake.



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ATLANTIC

PURE PARAFFIN BASE MOTOR OIL

is
lively



Atlantic invigorates your engine as only a pure paraffin base oil can. It is extra oily, and has a natural stamina, ideal for high speeds and long distances. One fill of Atlantic proves it. . . . Your garage has the correct grade for your car.

Product of Atlantic Union Oil Co. Ltd., Marketers of Petrols, Lubricants, etc.

A.M. 6-27

Falling Star

Continued from Page 36

"GET me something to drink."

Then dizziness and flight. Back over the border to California, and into the night. And soon the car passed everything else in sight, throwing itself this way and that way.

"Let me drive," Jerry begged. But Oliver was too drunk. As long as he drove at top speed, the pain was overcome by the hurrying sensation. He had passed over the loud stage of drunkenness, and was now in the repressed and quiet one. Cars whizzed by at the rate of 65 miles an hour. "I've got to have some distraction," Oliver thought. And suddenly he turned around and yelled at Jerry: "I've got to have some distraction, don't I?" He repeated it again—then sang at the top of his voice: "I've got to have some distraction."

Singing, he entered San Diego. A traffic officer stopped him.

"What the Hell is the matter with you?"

"My dear sir, I've got to have some distraction," Oliver explained. "It is absolutely necessary that I have some distraction."

The cop laughed and let him go. A little farther on, Oliver took into the back of the car four marines who had been walking down the streets of San Diego. He was through with women. He had a strong longing for the presence of men, and the talk and the words of men—simple words upon which one could rely.

The marines brought him to a little house outside of the city. There were bars at the windows and the doors. It was a good house, if you avoided the first floor where the girls danced.

Inside, in the room overlooking a beautiful landscape, was a bar with bottles. They sold no whisky, but they had gin. That gin tasted like hot metal of some sort, and something else. Oliver brought the tip of his tongue to his lips trying to find out what the taste was. He drank three glasses one after another, without water. The fourth one fell and spilled over the table. Jerry, sober, worried, watched him from the corner of his eye. He had a premonition of danger. The house was quiet and clean. A poster advertising a tooth paste, and another one with the legend about an autobus trip, hung on the wall. The premonition was not a clear one: it was way in the back of Jerry's mind. And the gin didn't taste like gin.

SUDDENLY Oliver stood up straight on his feet. Only Jerry, who knew him so well, knew how drunk he was.

"I've got enough," Oliver said suddenly. "I wouldn't take another drop. I've got enough."

He drank a long glass of mineral water. The cold sparkling beverage was strong enough to take the metallic taste out of his mouth. Oliver paid the bill and walked out to his car.

"Let me drive," Jerry begged.

Oliver looked at Jerry with thoughtful eyes.

"If ever you feel as I feel now, dear boy, I will let you drive."

His eyelids were full of dust, and his lips were split from wind and heat.

"There, the moon has appeared," he said, shaking his head as if a miracle had happened. Then he got the car going. He drove 20 miles before they ran into the fog. The fog rose thickly out of the sea, a compact mass that invaded the whole countryside. Oliver was overcome by a feeling that he was already asleep, that everything was happening in his sleep. There was so much nothingness around him. He had a feeling that he went in a straight line to a point where the whole world ended. Yet nothing was beyond that point. It was a very disagreeable thought that such a thing could happen, a disagreeable thought that he could destroy himself in such a way.

Oliver drove and drove into the darkness and the fog, and for the first time in 24 hours he had a faint feeling of relief. He drove he didn't know how long. He drove he didn't know how fast. He drove. And maybe he had fallen asleep until the moment when

his car collided with Aldens' small one. When he barged into the other car, his brakes screamed and screeched, and the four people in both cars, and the glass and the metal, screeched, too. For a few moments everything was very still.

Then Aldens asked:

"Frances—are you hurt?"

"No, I don't think so."

They crept out of their bent car with trembling knees and lips. They were whole and unhurt.

"That's some hash," Aldens said as he looked at the bent and crumpled metal before him. The windshield was smashed. The radiator was bashed in. The big car was turned a little sideways, seemingly none the worse for the accident except maybe for a little scratch here and there. The fog was still very thick, but the large car had very strong headlights that hadn't given out, and were still illuminating everything before in a circle of light. It looked like a mad wild animal. Jerry was the first to climb out of the car. Oliver followed. They were glad they were alive and whole.

AS the four of them stood on the road and felt alive, they suddenly began to laugh—a nervous kind of laughter, hysterical laughter they couldn't hold back. But they stopped almost simultaneously. They were no longer trembling, and had recovered from the suddenness of the impact.

"You're a lucky dog, young man," Oliver remarked.

"Well, you are not so lucky," Aldens retorted. "because you'll have to buy my friend Pellican a new car."

"My secretary will give you my address."

"Secretary. Hell! Oliver, you know me," Aldens cried out. "Don't you?"

"Well, as I live, that's—that's Mr. Aldens!" Jerry gasped. "He worked in 'Hardogin' with you, Mr. Dent. He stood for you."

"Yes, I remember now," Oliver said. "Well, I'm sorry, Aldens. Anything can happen in a fog like this. And I've had a little gin on top of that, and it wasn't very good gin. Really sorry."

"Well, that's all right," Aldens answered. "I'm not so very sober myself, either."

They walked around their cars to examine the damage. Frances had remained standing at the edge of the road and was looking at the figures in the fog.

"I hope nothing has happened to the young lady," Jerry said.

"Oh, nothing. She's O.K. Come here, Frances, come here and shake hands," Aldens summoned her in a proprietary tone. "This is Miss Warren, Oliver, one of your great admirers."

"Happy to know you, Miss Warren," Oliver said formally. He had recovered his manners suddenly. "Sorry about what happened. Don't see how it could have been avoided."

As Frances offered him her trembling hand she didn't know whether she was conscious or just about ready to faint. That was too much like a dream. He held her hand in his for a moment. The fog cleared, moved, became thinner from second to second. And Frances felt at that moment in a very definite and penetrating way, that she was very young and small and very unprotected.

"But the girl is hurt!" Oliver exclaimed.

Frances passed a hand over her face. "I don't feel anything," she said. "It may be just a scratch." She looked at her bloodstained hand and began to feel a little burning sensation under her left eye. She touched herself again. "Oh, I'm all right," she assured him.

ALDENS, busied himself with his car. The motor was all right, but one front wheel was bent in, and gave Tuctac a sort of limping sad gait.

"Can you get to Los Angeles, or shall we take you there?" Oliver offered.

Please turn to Page 41



"I hear that you and your wife had some pretty nasty words last night."

"I had some, but I never get a chance to use them."

NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE



Reviewing a Well-worn Bogy!

Some facts about "War in the East" threat

The notion that Australia stands in danger of attack from Japan is so common among Australians that it has almost become a national joke. Whenever an explosion is heard, anywhere, someone is bound to say jokingly, "Ha! The Japanese have arrived."

AS a matter of fact, Australia suffers from a national fear complex based on the idea of attack from Japan, and this complex, conceived of ignorance, has been bred by the war mongering section of the Australian press.

The question is of vital interest to all women because it is they who, in the long run, suffer most from war. And it is they, especially, who have most to fear from the possibility of attack by Japan.

Women should therefore find substantial assurance in Mr. M. H. Ellis' little book, "The Defence of Australia." Mr. Ellis, Assistant Editor of "The Bulletin," is an authority on Eastern international politics. He has written four books, and was Empire Press correspondent on H.M.S. "Hood" when that battleship visited Australia.

He takes pains to point out, in the opening chapters of his book, why Japan is not interested in Australia other than in a friendly way. Japan wants to do business with Australia, not make war. And he then gives ten reasons why, even if Japan did want to invade Australia, she would find it almost impossible. Here they are:—

(1) The invaders would have to make sure that the British Navy was being kept firmly tied to its Channel and Mediterranean bases in such force as not to menace the 4000 miles of sea communication which would have to be kept open between Australia and Yokohama.

(2) Hong Kong and other British possessions from Ceylon eastward would have first to be captured. Malaya, Papua, Borneo and the Pacific Isles... so as not to endanger lines of communication.

(3) Japan would have to be sure that she would not be harassed by Canada across the Pacific Ocean.

(4) She would have to be certain that

she could prevent the immediate transport of Indian forces to Australia.

(5) She must be certain of the neutrality of at least three nations... The United States, France, and the Netherlands.

(6) Before she started operations she would have to so crush China that she would have nothing to fear from Peking or Canton or Nanking aggressiveness, and that she could use Chinese material without hindrance.

(7) Even if all these conditions were fulfilled by some miracle, it would be essential that in case of accident she should leave a sufficient naval and military force at home to protect her against invasion by Russia, which after all is only a few miles away.

(8) She would have to make her invasion of Australia at such points as would assure local supplies of coal, fuel, metals, food, clothing, and munition plants.

(9) She would have to keep her trade routes open to maintain her exports, otherwise whatever she might do internally in the way of conscription of labor, she could not hope to finance her war.

(10) Lastly, she would have to begin to-day on a big naval ship constructing plan, plus an immensely augmented arms and munition output, otherwise she would soon be outstripped by her adversary, Great Britain, in the naval race that would take place.

Mr. Ellis' book is not of the anti-war type, though this of course is the underlying motive. He does not suggest that Australia should disarm. He merely strives to expose the Japanese fallacy, and says: "We cannot afford to be defiant or quarrelsome or aggressive or insulting. We share with the rest of the British Empire and other Pacific nations the responsibility for keeping the peace of the world."—P.E.

The Defence of Australia. M. H. Ellis. 1/6. The Endeavour Press.

THE EMPEROR and Empress of Japan.



SHORT REVIEWS

"LOVE in Apron Strings." Elizabeth Hey. A delightful story written of life in a London hospital viewed through the eyes of a young probationary nurse straight from a snug little English village. Plenty of humor is interspersed in this book, and a sprinkling of pathos, too, where the nurse is affected by the suffering and deaths of her patients.

The letters of Molly to her dearly-loved aunt and guardian reveal vividly her reaction to, and joy in the life of her new surroundings. Love, too, has its place, for Molly becomes enamored of an engineer, only to find later that he is a leading doctor.

An light, interesting reading, this novel is excellent. (5/-). Hodder and Stoughton.)

"THE Woman on the Beach." Helen Simpson. Author of "Boomerang." Her new work is not as good. The idea of the book, which contains three short novels, is to interpret a contradiction, that the most hateful actions are, as often as not, performed for the best reasons... that men are driven to persecute and betray, not by malice or folly, but by the good they passionately wish their fellowmen.

All this is very wise, but just where the interpretation comes in is hard to say. The last section of the book deals with Australia in 1999, and, to say the least, it is a very poor complaint to Australia. (Heinemann, 7/6.)

HORT HOLBROOK says: My Anthony Page is sold in little glass jars. Dainty and... can be quickly made... (Eldon Press, 7/6.)

Adams' Bridge Book

"WORLD Bridge Olympic, 1933." J. R. Adams. Those who play contract bridge with untiring zeal trying to make various conventions fall in with an unusual lead, will welcome this new book. It is one of the most illuminating and interesting books on the game that one could wish for.

The author's purpose is "to expose to the bridge-playing public what are the everlasting principles of card valuation, and the true basis of bidding." "Above all," he states, "the wish to explain that bridge is a game for gentlemen."

This may sound a bit insinuating, but some of the new conventions certainly are suspect. Mr. Adams supports his arguments with a commonsense method of bidding and valuation, and proves by several hand illustrations that a number of the arbitrary conventions are unnecessary, and tend to spoil the game.

Amongst the hands at the end of the book are some bids which are surprising indeed to the ordinary player, and somewhat puzzling. "World Bridge Olympic" should be read by every contract and would-be contract player. Its value is inestimable. (2/-). Sydney Newspapers Ltd.)

From the Past

ARMISTICE DAY, 1933

A name that I once knew well, to-day to the thickest crush of the crowded way, Fell sharply on my ears. 'Twas a question tossed o'er the roadway wide, And an answer flung from the further side. "Oh, he went with the Engineers."

He heard the call, and he would not stay, But took the road as a rover may, In the strength of his eager years, For fame and glory are magic lures, And shall be ever while time endures, So he went with the Engineers.

But a mother watches and thinks of him When dawn is golden, or dusk is dim, Alone with her pride and tears. She met with a thousand viewless foes, Of old, ere he came to his long repose. God pity the mothers who dream of those Who went with the Engineers. —N. A. EVANS.

"The Mystery of Khufu's Tomb." Talbot Mundy. If you have read "Om" by the same author you will want to read this new book of his. It is built round the theory, endorsed by some historians, that Cheops built the Great Pyramid in Egypt as a blind to his real burial place. (Hutchinsons 6/-.)

YOU CAN HAVE THE CHARM OF A PERFECT BUST—



Obtainable everywhere FIRM-A-FORM Comfortable firmness without compression.

BEWARE OF SALT

Doctors warn people suffering from diabetes, High Blood Pressure, and diseases of the kidneys and heart that they should never eat ordinary table salt when they can avoid it, because salt acts as a poison in these cases by interfering with the work of the kidneys, raising the blood pressure, and overloading the heart. It is, of course, impossible to avoid the salt used in cooking, but you can get a special medicated salt called PRESSOR-SALT which tastes the same as ordinary salt, which neutralises the effect of salt used in cooking, and which is not only safe to use, but has a beneficial medicinal action on the kidneys. If you suffer in this way, go to your chemist and get a flask of PRESSOR-SALT in the green-topped pourer flask at 2/6, and keep it for your own use at table. If you are far from a chemist, pin a postal note with your name and address, to this advertisement, send it to the well-known chemists, W. James Rogers, Ltd., Dept. 1, 355 George Street, Sydney (opp. G.P.O.); C. F. Lloyd and Co., 343 Little Collins Street, Melbourne; or D. Maclean and Co., Ferry Road, Elizabeth Street, Brisbane; and PRESSOR-SALT will reach you by return mail.***

FIT AGAIN THANKS to 'ASPRO'

ONE hears this remark very frequently from users of 'ASPRO' for on account of the great variety of uses—its power to quickly smash up a 'Flu attack—to nip Colds in the bud—to relieve Hay Fever—its effectiveness—its pain-alleviating properties—its quick action—its power to soothe away pain—to bring sweet sleep to the sleepless and banish Rheumatism. 'ASPRO' is a healing and a soothing factor which definitely benefits thousands of people daily. Then 'ASPRO' after ingestion in the system, is a solvent of Uric Acid—a powerful germicide—an internal antiseptic—and an anti-pyretic or fever reducer, which attacks the causes of numerous complaints. That's why—

'ASPRO' BANISHES THE PAIN OF MILLIONS

Lay All Night in Pain — Then Took 'ASPRO' and Obtained Quick Relief

Tangowahine, Northern Waikato, 24th August, 1932. Dear Sirs, I wish to inform you of the great benefits I have derived from 'ASPRO' tablets. Recently I sprained my ankle. All that night I was kept awake with the pain, and morning found it not in the least subdued. I suddenly thought of 'ASPRO', and immediately took two, with the result that in less than half an hour the pain had completely vanished. I took two more on retiring that night, and have felt absolutely no trace of pain since. I consider 'ASPRO' also unbeatable for banishing 'Flu' attacks. Anyone who can feel a cold developing, cannot do better than take a couple of 'ASPRO' and a hot lemon drink before retiring. I can assure you this household will never be without 'ASPRO', and I will never hesitate in recommending them to my friends. Yours faithfully, (Sgd.) L. F. MOONEY.

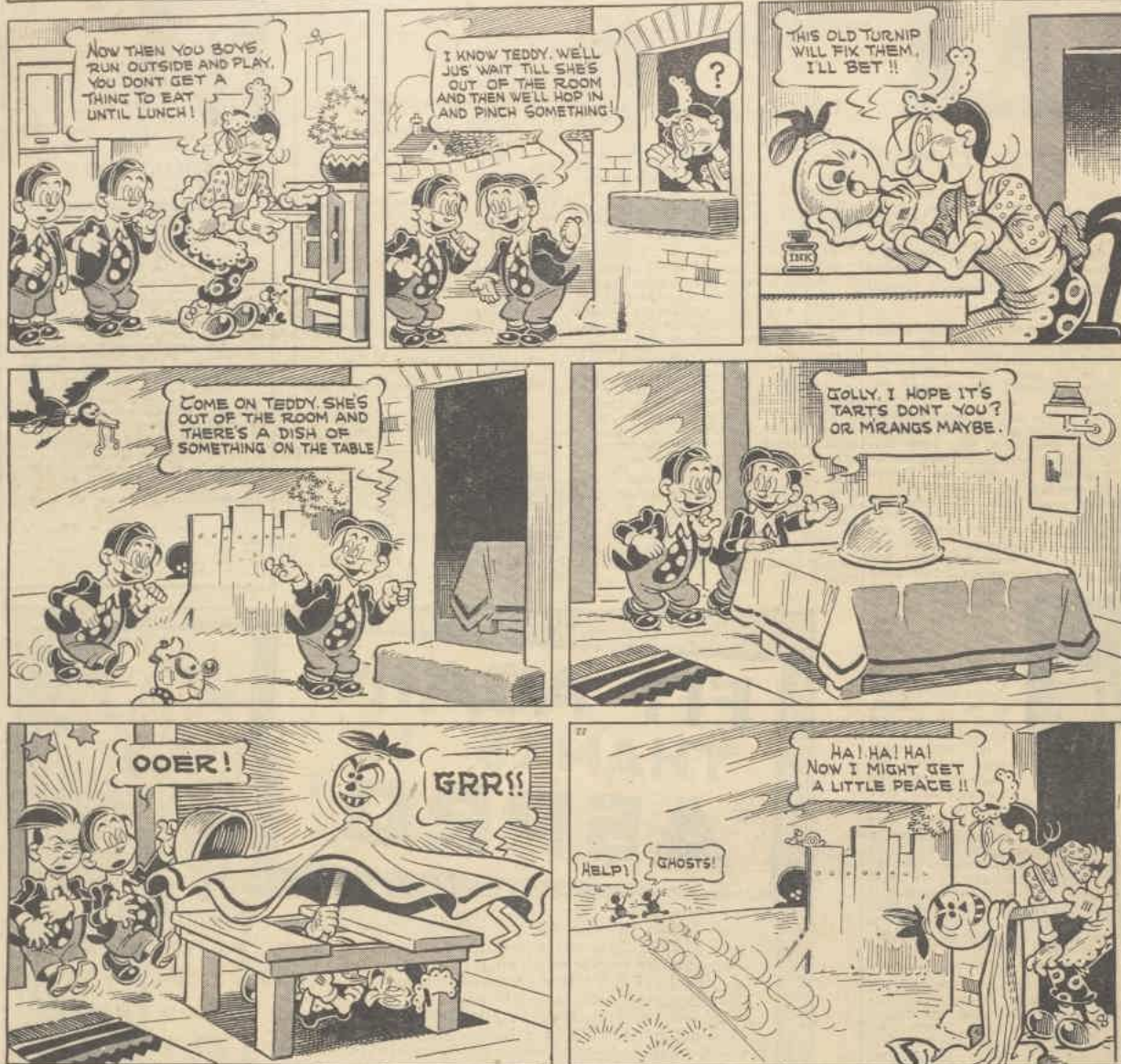
Recurring Attacks of 'Flu Beaten — 'ASPRO' as a Family Medicine

138 President Avenue, Brighton-Le-Sands, N.S.W. Dear Sirs, I am writing this testimonial in praise of your wonderful 'ASPRO' Tablets. Since the War I have suffered periodically from recurring attacks of INFLUENZA, and although I have had medical attention, the results have not been satisfactory. I was advised to take 'ASPRO' in future at the first sign of an attack of INFLUENZA, and I am happy to say that the result has been marvellous. In a comparatively short time the temperature has returned to normal. A few days ago my daughter, aged 15 years, was very sick, and also had a very HIGH TEMPERATURE. I gave her two 'ASPRO' Tablets with a hot lemon drink, and in a short time her temperature was down to normal, and she was feeling very much better. I am satisfied that as a FAMILY MEDICINE, 'ASPRO' is very hard to beat, and I wish you every success. Yours faithfully, JAMES F. EDGAR (Sgd.).

Obtainable of all 'ASPRO' Chemists and Dispensaries 3: 9: 1/3 4/

TEDDY and TEDDY

TERRIBLE TWINS



JUST CHATTER

ARTHUR PROBERT, of Riverleigh (Q.) writes a very interesting letter; Pat Wylie, of Marickville, is an excellent basketball player; Effie Morris, of Metchin, has two very nice cows.

Marie Anna, of South Grafton, is very frightened of snakes; Meysa Alsop, of Colac (Vic.) is fond of sketching; Mollie Russell, of Murrumbidgee, is a lover of animals.

Connie Whitehouse, of Wellington, writes a perfect letter; Sylvia Innes, of West Wyalung, has just turned 18; Jane Currie, of Canterbury (Vic.), is a dancing and elocution.

Doris Connor, of Milnerridge (Q.), rides to school every day; Faye Ambrose, of Timorville, is fond of painting; Nancy Williams, of Blacktown, writes stories.

Betty Farrell, of Broomfield, has finished her school; Betty Cross, of Bull, recently went to the National Park for a day's outing; Marie Tacker, of Brookvale, is a clever little artist.

Ray Smith, of Broomfield, collects stamps; Mrs. Sutherland, of Bellingen River, has three parrots, two butcher birds, a dog and a cat for her pets.

MARY YOUNG, of Taree, has a pet cockatoo; Myrtle Bennett, of Broken Hill, does beautiful sketches; Elaine Lind, of Coopersburg (Q.), has a dog called 'Dip'.

Marion Bowman, of Mt. David, is fond of reading books; Dorothy Davies, of Murrumbidgee, would like to live in the country.

James Woodard, of Stanhope, plays the violin; Phyllis Scarsdale, is an admirer of beautiful scenery; Ethel Whitehouse, of Kyabram (Vic.), writes a very good letter.

Barbara Flewin, of Crow's Nest, is fond of painting; Elsie Brown, of Griffith, goes to school in a horse and sulky; Dorothy Williams, of South Kensington, is a good story-writer.

Introducing Dawn Purcell, of Mascot

On Holidays

By Isabel Swanson.

O.H. let's all go a holiday-making. Down to the wide, blue sea. Where we can frolic the whole day through. And our hearts from cares are free.

Down we'll go in the call of the surf. Then play on the beach in the sun. With buckets and spade, big castles we'll make. And, oh, it will be such fun.

And then in our boat we'll go for a sail. Pretending we're pirates hold. Floundering and hunting night and day. For treasure troves of old.

But when our happy holiday ends. And with sighs we have to depart. We'll still go home with a cheery smile. And a song of joy in our hearts.

Price of 5/- to Isabel Swanson, 26 Centre St., Casula, for this original verse.



PRIZE CARD to Norma Chocoman, 96 Wellbank St., North Strathfield.

RESULT OF PAINTING COMPETITION

Price of 5/- to NANETTE WILLIAMS (14), 14 Yarrambee Rd., Darling Point for the best colored picture for this week. For other good paintings, Prize Cards are awarded to LOIS McALISTER, 21 Empress St., Hurstville; VALERIE TURLEY, 95 Calver St., Loughborough; NANCY BURAN, Alton, Ungarie; SHIRLEY MANN (5), 'Albany,' 16 Osborne Rd., Manly; JOYCE HARRISON, 12 Railway Av., Tamworth.

FOR FUN & FANCY

TOMMY: Do my homework for me, please Dad. Dad: But, son, you know that it would not be right. Tommy: No, but do have a shot at it, Dad!

Teacher: There is only one way to learn, and that is to begin at the bottom. Johnny: Oh! How about swimming, sir? Price Card to Muriel Davidson, 225 Dawson Rd., Rockhampton.

Small Boy (to picture show owner): How much are the seats for 'A' night? Owner: Bank stalls one shilling, front stalls sixpence, programme one penny. Boy: I'll sit on a programme. Price Card to Dorothy Gilchrist, 'Cartoons,' Hudson St., Armidale.

Proud Gardener (to visitor): And this, Madam, is a tobacco plant in full bloom. Old Lady: Really! And how long will it be before the cigars come. Price Card to Dallas Hetherington, Ballarat.

SAY THIS QUICKLY Three shrewd thieves thrashed sheaves of thistles, then, struggling shoulders, threw the short thick stalks through the threshold of the shed. Price Card to Daphne Holland, 43 Dawson St., Adelaide, via Coonahook.

John: Why shouldn't a boy throw dust in his teacher's eyes? Bert: Because it might mean harm to the pupil. Price Card to Mabel Payton, Raseville Baths, via Chetwood.

Tired Mother: Tommy do not ask so many questions. Curiosity killed the cat. Tommy (after a minute's silence): What did the cat want to know? Price Card to George Campbell, Charlotte St., Dringilga.

Son: Mommy, isn't that monkey like Grandpa? Mother: Hush, dear, you must not say things like that. Son: But the monkey can't understand, can he, Mommy? Price Card to Gwenth Robinson, 276 Walsh St., St. Yarra, Vic.

READ THIS Y Y U R Y U B I C U R Y Y 4 ME Too wise you are, too wise you are; I see you are too wise for me.

Each week Prize Cards and cash prizes are awarded for the best entries. All competitors must be under seventeen. When a Prize Card has won twelve Prize Cards, a prize of 5/- will be given. Address all contributions to Connie, No. 1551E, G.P.O., Sydney.

Price Card to Beryl C. Crompton, 265 Bora St., Hurstville.

Price Card to Hazel Lewis, Timmerale, via Elmore.

FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

By C. Marshall.

FRED had become weary in the damp cold cell and fallen asleep.

As he slumbered, dreaming of Leonie's birthday party, of his swim in the starlit lake, of his trip to the moon, he was aware of something flapping against his cheek. At last when that something smacked hard against him, he awoke with a start. Rubbing his eyes to see if he really was awake or still dreaming, he gazed about in wonderment. Yes; he was awake all right, but why was everything so strange, so different? Then he remembered all the The Silver Grey Moth horrible things of the night before. He had been captured by the wicked, nasty, grinning witch. Oh! how he shuddered when he thought of her.

Fred looked about him fearfully and gave a jump as something brushed against his ear. Putting his hand to his ear he tried to hit it aside, when he heard a sweet little voice saying, "Oh, please don't hurt me, please don't." Fred turned and saw the owner of the voice—an old grey moth.

"Do help me," said the moth pleadingly, "you see I am Fairy Lightfoot from Starlit Vale. I was captured by Badheart when I was gathering moon-beams for my sister, Goldie's, birthday party. I've been here three days, but I haven't been a moth all that time. I only turned into a moth last night. You see I had heard that the food the witch gives her prisoners to eat sometimes changes them into spiders. So at first I wouldn't touch a thing she gave me, but last night I was ever so hungry and

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"No, thanks, I think I can get to L.A. myself," replied Aldens. "I can't leave the car. It isn't mine. I'll just choo-choo slowly."

"We'll take the girl home," Oliver said in an even voice. He had sobered up a little, and his old pain returned.

"Thanks, thanks a lot. I'll drive Miss Warrens home," Aldens answered stiffly.

It was good to be alive, but it was too bad to stand there with a broken-down car on a ruined evening that had begun by being so beautiful. He looked at Frances, standing there under Oliver's car's headlights. She had opened her lips, but said nothing. A thin trickle of blood curled down over her face from the slight wound.

"I would feel like a swine if I allowed this girl to stay in your car. We'll take her home. We'll take her to a drug store," Oliver insisted.

"I would be very grateful to you if you'll do that," Frances broke forth suddenly.

Aldens took his hand off the mud-guard, which he had been bending back and forth, and looked at her steadily.

"You don't mean that, Frances. You stay here with me," he said severely. It rang like a bad-mannered order. There she stood, with the gleam of his headlight and the shadow of the night on her small face. He still felt the taste of her crazy kisses upon his lips. The accident had softened him. It made him still madder in love than he had been.

"Of course you'll come along with me," he went on, letting his two hands, which had become suddenly very heavy, hang by his sides. He had an almost unsurpassable desire to hit out with those two hammer-heavy hands of his. But Frances walked over to him

Falling Star

Continued from Page 38

and put her little hands on his shoulders.

"You've got to let me go with him," she whispered. "You must, it's my big chance. Don't you understand? It's my big chance!" she repeated. She stared for a few seconds quietly and penetratingly into his eyes. The tension between the two suddenly broke.

"You can go to Hell!" Aldens said at the top of his voice.

He turned his back on her. Such a long wait, such a long wooing, such long love-making and longing; and then the evening, the dancing, the promise, the kiss—and when everything had gone so beautifully, the star, Oliver Dent, came across his path! And he, Aldens, remained on the edge of the road. He had "stood" for somebody else. The big scene was always played by the other one. The big success always came to the other one. He was merely "standing" for somebody else. The life of a "standing" man—wonderful, a novel! He felt curiously cold inside the roof of his mouth. He bent back the mud-guard with a single movement of his hands. He felt a little better after that. Frances offered her hand. He made believe he didn't see it. She withdrew, a little ashamed and seared, like a little animal.

"I'll call you up to-morrow," she said.

Three-quarters of the breakdowns and tragedies of love between men and women to-day end with that phrase.

She walked around the car once and reappeared from the fog. Oliver stood

impatiently by, quietly waiting for her. His head ached.

"This time I am driving," Jerry put in energetically, and took the wheel in his thin hands.

"That will be nice," Oliver said as he helped Frances into the car and clambered in after her. Then they drove off, and left Aldens in the middle of the road. His lights were smashed, and a moment later he was enveloped in darkness.

OLIVER withdrew into the corner of the car, and it took him quite a while to find a comfortable place for his head, which hurt no matter where he laid it. Frances tried to be at ease and sit near him indifferently without even looking at him. But she couldn't help looking at him. He said a few polite words to her.

"Also of the film industry? Which company? Feeling any pain?" After he asked the last question, he closed his eyes. Soon afterward he was between sleep and wakefulness in a land full of sudden quivers and fears.

Jerry was driving slowly, avoiding all bumps. He was sorry for Oliver. The fog had thinned a bit. When he had stopped for a moment Oliver woke and tremblingly asked:

"What's happened?" Then he closed his eyes again.

Frances slid a little nearer to him and offered him her warmth. Without opening his eyes, he put his arm about her shoulders and pulled her to him.

He didn't even know what he was doing. It was merely the reflex action of a sad animal that wanted to avoid the cold. Frances didn't know why he was pressing her to him, but found it heavenly. She was full of expectations. In Oliver it was only the result of weariness. His lips pressed into her hair. Neither of them said a word for an hour. Just before Los Angeles the fog lifted entirely, as if a magic hand had suddenly pulled up the curtain in the sky. And there lay the city, clean and shiny, with all her lights and all her houses and all her skyscrapers.

When they had reached Vine Street, Jerry turned around and inquired:

"Where should we drop you off, Miss Warrens?"

But Frances had gone very far already in her fantasy in that hour. She was happy, immeasurably happy, to sit there with Oliver Dent's arm about her shoulders and feel his lips in her hair. She had imagined herself at the top of the ladder. The pictures, the posters, the newspaper articles that would trumpet her name all over the world! And the morning rides with Oliver. She had seen him ride, morn-



MISSUS (to Husband): I'm sure that hair tonic is doing your hair good. It's not nearly as easy to pull out as it was.

nings. Once with Rin Nara, and twice with La Morescu.

When Jerry awakened her she came down from the horse on which she had been riding beside Oliver.

"I live on Orange Drive," she said.

NEXT WEEK

What happened to Frances—you will learn next week.

PRESTIGE BUILT ON QUALITY



Skill and experience have done wonderful things for the Housewife. They have given her POPSO CRACKER BISCUITS, the most attractive of all modern biscuits to the savoury lover. So temptingly crisp and golden brown where the oven has placed the last touch to their baking. So light, creamy, tender and delicious.

Whether your fingers be firm or gentle, as you break them, there will be no untidy crumbs, and when broken you have three small symmetrical biscuits which look nice, taste nice and please everyone.

Try also ARNOTT'S Famous Oaten Cake Biscuits, the new spring health food.

TUNE IN TO 2CH.
EVERY MONDAY & THURSDAY at 7.15 p.m.
"DOWN MEMORY LANE."
AND 2KY EVERY NIGHT at 6 p.m.

ARNOTT'S FAMOUS POPSO CRACKER BISCUITS

ALWAYS ASK YOUR GROCER FOR ARNOTT'S FAMOUS BISCUITS AND MAKE SURE YOU GET THEM.

1,330 Australian Dentists can't be wrong!



Thirteen hundred and thirty dentists have said, in effect, ...

"This Nada brush which we have designed is the best brush made in Australia to-day."

You wouldn't presume to question their opinion, would you?

Then take 1/9 to any chemist (Chemists only sell Nada), get a Nada Toothbrush and you'll find it the finest tooth cleaning brush you've ever used. Be sure you get a Nada—the excellent small-headed brush, sold only in the smart Blue Carton. Don't stand for any substitution.

Yes—Here's a good ideal. Whilst you're thinking about it buy two Nada Brushes. They'll cost you only 3/3—you'll save 3d. and the Chemist will give you FREE a beautiful Nile green Toothbrush Rack for your bathroom.

NADA

OFFICIAL

Dentists' Design TOOTHBRUSHES

M.M.L.

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HAVE YOU OBTAINED YOUR

CRISS-CROSS JIG-SAW.

MUST BE WON £150 MUST BE WON
FIRST PRIZE £100. OTHER PRIZES £50

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LIFE—A BUSINESS

It is a paradox, perhaps, that, while Home Life is a refuge from business, it is itself a business.

Money enters so largely into everything that it must be planned for in every phase of life.

It is in business that money is earned, in the Home chiefly, that it is spent, and there is no sound reason why the spending should not be regarded as being just as important as earning. In fact, it is far more important, for earning is difficult, and must employ wisdom, forethought, and energy, while spending is easy, so easy that there is temptation to spend unwisely.

Every Home, then, is a business, and needs an economic system, of which the Savings Bank Pass Book can be the valuable basis.

Commonwealth Savings Bank of Australia

(Guaranteed by the Commonwealth Government).

Greater LOVE Hath No MAN

Continued from Page 14

"NOW look here, Chris, old chap," said David firmly, "I want to have a word with you. You're twenty-five now, and you still persist in tying yourself down to your old crock of a brother. I can look after myself, and it's high time you were thinking of marrying and finding me some nieces and nephews to look after. No," as Christopher opened his mouth to speak, "you needn't bother telling me that you don't like girls, and that you're going to remain a bachelor till the end of the chapter, it's not right, and I won't stand for it."

Christopher chuckled. "Look here," he said, "if you think you're going to marry me off in order to provide you with herds of nephews and nieces, to give sixpence to, you're mistaken." He struck a dramatic attitude. "My name," he said sternly, "is—Benedict."

"There will come a time," predicted David, "when even the staunchest of Benedict is no longer invulnerable—and then—look out."

It was to come sooner than he expected. It was on the second day out that Christopher met Beverley Anne. Beverley Anne had grey eyes and a tip-tilted nose and the most delicious mouth in the world. Her head, small and proudly held, was covered with a mass of curls so bewitching that no ordinary man's heart could observe it and remain normal. Christopher's heart—that girl-proof, love-proof organ—turned right over and then raced on again at a shocking pace.

"Hullo!" said Christopher.

"Hullo!" said Beverley Anne, smiling enchantingly.

"I say," said Christopher, "are you walking round the docks?"

"Yes," said Beverley Anne.

"Then let's walk together," suggested Christopher. And they walked.

It was when they had walked the entire length of the dock that another figure came into view. It was David, broad-shouldered and distinguished—his empty sleeve pinned to his side, his slight limp the only indication that his right leg was artificial.

"Look," said Beverley Anne, stopping short, "here comes Captain Bellamy, V.C.—isn't he wonderful—I've always wanted to meet him."

"He's my brother," said Christopher, quietly. "I'll introduce you. That is—with sudden remembrance—if you'll tell me your name."

"Oh!" said Beverley Anne. "Is he really your brother; how proud you must be of him!"

"I am," said Christopher simply, and thought how wonderful it must be to inspire that look in Beverley Anne's eyes.

David was charmed with Miss Beverley Anne Graham.

"Delightful," he declared warmly, "and quite the most natural girl I have ever met. Why, I believe I'm half in love with her already."

And Christopher's heart sank unaccountably.

It was not long before Christopher and Beverley Anne knew all about one another. Christopher learnt that she, like himself, was an orphan, with one difference. Whereas he had no relations excepting David, she had a large number of uncles, aunts and cousins.

"I don't like them very much," she naively told Christopher, "they are well—they interfere too much, but I can't travel around without a chaperon so—Jane."

"Jane?" questioned Christopher.

She nodded gravely.

"Jane is my cousin," she said, "she's a darling. She's with me now, you know—only she's always a bit sick the first couple of days out, she'll probably be up to-morrow," she chuckled.

"Jane looks after me, and mothers me, sometimes she almost gives me up," the charming face grew sober. "I am a responsibility, you know."

"A very delightful one," said Christopher gravely.

The grey eyes danced.

"Do you really think so?" she said, with her infectious chuckle. "I really do do dreadful things, you know, and—suddenly—I have such a hot temper. Sometimes I even feel sorry for poor Jane."

Christopher and David met "poor Jane" the next day—she was small and dark with warm brown eyes and a tender smile. Her manner toward Beverley Anne was a quaint mixture of motherliness and admiration. Christopher voted her a "good sort"—and wondered how many men had proposed to Beverley Anne. Those days Christopher was blind to everything except laughing grey eyes, and curls that twisted themselves round a man's heart strings until all the world seemed topsy-turvy.

Christopher was in love!

He had been in this blissful

BATTLE for State TENNIS TITLE

New South Wales had an easy victory over Victoria in the interstate matches, which have just concluded.

Victoria did not succeed in winning a rubber in any event.

OUTSTANDING matches were those in which Miss Joan Hartigan, the New South Wales champion, was opposed to the Victorian player, Miss Chitty, who is graded as Victoria's No. 1 player. Miss Chitty possesses splendid backhand strokes, and she had no difficulty in playing Miss Hartigan's fierce forehand drives.

Miss D. Bellamy, who is captain of the Victorian team, and was at one time an A grade player for Killara, succeeded in taking one set from Miss Valkenburg. One of the best matches was that of Miss Bickerton and Miss Rodde-Wrigley. The first set developed into a long struggle. Eight-all was called before Miss Bickerton forged ahead, and eventually won that and the remaining set.



MISS D. BELLAMY, captain of the visiting Victorian team.

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state for the space of fourteen days when his world crashed about his ears. Christopher and Beverley Anne had been dancing on the long decks—David and Jane watching the gay scene from the depths of two deck chairs. Suddenly Beverley Anne stopped short. "Oh, I'm thirsty," she said, "Chris, be a nice boy and get me a drink—a real big one with a lump of ice in the bottom of it."

"At your service, madam," laughed Christopher, departing forthwith.

When he returned, Jane had disappeared, and David and Beverley Anne were leaning over the rail talking earnestly. Something in their attitude—in the way David was speaking—struck a sudden chill into his brother's heart. Then suddenly David bent his



"Then it was not marriage lines and settle down for Jack, eh?" "No, breach of promise and settle up."

head and kissed the girl's serious upturned face. Christopher turned, still bearing the tray of glasses in his hands. A steward was passing.

"Take these, will you, steward?" said Christopher, very quietly. "I've changed my mind, we won't be wanting them. Or, wait a minute, take them over to Captain Bellamy and tell him that I have gone to my cabin—I have a bad headache."

"Yes, sir," answered the steward. Oh what a fool he had been, what a blind, blind fool!

Of course David loved Beverley Anne, how could he help it? And Beverley Anne, how could she love him when David was near? Why, she had always wanted to know David—hadn't she told him so. Well, it was all over now—that Fool's Paradise of his. He must

State Title

TENNIS enthusiasts will now be interested in the winning of the N.S.W. State title.

Mrs. Crawford, the holder, will not be competing in the championships, and it would appear that the finals will be decided between the two New South Wales players, Miss Hartigan and Miss Bickerton, who are numbered one and two in the grading.

It is unfortunate that none of the Queensland players is taking part in these matches. Both Mrs. Molesworth and Mrs. Westmacott are always an attraction.

It is possible that both these players will represent Queensland when the Australian championships begin on January 20. Another player from the northern State, who has been playing well lately is the junior, May Hardcastle. It would be interesting to see the outcome of a match between Miss Hardcastle and Miss Vickery, of New South Wales.

Other matches of interest during the New South Wales championships will be that of Miss Hall v Mrs. Fox (nee Phyllis Lester), Miss Hattersley v Miss Chitty; Miss Dingle v Miss Bellamy; Mrs. Utz v Miss Wittaker; Miss Selwyn v Miss Rodde-Wrigley; and Miss Hartigan v Miss Enid Williams, the well-known hardcourt player.

Tennis Players for England

ON the heels of the announcement that Mrs. Molesworth for many years one of the outstanding woman tennis players of Australia, would go home to England and enter the championships at Wimbledon, a persistent rumor is gaining ground that Mrs. Westmacott (nee Emily Hood) will accompany her.

The latter will be remembered as a junior from the Queensland hard courts who sprang into prominence almost overnight. She is a hard hitter, always entertaining to watch.

forget all about it and strive to find happiness in David's happiness. Hadn't he promised to give up everything for David—here was his test, his big chance to prove his love for his brother. All Christopher's manhood rose to the test, and the boyish vow he had made years before, he made again that night. "I can, I must, and I will," he said, and knew that for David's sake he would.

There were steps in the passage way—David stood in the doorway, his eyes shining with happiness.

He held out his hand.

"Chris, old boy," he said, "aren't you going to wish me happiness?"

Everything but pleasure was banished from Christopher's face as he shook his brother's hand.

"Rath-er, old chap," he said heartily, "she's a fine little girl, and I wish you all the happiness you deserve, which says a lot."

David sat on the edge of his bunk, his face alight with eagerness.

"Isn't it great," he said, "and here I've been teasing you about being a Benedict—ah, well, you'll be the next, eh, old man?"

Christopher only laughed and shook his head.

David, absorbed in his thoughts, spoke again.

"We don't want a very big wedding," he said, "just a few friends and some of her relations—you'll be best man, of course, and Beverley Anne bridesmaid. She's awfully pleased about it—gave me a nice sisterly kiss and all."

But Christopher heard no more, his brain was repeating one sentence over and over again.

"And Beverley Anne bridesmaid, and Beverley Anne bridesmaid!"

David stopped speaking, there was a great silence in the little cabin. A sudden peace descended on Christopher—the feeling that comes with the end of a task well done. As he had prayed on the wharf years before, he prayed again—a prayer of thanksgiving.

"Thank God—I didn't fail."

David spoke.

"Chris, old chap," he said, "we've been pretty good pals, this won't make any difference, will it? Jane says she wouldn't marry me if she thought it would."

Christopher smiled.

"Nothing in this world could make any difference to us," he said. "And now I'm going to see what Beverley Anne says about it all." (Copyright)

This story won first prize in the Girls' Friendly Society competition for 1933. It reveals considerable skill in treatment.

WOMEN Life Savers' CHALLENGE!



MEMBERS of West St. Kilda Life-Saving Club demonstrating their prowess with line and (top right) reel.

N.S. Wales Team Against Victoria

Australia has at least two unique life-saving teams composed of women.

By a curious coincidence, one is at Brighton, Vic., and the other at Brighton, N.S.W.

The Brighton (N.S.W.) team is now challenging the Victorian women's team to a competition to be conducted under Royal Life-Saving Society conditions.

The Mayor of Rockdale, N.S.W., says: "I am certain that the Brighton Women Life-Savers are equal to the best in Australia and that this municipality will co-operate with the girls in their endeavor to establish themselves as champion life-savers."

MEMBERS of the Brighton (N.S.W.) Ladies' Club are anxious to justify this opinion and prove their prowess.

They are prepared to send a team of four to Melbourne, together with a trophy to be presented to the winning team.

Whereas the Brighton, Victoria, team is recognised as an important unit in the life-saving world, women in N.S.W., anxious and, as their record proves, able to carry on the good work, have encountered a prejudice that threatens their scope.

With the many ocean beaches around Sydney and their attendant crowds a fully qualified life-saver is obviously one who can breast the breakers to good purpose.

Originally the Surf Life Saving Ladies' Association of N.S.W. comprised affiliated life-saving clubs in Coff's Harbor, Thirroul, Colledale, Wollongong and Brighton. These clubs were eligible to compete in any surf life-saving carnival. On their first appearance in a contest of this nature, in which both men's and women's teams met on equal footing, the Brighton ladies came first in the resuscitation and rescue work.

Was It Prejudice?

WHEREUPON the Surf Life Saving Association found that the regulation belt was not suitable for women—that it was too heavy for the more delicately-constructed female frames who had taken first place in the rescue work!

Miss Sandon of the Brighton team responded by inventing an equally effective belt of kapok instead of cork. This

belt has proved very successful and has been generally accepted for women's use.

Following which the Surf Life Saving Association waived the specific clause and passed a rule on general principles to the effect that women's clubs should not be eligible for affiliation with the association.

This, however, has not undermined the efficiency or checked the activity of the Brighton Club.

Undaunted, they have entered their team in the Royal Life Saving Societies' Championship of N.S.W. This event is

At a recent meeting of the N.S.W. Amateur Swimming Association, a delegate questioned the eligibility of Mrs. Chambers' position as a member of the executive committee. The matter was referred to Mr. W. R. York, honorary solicitor to the association, for his



ruling on the matter, Mr. York has stated in a letter to the Swimming Association that, in his opinion, a woman is quite eligible to fill a position as a member of the executive committee. Every one will be pleased to know Mrs. Chambers will still have a voice in the governing of swimming, a subject of which she has such a widespread knowledge.

open to all clubs, irrespective of sex, and last year the Brighton women's team took third place.

They have now decided to affiliate with the N.S.W. Women's Amateur Swimming Association as the Brighton Ladies' Life Saving and Swimming Club.

IN Victoria there is no discussion of fitness, either from a physical or an ethical standpoint.

"The improvement in the physique of women who take up life-saving is amazing. The tests for life-savers mean two hours' work with reel, taking in turn every position from patient to beltmann," says the secretary, Mr. E. A. Pleydell.

The North Road (Brighton) team won the Ladies' Surf Rescue Championship last year for the second time in succession.

Interstate contests between life-saving



BRIGHTON (N.S.W.) women life-savers' team ready for action.

Uniforms need Supervision

By RUTH FREDDY, Australian Selector, W.C.A.

Comparatively small points in the matter of girls' uniforms are apt to be overlooked when, actually, they are of the utmost importance, not only to the girls themselves, but to members of opposing teams.

WHITE is the recognised color for sports girls in the summer, and all the sports clubs, with a few exceptions, adopt this type of dress. This does not mean that the frock is the only garment that should necessarily be white.

Nothing looks more unbecoming on a field or court than to see different colors showing beneath the dress.

There has been a great laxity in this regard lately and, as the onus is generally on the captain to see that her team is properly clad, a little tightening up of the rules in this respect would not be amiss. Another ungainly custom which is becoming noticeable amongst the sportswomen of to-day is the unnecessary use of hair pins.

One or two pins are all that are necessary to keep the hair in place, but frequently one may count anything from a dozen to fifty pins, sticking out at all angles on the heads of various players. The captain of a team should not allow any player to take her place on the field arrayed in this manner. Not only is it dangerous to the girl herself, it is equally dangerous to any one who may suddenly bump this player during play.

Last week I noticed a cricketer with her hair adorned with pins, and a missed catch or a fall would have driven these pins into the head with perhaps serious results. No captain can afford to see a player hurt in this manner. Just a kindly word and a general inspection of her players prior to play is all that is necessary. The maxim of an old-time international cricketer, "If you can't be a good cricketer, at least look like one," should be borne in mind by the players themselves and enforced by team captains in all branches of sport.

teams will be held in Melbourne in connection with the centenary next year.

Will a women's team from N.S.W. be eligible to enter?

Brighton (N.S.W.) has thrown down the gage. Will Brighton (Victoria) allow it to lie, unheeded?

HORT HOLBROOK says: Holbrook's Pure Malt Vinegar is clear, brilliant and mellow. Ah! it is a wonderful brew, etc.

Printed and Published by Sydney Newspapers Ltd., Macdonnell House, 221 Pitt Street, Sydney.

SPORTING SHORTS

Interest in Dress at Big Tennis

ALL the interstate players at present playing in Sydney will be represented in the Victorian championships, commencing at Kooyong on November 17.

An additional interest in the tournaments will be that of the clothes point of view. Will it be shorts or backless frocks? Never since the demise of the gay 90's discarded her sweeping voluminous skirts in favor of the shorter and more hygienic tennis dress has there been such controversy over tennis garb.

As the looker-on sees most of the game, each woman will be able to weigh the pros and cons for and against the new fashions, and form her own opinion. There will probably be many heart-burnings—not to mention back-burnings—over scrappy backs and knock-knees if the new styles are to be universally adopted!

Appeal to Tennis Council

THE final matches in the women's pennant competitions were played at Kooyong. In the A grade, South Yarra defeated Camberwell, but, as University entered a protest against the decision of the pennant committee in awarding second place to Camberwell, and thus enabling it to compete in the final, the win cannot be officially recognised. Before the pennant trophies are presented the appeal must be heard by the L.T.A.V. council at the meeting this month.

Y.W.C.A. Swimming Coaches

Y.W.C.A. swimming girls had their first dip at the Domain Baths on Wednesday. Connie Francis and Heather Kennaby will act as coaches for the coming season. Last year forty-five girls took advantage of the opportunity offered by the Y.W.C.A. to learn to swim, and it is hoped that the girls will again show their enthusiasm for this branch of sport.

Victorian Sportsgirl for Sydney

A VICTORIAN, who is missed in the sports world is Greta McCulloch, now Mrs. Geoffrey Hall, of Sydney. This old Grammarian played in Interstate hockey and pennant tennis. However, Melbourne's loss is Sydney's gain.

Visitor from Suva

MR. HOWARD ELLIS, president of the Suva Women's Hockey Club, arrived by the "Monterey" on Monday. Dr. Hamilton, president, and Mrs. Davy, sec. of the N.S.W.W.H.A. and Misses Johnston and Lamb, two members of the team that recently toured Fiji, were at the boat to welcome him. Mr. Ellis reports that the hockey girls in Suva are all keen, and working hard for their visit to Australia for the Pacific tournament next year.

Mrs. Harper to Coach Juniors

MRS. HARPER, better known to Sydney tennis players as Sylvia Lance, is devoting two days a week to coaching the junior girls. Nancy Chitty, who is at present in Sydney competing in the New South Wales championships, is one of the players who benefited by the tuition given by Mrs. Harper. One has only to watch Nancy Chitty play to realise that some of the shots are replicas of those produced by Mrs. Harper.

Women's Centenary Sports

A COMBINED meeting of representatives of all women's sports organisations will be held at the Y.W.C.A., 60 Russell St., on November 13, at 8 o'clock, to discuss plans for co-operative effort during the centenary celebrations.

New Golf House at Killara

ASSOCIATES of the Killara Golf Club are eagerly looking forward to the opening of their new golf house on November 25. The associates will have the pleasure of showing their friends over the premises on November 28, visitors' day.

First Interstate Appearance

SHIRLEY WHITTAKER is making her first appearance in interstate matches. This young player, who competed in the schoolgirls' championships last month, shows great promise.



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—W.W., 11/11/33

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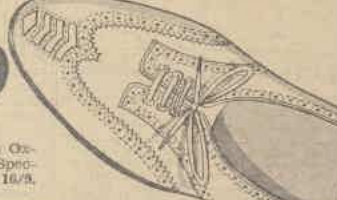


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